

East & West.

INDEX TO VOL. XIII—PART I.

January to June 1914.

- Alam, Mr. Shah Munir.
Hafiz and Sufism, Feb., p. 107.
- Ali Pacha Cherif.
By Baroness De Malortie, June,
p. 518.
- Algernon Charles Swinburne.
By Mr. Selwyn G. Simpson, Jan.,
p. 30.
- Apotheosis of a Pair of Apes, The
By Mr. B. G. Steinhoff, April,
p. 348.
- Banerjee, Mr. Tripura Charan. B.A.
Perpetual Widowhood versus Re-
marriage of Hindu Widows, June,
p. 574.
- Baylis, Mr. Walter, J.
The Question of Woman Suffrage,
May, p. 465.
- Beauty and Beauty Worship.
By Mr. N. C. Lehar, Jan., p. 73.
- Boyd, The Rev. Robert
In Tune with the Infinite, March,
p. 241.
- Bramho Samaj in England, The
By Mr. Harendra N. Maitra (of the
Middle Temple), Jan., p. 49.
- British Children in India.
By Mr. Sydney Walton, Jan., p. 15.
- British Independent Labour Party, The
By Mr. William Diack, Editor,
"Aberdeen Evening News," May,
p. 443; June, p. 558.
- Burn, Mr. D. W. M.
He That Hath Ears to Hear, June,
p. 539.
- Burnett, Miss Mary G.
W. T. Stead, May, p. 431.
- Centenary of Richard Wagner: Poet
Musician.
By Mr. Clement Strobos Harris,
April, p. 326.
- Chatterjee, Mr. Mohindranath.
On Ganga's Bank, April, p. 335.
- Chaturvedi, Mr. Ambikaprasad
Meat Diet in Ancient India, March,
p. 215.
- Clyde, Miss Constance
A Plea for the Parasite Woman,
June, p. 568.
New Zealand: Paradise Regained,
Feb., p. 151.
- Colby, Mr. Elbridge
Idealism (Verses), June, p. 544.
Magic (Verses), April, p. 307.
- Correspondence.
A Correction By Dr. J. Ph. Vogel,
Feb., p. 197.
A New Danger to India. By Mr.
C. Whitworth, I.C.S., May,
p. 496.
Social Legislation in India. By Mr.
J. B. Pennington, I.C.S., May,
p. 498.
Some Wrong Notions about Budd-
hism. By Anukul C. Dutt, Feb.,
p. 198.
The Oldest British Gold Coin. By
Mr. Sheo Narain, Bar-at-Law,
May, p. 499.
The Spineless Cactus: A Wonderful
Plant. By Mr. B. Harrison,
F.L.S., Feb., p. 199.
- Cox, Mr. Edmund C.
The King's Medal, March, p. 235.
- Courson, Baroness de
The Story of a Woman's Hair, April,
p. 367.
- Curzon's Vigilance, Lord
By "Sentinel," June, p. 586.
- Diack, Mr. William: Editor, "Aberdeen
Evening News."
The British Independent Labour
Party, May, p. 443; June, p. 558.
- Doderet, Mr. W. I.C.S.
Police Reform in India, May,
p. 414.

- Doraswami, Mr. S. D.**
The Report of the Finance Commission, April, p. 358.
- Dutt, Anukul C.**
Correspondence : Some Wrong Notions about Buddhism, Feb., p. 198.
- Egyptian Ballads. II Al Kadr.**
By the Baroness de Malortie, Jan., p. 45.
- " " **III Prince Nazi and Others.**
By the Baroness de Malortie, Feb., p. 126.
- " " **IV The Lady Wahieda.**
By the Baroness de Malortie, March, p. 250.
- Eternal City of India, The**
By Sirdar Jogendra Singh, April, p. 321.
- Forbes, Miss Mary L.**
A Song of Hope, Jan., p. 160.
The Kikuyu Conference, Feb., p. 165.
- Geldart, Mr. Francis**
Terra Incognita, Feb., p. 141.
- Gilbert-Cooper, Mr. Everard G.**
India and the Three Enigmas, March, p. 201.
- Gilbert, Mr. Henry.**
"R. L. S.", March, p. 268.
- Hafiz and Sufism.**
By Mr. Shah Munir Alam, Feb. p. 107.
- Harris, Mr. Clement Antrobus.**
Centenary of Richard Wagner : Poet Musician, April, p. 326.
- Harrison, Mr. B. F.L.S.**
Correspondence : The Spineless Cactus : A Wonderful Plant, Feb., p. 199.
- He That Hath Ears to Hear.**
By Mr. D. W. M. Burn, June, p. 539.
- Hindu Temple, The.**
By Mr. K. Sidhanatha Venkataramani, Feb., p. 147.
- Home Rule.**
By Mr. L. Maclir, May, p. 397.
- Idealism (Verses).**
By Mr. Elbridge Colby, June, p. 544.
- India and the Colonies.**
By Mr. H. Naraina Rao, B.A., B.L., March, p. 264.
- India and the Three Enigmas.**
By Mr. Everard G. Gilbert-Cooper, March, p. 201.
- In Tune with the Infinite.**
By Rev. Robert Boyd, March, p. 241.
- Kanjilal, Mr. K. C. B.A., B.L.**
The Philosophy of the Puranas, June, p. 549.
- Kikuyu Conference, The.**
By Miss Mary L. Forbes, Feb., p. 165.
- King's Medal, The.**
By Mr. Edmund C. Cox, March, p. 235.
- Krishnaswami, Mr. P. R.**
The Prospects of an Indian National Literature, May, p. 471.
- Land of Divine Enchantments, The**
By Mr. Jasper Smith, Jan., p. 18.
- Leharry, Mr. N. C.**
Beauty and Beauty-Worship, Jan., p. 73.
- Maclir, Mr. L.**
Home Rule, May, p. 397.
- Magic.**
By Mr. Elbridge Colby, April, p. 307.
- Maitra, Mr. Harendra N. (of the Middle Temple).**
The Bramho Samaj in England, Jan., p. 49.
The Man of the Moment : Herbert Henry Asquith, June, p. 501.
- Malarial Fevers : Their Cause and Cure.**
By Mr. Francis H. Skrine, I.C.S., Jan., p. 6.
- Malortie, Baroness de.**
Egyptian Ballads II Al Kadr, Jan., p. 45.
- " " **III Prince Nazi and Others.**, Feb., p. 126.
- " " **IV The Lady Wahieda.**, March, p. 250.
The Reason (Verses), Feb., p. 168.
Wounded (Verses), March, p. 240.
Sonnet (Verses), May, p. 457.
Ali Pacha Cherif, June, p. 518.
Sonnet (Verses), June, p. 567.
- Man of the Moment, The.**
By Mr. Harendra N. Maitra (of the Middle Temple), June, p. 501.
- Man to A Maid, A**
By Mr. Jasper Smith, April, p. 308.
- Marson, Mrs. Clotilda.**
Robert Bridges : Poet Laureate, Feb., p. 97.
- Matriarchate in Malabar, The**
By O. T. Govindan Nambiar, Feb., p. 156.
- Meat Diet in Ancient India.**
By Mr. Ambikaprasad Chaturvedi, March, p. 245.
- Mehta, Mr. J. K., M.A.**
The Passing of a Soul, March, p. 231.
- Mental Tapestry of A Seeker After Truth.**
By a Seeker After Truth, Jan., p. 19; Feb., p. 132; March, p. 213; April, p. 309; May, p. 421; June, p. 529.
- Mills, Dr. L. H.**
Zoroastrian Influence on Modern Judaism, Christianity and Muhammadanism, June, p. 511.

- Minto, The Late Lord**
By Mr. B. Natesan, April, p. 297.
- Month, The**
Jan., p. 90; Feb., p. 189; March, p. 288; April, p. 389; May, p. 489; June, p. 590.
- Morris, Mr. Guy N.**
Nepenthe, June, p. 545.
- Nambier, Mr. O. T. Govindan**
The Matriarchate in Malabar, Feb., p. 156.
- Narain, Mr. Sheo Bar-at-Law.**
Correspondence: The Oldest British Gold Coin, May, p. 499.
- Natesan, Mr. B.**
The Late Lord Minto, April, p. 297.
- National Stock Taking, The**
By "Scrutineer," April, p. 344.
- Nepenthe.**
By Mr. Guy N. Morris, June, p. 545.
- New Expedition to the Antarctic, The.**
By Mr. Sydney Walton, March, p. 226.
- New Zealand: Paradise Regained.**
By Miss Constance Clyde, Feb., p. 151.
- Of Cycling on Decision of Character.**
By Mr. B. G. Steinhoff, March, p. 258.
- On Ganga's Bank.**
By Mr. Mohindranath Chatterji, April, p. 335.
- Passing of a Soul, The**
By Mr. J. K. Mehta, M.A., March, p. 231.
- Pennington, Mr. J. B., I.C.S.**
Correspondence: Social Legislation in India, May, p. 498.
- Perpetual Widowhood vs. Remarriage of Hindu Widows.**
By Mr. Tripura Charan Banerjea, B.A., June, p. 574.
- Philosophy of the Puranas, The**
By Mr. K. C. Kanjilal, B.A., B.L., June, p. 549.
- Plea for the Parasite Woman, A**
By Miss Constance Clyde, June, p. 568.
- Police Reform in India.**
By Mr. W. Doderet, I.C.S., May, p. 414.
- Power of Sound, The**
By Mr. B. G. Steinhoff, Jan., p. 62.
- Prospects of an Indian National Literature, The**
By Mr. P. K. Krishnaswami, May, p. 471.
- Question of the Moment, The**
By Sirdar Jogendra Singh, Jan., p. 1.
- Question of Woman Suffrage, The**
By Mr. Walter J. Baylis, May, p. 465.
- "R. L. S."**
By Mr. Henry Gilbert, March, p. 268.
- Raghunathan, Mr. N.**
Rebecca Sharp, April, p. 372.
- Rao, Mr. H. Naraina, B.A., B.L.**
Social Legislation in India, Feb., p. 170.
India and the Colonies, March, p. 264.
The Triumph of Weakness, May, p. 453.
- Ray, Mr. Nicholas.**
Spring (Verses), March, p. 275.
- Reason, The (Verses).**
By Baroness de Malortie, Feb., p. 168.
- Rebecca Sharp.**
By Mr. N. Raghunathan, April, p. 372.
- Report of the Finance Commission, The**
By Mr. S. D. Doraswami, April, p. 358.
- "Scrutineer."**
The National Stock-Taking, April, p. 344.
- "Sentinel."**
Lord Curzon's Vigilance, June, p. 586.
- Seeker After Truth, A**
The Mental Tapestry of a Seeker
After Truth, Jan., p. 19; Feb., p. 132; March, p. 213; April, p. 309; May, p. 421; June, p. 529.
- Simpson, Mr. Selwyn G.**
Algernon Charles Swinburne, Jan., p. 30.
- Singh, Sirdar Jogendra.**
The Eternal City of India, April, p. 321.
The Question of the Moment, Jan., p. 1.
- Skrine, Mr. Francis H., I.C.S.**
Malarial Fevers; Their Cause and Cure, Jan., p. 6.
- Smith, Mr. Jasper.**
A Man to a Maid, April, p. 308.
A Land of Divine Enchantments (Verses), Jan., p. 18.
- Social Legislation in India.**
By Mr. H. Narain Rao, B.A., B.L., Feb., p. 170.
- Some Recent American Publications.**
By Rabbi Dr. Emanuel Sternheim, Jan., p. 77; Feb., p. 174; March, p. 278; April, p. 379; May, p. 479.
- Song of Hope, A**
By Miss Mary L. Forbes, Jan., p. 60.
- Sonnet:**
By Baroness de Malortie, May, p. 457; June, p. 567.
- Spring (Verses).**
By Mr. Nicholas Ray, March, p. 257.
- Stead, W. T.**
By Miss Mary G. Burnett, May, p. 431.

Sternhoff, Mr. B. G.

Of Cycling on Decision of Character,
March, p. 258.

The Apotheosis of a Pair of Apes,
April, p. 348.

The Power of Sound, Jan., p. 62.

Sternheim, Rabbi Dr. Emanuel.

Some Recent American Publications,
Jan., p. 77; Feb., p. 174; March,
p. 278; April, p. 379; May,
p. 479.

Story of A Woman's Hair, The

By Baroness de Courson, April,
p. 337.

Terra Incognita.

By Mr. Francis Geldart, Feb., p. 141.

Triumph of Weakness, The

By Mr. H. Narain Rao, B.A., B.L.,
May, 453.

Venkataramani, Mr. K. Sidhanatha

The Hindu Temple, Feb., p. 147.

Verney, Mr. Austin

Western Affairs and Portents, May,
p. 458.

Vogel, Dr. J. Ph.

Correspondence : A Correction, Feb.,
p. 197.

Walter, Mr. Sydney

British Children in India, Jan., p. 15.
The New Expedition to the Antarctic,
March, p. 226.

Western Affairs and Portents.

By Mr. Austin Verney, May, p. 458.

Whitworth, Mr. G. C., I.C.S.

Correspondence : A New Danger to
India, May, p. 496.

Wounded (Verses).

By the Baroness de Malortie, March,
p. 240.

**Zoroastrian Influence on Modern Judaism,
Christianity and Muhamadanism.**

By Dr. L. H. Mills, June, p. 511.

EAST & WEST.

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HOME RULE.

IF we summarise the Unionist arguments against Home Rule, we find such an array of contradictions that it seems amazing that professedly honest men employ them, and more amazing still that professedly intelligent men entertain them. They may be stated as follows—Ireland is prosperous, Home Rule would endanger her prosperity: Ireland is not prosperous, she is bankrupt, she cannot continue to exist without the help of England. Ireland is content as she is; the Irish people do not want Home Rule: Ireland is discontented; why hand over self-government to a people who are discontented with our rule? Ireland is priest-ridden, Home Rule means Rome Rule: with the introduction of Home Rule, the power of the priests disappears, and the people are deprived of their natural leaders. These and many other paradoxes may easily be gathered from the pronouncements of the Unionist leaders. "Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with," any appeal is effective to rouse the bigotry of the Orangeman, and to confirm the stolidity of the English Unionist. But one cannot indefinitely continue with success to treat even mediocre intelligence as a shuttlecock. The fiercest partisan has periods of calm, and the stolidest momentary glimpses of light. Unionism bankrupt in ideas, and weltering in inconsistencies: Unionism which had rejected the man of thought and accepted the man of words, was floundering deeper and deeper into the morass of the Irish question, without a present or a future, when it was saved, temporarily at least, from the dissolution to which it was hastening, by the genius of one man.

Sir Edward Carson is a fighter. In the bad days of the "twenty years' resolute government" régime, he earned the title of "Coercion Carson" and earned it well. A formidable enemy, he, one who loves a contest and fights to a finish. This characteristic of his would in itself account for his plan of campaign, but Sir Edward Carson is not only a fighter, he is also a lawyer and an able lawyer. A study of the brief for Unionism showed him that amidst the mass of antiquated prejudices and stale and thread-bare arguments, there was one notion which could be translated into effect and afford a basis for a good fight with reasonable hopes of success. It was a forlorn hope, for in the event of failure, there was no retreat, but the occasion demanded the venture. He determined to oppose to Home Rule the inflexibility, the determination, the grimness of the Northern Protestant, not indeed these qualities as they really exist, but as they are supposed to exist in the gullible minds of the English people. The "Northern Iron" was exploited for much more than its worth, and the dour no-surrender atmosphere was completed with the Covenant and the Volunteers. Carson is an honest lawyer, and having accepted the brief for Unionism, he has thrown himself into the work with all the earnestness and the ability at his command. This "inflexible determination" of Ulster is the keystone of Unionist policy. It gives the semblance of coherence and a promise of strength to what had otherwise been chaotic and impotent.

And yet this "Northern Iron" bogey is as unsubstantial and impotent as the flimsiest phantom that has ever affrighted the minds of the credulous, more unsubstantial even, for this ghost has been more than once exorcised. More than once it has appeared on the stage dressed in the usual trappings, foreboding and threatening evils, only to fly before the limelight, trailing behind it the gloom in which it had functioned. But although it is an ugly ghost, carrying with it an atmosphere of mediæval bigotry and intolerance, its history is interesting and instructive.

A little more than three hundred years ago, the "Plantation of Ulster" was effected. The lands formerly ruled by the O'Neill and the O'Donnell and other Ulster chiefs were put in the market, and James I and his favourites, officials in Ireland and shopkeepers in England, reaped a rich harvest. Three-

quarters of a million acres were declared confiscated and into these lands, which had belonged to Ulster Clansmen for two thousand years, came colonists from England and the lowlands of Scotland. For the confiscation of these lands, there was not a vestige of moral justification ; as a means of completing the conquest of Ireland it had its purpose. Ireland, exhausted by the Elizabethan wars, decimated by famine, fire and sword, could not resist. The dispossessed clansmen and their chiefs withdrew sullenly before the army of occupation ; some went to seek death and forgetfulness on the battlefields of Europe ; some went to swell the ranks of the outlawed, and some to wait patiently until the raising of the " Bloody Hand " gave the signal for another effort to win back Ulster. This plantation of Ulster was iniquitous, but it had the merit of its shamelessness. Unlike those that preceded and followed it, it offered no hypocritical pretences, it was the declaration of the triumph of strength. The capacity of Ireland to assimilate foreign elements had up to that time been marvellous. The Anglo-Normans had become more Irish than the Irish themselves. Those who came as conquerors had remained to be conquered by Irish civilisation. Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the English government to preserve them as a separate race, notwithstanding decrees levelled against the adoption of the Irish language, dress, and customs, the two races merged, but this plantation of Ulster introduced a new and strange element, which the weakened vitality of Ireland could not digest. The plantation of Ulster synchronised with the maturity of Puritanism, the planters were the product of their times ; they carried with them an atmosphere of narrow bigotry and intolerance and a hard huckstering spirit, which shut them off from the people amongst whom they settled, and they were numerous enough to suffice for themselves. They brought with them their religion and their politics and preserved them. It is rather an amusing commentary on the much vaunted loyalty of the Ulster Protestant to find that in every instance in which he took a stand against his fellow-countrymen, he was opposing established authority. He conspired and fought against Charles I, opposed James II and his more recent outbreaks against the Crown and Constitution are consistent with his previous history.

Had peace and time combined for the task, Irish civilisation, or the Irish climate, as Shaw would have it, might have blended the two races, but the Cromwellian wars and the Williamite wars interrupted the process and the penal laws postponed it indefinitely. Union without fusion seemed to have been accomplished under the National Government of 1782, but the Insurrection of '98 and the Act of Union destroyed the promise.

This is a very brief outline of the genesis of the Ulster Question. Beginning in a deed of gross spoliation, it has been nurtured on injustice, fed by hate and intolerance, and will die a natural death when the evils which have favoured its existence are removed. The history of the superstition which has invested the "grim" Northern Protestant with a monopoly of the manly virtues remains to be glanced at.

On the flag of Orangeism are inscribed in loud characters, the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne. The world, and especially the world of Irishmen, are never allowed to forget for a moment that on these two memorable occasions, the Orangeman asserted his invincible courage and determination, and English historians who, almost without exception, betray a regrettable ignorance of Irish History, are roused to an epic fervour when describing these two great victories. And they are worthy of commemoration. Irishmen of all creeds and classes, old Irish and Anglo-Irish, Gael, Norman and Saxon can meet and be rejoiced by the memory of brave deeds. In a normal Ireland, these victories, whose celebrations are now expressions of sectarian animosity would be of National Commemoration. The Siege of Derry recalls heroic endurance and a sublime courage, the memory of which Ireland would not wish to fade. To the battles of Aughrun and the Boyne no special significance attaches beyond the importance of the issue, which they decided. To the vanquished not less honour accrued than to the victors; and if Sarsfield used the words attributed to him,—“Change Kings and we'll fight you over again,” he accurately defined in what the advantage of the Williamites lay. But to assign to Northern Protestants a superior courage and a greater firmness and determination on the ground of these victories, to compare the single heroic resistance of the Siege of Derry with the seven

hundred years' struggle for Irish freedom, starred with innumerable glories, is to give to historical proportion the license of a fairy tale. The very fact that Irish nationalism, Irish courage, and Irish honour, survive after a struggle unparalleled in history, is a convincing proof of invincible determination, and that Irish civilisation remains in its essence unaltered asserts a vitality in the race, which need fear no comparison. But to undermine the foundations of this delusion, which would exalt the Northern Unionist above his fellow-countrymen, it is not necessary to review the main features of Ireland's struggle for National expression; it is not necessary to go outside the limits of that campaign, which opening with the siege of Derry closed with the not less honourable siege of Limerick. A rough stone, the Treaty stone, surmounting a simple lonely column, commemorates the Treaty that ended the Siege of Limerick and the Williamite wars in Ireland. No annual banquet, nor public procession, no beating of drums or flaunting of flags recalls the event, and yet at this crisis in the affairs of Ireland and of the Empire, it would be well if English statesmen, Unionist and Liberal, made a pilgrimage to this humble monument on the banks of the Shannon, and then ruminate over the results that have accrued from broken faith, from a weak surrender to bigotry and intolerance, the flight from the lands of their ancestors of the flower of Irish manhood, the sorrow and the wailing of the broken homes, the blood shed on the battlefields of Europe and America, the hate that endureth, the echo of the screams of the "Wild Geese" who fled across the sea, and never found their way home again—those "Wild Geese" of whom Emily Lawless writes:

" Fillers of trench and grave
Mockers, bemocked of time
War dogs hungry and grim
Gnawing an empty bone
Fighting in every clime
Every case but their own."

It would be well that these statesmen should reflect on these things now that intolerance in the name of justice and loyalty would repeat the old wrongs.

The sieges of Derry and Limerick are alike in this particular that they represent native resistance to foreign attack. Derry held its walls against James and his French allies, Limerick resisted William and his Dutch and German mercenaries. In most other respects, they are dissimilar. Derry held out until relieved, Limerick surrendered with the honours of War, but whereas the siege of Derry opened a campaign in which the promise of victory lay with William, who had the support not only of all England but, excepting France, of all Europe, including the Pope (a fact which those who in the name of William, curse the Pope, forget or are ignorant of), Limerick closed a campaign which had been given up as hopeless by all except the brave man, who, following Patrick Sarsfield, manned its walls. Derry was strongly fortified, Limerick, in the contemptuous words of Lauzun, the French Engineer-General, who despaired of holding it, "could be taken with roasted apples," and if the accident of circumstances, of victory and the triumph of the cause for which Derry stood has given to the latter a more conspicuous place in history, no valid reason can be assigned for refusing to the defenders of Limerick the possession of the qualities of determination, courage, endurance and discipline in equal measure with their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

Unionist orators never fail to draw a contrast between the industrial North and the non-industrial South, and to deduce from it the conclusion that the Northerner is prosperous because he is industrious, and industrious because he is Protestant and loyal; the South is poor because the Southerner is lazy, and the Southerner is lazy because he is Catholic and Nationalist. This "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*" argument is final. It appeals to the man of limited intelligence, and to all who are too intellectually lazy or incompetent to think for themselves. It is as conclusive as a proposition of Euclid and much easier to understand. The groundling seizes it avidly. To him it is the explanation of the whole Irish question, and he implicitly believes that "Home Rule is but a cloak under the concealment of which the idle, dishonest Nationalist would fatten on the wealth of the North. It is fruitless to discuss relative prosperity and relative wealth without an accurate notion of the meanings ascribed to the terms employed, but granting that the North

is wealthier than the other provinces, and more prosperous, there remains to consider whether this prosperity is due to the existence of higher civic virtues and sturdier personal character in the Northern Protestant. The two great industries of the North, linen manufacture and shipbuilding, are famous. But the reason for the pre-eminence of Belfast over Dublin in shipbuilding is precisely the same as that which explains why the Thames cannot compete with the Mersey and the Clyde. Geographical position has given to Belfast the advantage in raw material and in labour. The history of the linen industry is more instructive. It is difficult to gather from the diatribes levelled against the Irish, whether their supposed lack of enterprise and slackness is to be laid to the account of their religion or their race. To the unprejudiced the manner in which a man worships God does not seem to have any bearing on the matter, and in the face of the history of Christianity, to contend that Catholics are less industrious than Protestants, less enterprising, less bold, is the height of absurdity. We must assume, therefore, that it is a racial defect; that the Irishman is born with a double dose of original sin which ever hampers him in his efforts to reach the exalted plane of civilisation monopolised by the Anglo-Saxon. And although the greatness of ancient Ireland in learning and the arts is acknowledged generally, and its missionary enterprise in the dark ages of Europe is confessed, there are but few who do not believe that the very little she accomplishes in commerce and industry is due to the initiative and example of her neighbour. To these, a study of Mrs. Green's "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing" will be instructive and illuminating. She has piled up overwhelming testimony to prove the commercial aptitude of Irishmen from the days when Carthagian merchants exchanged their products with the Gael, down to quite modern times. Her evidence is abundant and irrefutable, but this is not the occasion to examine it; I am concerned only with explaining why the manufacture of linen in Ulster has been able to reach such splendid proportions, and why no similar enterprise outside Ulster can compare with it.

Modern Industrial England in its myriad expressions is of comparatively recent growth. Up to the 18th century, the great

industry of England was the woollen trade. In this Ireland was a serious rival, and Ireland was crushed. Successive acts of commercial restriction, extending over two centuries, destroyed the Irish woollen trade, and Irish shipping. To the manufacture of linen there was no objection. England did not manufacture linen, and when Wentworth ruled Ireland as Lord Deputy, he encouraged the linen trade of Ulster. These facts alone account for the more favourable industrial condition of Ulster, but when to these is added that for over a hundred years the Catholics of Ireland groaned under a code of Penal laws, which in the words of a Protestant historian, "seemed to have emanated, ready made, from the brain of a fiend," and that all Ireland except Ulster (which enjoyed Tenant Right) had to bear the burden of a Land System the most iniquitous the world has known, the theory of racial inferiority comes to seem lacking in conviction.

To overtake a falsehood is difficult, truth is always handicapped. And even when a falsehood is overtaken and seized, it, Proteanlike, assumes another form, strange and equally false but elusive. The Unionist Press of England has teemed with false stories about Ireland. One unmasked, there was always another to take its place. And in order that the character and reputation of Catholic and Nationalist Ireland should appear as black as possible, a white background on which its damnation might be written legible to all the world, a good background, one of shining, untarnished brightness, was necessary. This was easily obtainable by whitewashing the Protestant and Unionist, and as the Protestants and Unionists are most numerous in Ulster, Ulster became the virtuous contrast to the wicked South. Ulster was the storehouse of all the virtues. If ancient Ireland was known to Europe as "*Moula Sanctorum et Doctorum*," modern Ulster would go one better. It was the province where they bred good men of business. Your saint and scholar are rather mediæval, they have no function in the world of sweated labour and millionaires. The Orangeman was the apotheosis of civic worth. He was industrious, law-abiding and above all loyal; his Catholic fellow-countrymen idle, lawless and disloyal. The latter had an insuperable aversion to paying their lawful rents. It is true the rents were rack rents, that their landlords were mostly absentees and their lives a continuous and

monotonous struggle against unrelieved poverty, but what would you have? The law of supply and demand is inexorable, and property is of far more importance than human life. True also, that when the hard work of empire-making and empire-saving had to be done, Catholic and Nationalist Ireland was called upon for its contribution to the struggle, that from the Peninsula to Peshawar, the Dublins, the Munsters, the Connaughts were ever to be found in the thick of the fight, that Irish valour and Irish discipline and determination were as distinguished at Peter's Hill as in the Pyrenees, but then these men gave only their lives; the loyalty of to-day is attested not by fighting but by mafficking, and Belfast mafficked and sang "God Save the King." Faith is better than good works, even when faith is unstable, oscillating between professed expressions of loyalty and threats "of kicking the Crown into the Boyne." The anti-Irish section of the English Press has for so long and with such persistence printed a halo around the head of the Ulster Orangeman that he has grown to think he is of the chosen people, become puffed up with the vapours of a hysterical vanity, a foe to national progress with a past founded on a fiction, and a future clinging convulsively to a negation.

The latest weapon from the armoury of calumny is that which attributes to Home Rulers the design of rifling the treasure-house of Ulster by means of taxation. Unionist orators describe Ulster as the granary of Irish prosperity and the rest of Ireland as staving off dissolution with the hope of the plunder which Home Rule is to bring them. They never commit themselves to details. They neglect to state where the treasures are and how to obtain them, and they gain credit with audiences which are never moved to inquire into the taxable capacity of Ulster as distinguished from the rest of Ireland or to examine the narrow limitations of taxation, which are stereotyped in the Home Rule Bill. They have created a Nationalist Napoleon Bogey of Finance, and this they have carried throughout the country to frighten the timid, the ignorant, and the credulous.

We come now to the last and most ignoble aspect under which the Ulster question presents itself, the fear of religious oppression. We have placed it last because in this fear we perceive the evil which had nourished all the noxious growths

that separate the Ulster Protestant from his fellow-countrymen. Had this hatred-engendering fear not existed, mutual understanding would long since have bridged the gulf between the Orangeman and the Catholic, but calm judgment cannot dwell with fear, and it is a fear vile and cowardly, disgraceful to the Orangeman whom it excites to excesses and outrage, and insulting to the Catholic. No self-respecting Irishman, Catholic or Protestant, likes to dwell on the fruits of Orange bigotry, but this fear of Catholic intolerance is real and vital, and because it is such, it is the most salient factor in the Ulster Question and cannot be ignored.

If the Irishman persists in having a good opinion of himself and his country, his neighbours are not to blame. They have spared no effort to bring home to him the multitude of his defects, the enormity of his crimes. From Gerald of Wales, through a host of chroniclers down to that eminently reliable historian James Antony Froude, has rung the lament over the iniquity of the Irishman; it has even in our own day lashed the muse of Rudyard Kipling into pygmean fury. Now the average Irishman is neither saint nor devil, neither paragon nor pariah. He is an ordinary human being with his own peculiar weakness and greatness. Centuries of oppression have failed to degrade him to a helot, he recognises no Spartans in the world of to-day. Conscious of the worth that is his, he has, on the whole, treated with cynical indifference the efforts of his enemies to blacken him in the eyes of the world. His intelligence does not easily tolerate the fool, and he is aware that only the fool believes without knowing. But that one accusation of religious intolerance, coming as it does, from those who have lived side by side with him, who have seen him persecuted for his religion, who themselves have gained what he has lost, have garnered what he has sown, have fattened on the treasures filched from him, he bitterly resents. This accusation is so grossly unsupported by a tittle of evidence, so contrary not only to the facts of the present, but to the records of the past, that it clouds even his optimism. If the Protestants of Ireland are capable of bolstering up a bad cause with a slander so false, of what are they not capable? This question agitates the mind of Irishmen and suggests the possibility that concessions to Ulster may, by putting power in the hands of the

Orangeman, lead ultimately to the wrecking of Home Rule through the machinations of those who hate Ireland and are using Orange fanaticism for their own ends. But I have said that this fear of oppression by the Catholic majority is real. It is, and the more potent since its foundation cannot be exactly ascertained. There is nothing in the history of Ireland to give support to it. Religious intolerance is antipathetic to the nature of the Irish Catholic, to whom two hundred years of religious oppression has taught its wickedness, its vileness, its ultimate futility. There is no argument for its possibility in the present position of Protestants living outside Ulster. They live and thrive on the support and friendship of their Catholic neighbours, and to the Catholic of the South and West it would seem as strange to quarrel with a man about the colour of his hair as about the nature of his religion. The best of Irish Protestants, men who know Ireland, from Antrim to Kerry, from Down to Galway, have testified to Catholic tolerance. When Kipling wrote his doggerel verses on Ulster in the beginning of this campaign, he was answered by one, himself a Northern Protestant, George Russell, known in literary and artistic circles by his pen name A. E. His connection with the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, his studies of the economics and the literature of Ireland, had brought him into close touch with Irishmen of all grades, of all religions. He perhaps knows Ireland better than any living man and his reply to the verses of Kipling were an indication of the Irish Catholic, and a sharp and cutting rebuke to those who, through ignorance and bigotry, would malign him. Sir Horace Plunkett and Lord Dunraven, both Protestants and Unionists, have added their testimony, and quite recently H. G. Irvine, a well-known Irish dramatist, in a letter to *The Globe* protesting against some misrepresentation of the Catholic of the West, has said that although he himself belongs to a Belfast Orange family, he would rather spend his life among the most backward of the Western peasantry than endure five minutes of the disgusting bigotry which is rampant in Belfast. But to the Irish Catholic evidence of his tolerance seems superfluous, has something of offensiveness in it. Its existence implies the need for it, the possibility of doubt, and the doubt is a slur at once upon his chivalry

and his intelligence. He does not shrink from a fight with his enemies, but he does from the weapons they employ.

The notion of Home Rule has had many different expressions since the Parliament of 1782 was dissolved in the Union, and the nearer it approached towards realisation, the less momentous and satisfying it appeared, until the irreducible minimum came into being in the present Bill. "Spanish cows have long horns," says the proverb, and a Bill which on the horizon may be called a Home Rule Bill, when nearing port is found to be but of the "gas and water" species. The present Bill has so squeezed itself through obstacles that it survives much attenuated, and for its inadequacy the blame lies with the Irish Unionist, who has lent all his energies to its destruction. Irish Unionism has been singularly lacking in constructiveness. It has opposed and maimed every measure for the good of Ireland, and it speaks badly for the intelligence of the Orangeman that the men, who persistently and doggedly opposed reforms through which Ulster benefitted not less than the rest of Ireland, should be blindly acclaimed and followed as their leaders. "Do men gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles?" Are the Londonderrys and the Castlereaghs fitted by the records of their past to lead Ulster? Yet it is Londonderry and Castlereagh and others of the same ilk who pull the strings in this Ulster agitation.

I have considered the objections urged against the granting of Home Rule, the case for, what with brazen effrontery is called Ulster. I have not touched upon the Bill as a Bill. That has been done *ad nauseam*. It is a poor thing with the brand of the huckster stamped all over it; a Bill which would fall to light the least spark of enthusiasm were it not that in it is the germ of Irish unity, the nucleus of Irish expression. And because of this, it enters the soul of Ireland and is sacred. Politicians and shopkeepers may wrangle about laws, about taxes and trade, may bargain and compromise, but neither bargain nor compromise may be made about a people's soul. Into that temple, no money-changers are admitted. To discuss, therefore, the exclusion of Ulster or of any part of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill is vain. For no possible consideration will the Irish people consent to the dismembering of Ireland even for an hour. To do so would be to stigmatize with infamy their seven

hundred years of struggle, to brand with the brand of traitor every name which they have enshrined in their roll of fame. If Ireland has any honour among the nations, it is because through centuries of sorrow and pain, she has remained true, devoted with a devotion that is unparalleled to principles which she held sacred, and is it possible that now she is going to be false to that which alone has been her patent of nobility, to sell her birthright for a mess of pottage? No! The Liberal Government has the power to make laws, the power to have its law enforced; it may even find Irish politicians, Nationalist and Unionist, to agree to and accept its measures, but no Government and no power can make Ireland accept dishonour. The great heart of Ireland is generous; it seeks no paltry gratification from the discomfiture of its enemies, it is possessed by hope for the future, and into the palace of hope neither anger nor revenge can find entry; it is the same generous heart that spoke through the lips of Thomas Davis:

We do not hate, we never cursed,
Nor spoke a foeman's word
Against a man in Ireland nursed
Howe'er we thought he erred.
So start not, Irish-born man!
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan—
We've hearts and hands for you."

And its love is great enough to give warmth and courage to Irish men of every class, of every creed. There is no Catholic Ireland and no Protestant Ireland, there are only Catholics and Protestants. God made it an entity, and what's best in the Catholic and the Protestant will seek to keep it so.

THE CONCESSIONS AND THE FUTURE.

Speculations many and varied had been hazarded about the possible nature of Mr. Asquith's solution of the Ulster question, but no one had imagined such an ending as this. It is a denial of every promise, of every principle, false to all

parties, wanting in every virtue, even courage. The moral victory rests with Sir Edward Carson. Never since the Treaty of Limerick was broken has the Orange drum been beaten to such effect; but the fruit is Dead Sea fruit, dust and ashes, death and ruin. The defeat is Mr. Redmond's. Once again the old old tale of deception and betrayal has been told; one more added to the list of Nationalist leaders who, having served the ends of the Liberal party, have, unrewarded, been sent to the scrap-heap of the worn-out. Redmond has uttered his "*nunc dimitis*," but Ireland, greater than Redmond, his party and his organisation, is not yet beaten.

To appreciate the depth of the disappointment which these last proposals of the Liberal Party will produce in Ireland, it must be remembered that the Home Rule Bill, as originally fixed, was regarded as a poor paltry measure, and accepted only out of concession to narrowness of British and Irish Unionism. The hope of at last being able to ensure that Irish affairs would cease to serve as shuttlecocks for the contending parties at Westminster, had induced the Irish people to consent to pay a price for the Home Rule Bill far in excess of its normal value. Contrary to a very decided adverse opinion in Ireland, Redmond had helped the Liberals to pass "The Insurance Act" and Old Age Pensions Bill, both of which, however admirable from the point of view of British needs, were drafted without any consideration of their adaptability to the needs of Ireland. The soundest opinion there was unmistakably hostile to them, and had not the expectation of Home Rule been so immediate, there is not the slightest doubt that the Irish Parliamentary party would have been compelled to vote against them, and to turn out the Liberal Government. Many other features of their administration too were exceedingly unpopular, but magic of Home Rule charmed away effective opposition; and Redmond and his party were given a free hand lest the Government might be embarrassed. And so great was the trust of Ireland in the promises of the Liberals, and so assured were the people of the granting of a generous measure of Home Rule, that they did not think it necessary to assert, as of yore, the faith that was in them, and this gave colour to the assertions of the Unionist Press that Ireland did not want Home Rule. The measure of their disgust will not be in proportion to their

former confidence, and their faith in the honour of the Liberal Party will have received a rude shaking.

There is also this to be considered, that in Ireland are thousands of Home Rulers who support Redmond, not that they have confidence in him or his party, but who regard his policy as the lesser of two evils; the greater being Unionism. They want better administration, but they want much more. They have hopes and ambitions for Ireland, that soar far above the petty trafficking of politics. They have seen the soul of Ireland darkened with the jobbery, the trafficking in the spoils of office, and they have deplored it. But they know that it is still alive, that they believe it will regain its purity, and though they look on with pain at its disease, they would not hand it over to Unionism, for in that death lurks. These men work for Ireland in their own way. They are to be found in the Irish Literary Societies, the Agricultural Organisations, the Language Societies, Industrial Movements, in the Universities, in Art, in Science, in Literature. They are at present unorganised, but they have the training for organisation, and the hour will bring them together. They had hoped that the Home Rule Bill would give them the opportunity to lead Ireland out of the shadow into the light; but they want all Ireland, and to them, this mutilated Bill will be an abomination. For the present they have been forced into the back-ground, but the turn of the wheel may bring them into prominence, and the fight will be resumed on lines different but probably more effective and significant.

Only a few years ago, Mr. Redmond on behalf of his party gave his assent to the "Irish Councils Bill," and having done so returned to Ireland to seek ratification from the people for his action. In spite of attempts to pack the Convention of his organisation, he found that for once he had underestimated the strength of the national feeling. He went back to Westminster to confess his mistake. Notwithstanding the teaching of experience, history repeats analogies. Mr. Redmond has assented to the mutilation of the Home Rule Bill. In the face of his repeated declarations to the contrary, he has connived at the division of Ireland. This time, his efforts to ensure a vote of confidence may be made more successful. Corruption has been rampant in Ireland for the last few years, but whether

he succeeds or not to have his action ratified, his failure is writ large. He has been found wanting, and although the momentum of past events may keep him on his course a short time longer, he is but a straw on the current which, changing, will cast him on the banks. Whether the Liberal concessions and Redmond's assent thereto are put forth honestly or otherwise, whether they are intended as an honest effort to find a *via media*, or only as feints to drive opponents into a false position, the result will be the same as far as Ireland is concerned. The Liberal Nationalist alliance will continue as long as, through the help of the party machine, the Redmondite party are enabled to dictate Irish policy, but that will not be for long.

The *rapprochement* between Ireland and England seems destined to remain a dream. It was expected that Home Rule would replace suspicions by confidence, distrust by trust, would convert intermittent enmity into permanent friendship, but this hope seems now farther off than ever, for the people of Ireland will persist in looking at England through the medium of the Liberal party just as the people of England regard Ireland through that of the Nationalist party. Recent events have widened the breach between the two peoples. Ugly rumours are afloat that certain measures of commercial policy, such as the abandonment of Queenstown by the Cunard Line and the dropping of the German scheme to make Queenstown a port of call for their liners, were brought about by Government working in the interests of the Liverpool merchants. Sir Roger Casement has published the correspondence between the German company, himself and their agents to show that diplomatic pressure was exerted to prevent Queenstown becoming a port of call for the German ships. Home Rule would have bridged this gulf; but now even should the original Home Rule Bill go through, the bridge will be frail, the planks rotten. The Irish question cannot now be settled by this Home Rule Bill. In whatever form it passes, it will satisfy nobody. The Liberal party has failed, ignominiously failed. Better that they should confess their failure, abandon the Bill, and leave the question to the only solution which is now possible. The agitation for and against Home Rule has not been wasted. It has cleared the air. If neither party knows exactly what it wants, they both know for certain what they don't want. The solution

of the Irish question lies in Ireland and with Irishmen, (this sounds like a truism, but it wants the sanction of orthodoxy) and can easily be obtained if only it be withdrawn from the maelstrom of party politics. Half a dozen Irishmen representing different parties and different interests could in a few hours, evolve a scheme which would settle the Irish question and would have the inestimable advantage of being acceptable to all Ireland. There is hardly any doubt about this. The problem of Land Purchase was solved in Ireland by Irishmen, the Home Rule problem too, can be worked out. It will be a fatal mistake to go on with the present Bill with or without concessions. Ulster Unionists were hopelessly wrong in their agitation up to the present. Their threats of war frightened nobody in Ireland, and were even insufficient to enthuse themselves. The progress of their agitation was encouraged by the flabbiness of the Liberal policy, and has been justified by the "concessions." Asquith has succeeded where everybody else failed. He has proved Ulster to be right, and now if Ulster fights, it will have the sympathy of the whole of Ireland.

L. MACLIR:

POLICE REFORM IN INDIA.

IN the April number of *East & West* last year there appeared an interesting article, entitled "Police Atrocities in India" from the pen of Mr. Edmund Cox, lately Deputy Inspector-General of Police in the Bombay Presidency. Mr. Cox has stated the case for the Police very fairly, and at the same time has made certain admissions as regards the failings of that body, which go some way towards furnishing ground for the criticisms of the Native Press. Perhaps I may be permitted to add my testimony in confirmation of Mr. Cox's statement that "although isolated instances of torture may and do occur, yet in the great majority of cases, the charges are absolutely false." I presume Mr. Cox is speaking of present-day conditions. Thirty years ago, when I first became acquainted with India, there was reason to believe that true cases of police torture were more common than they are now. I recall my experience as a Magistrate in the Poona, Satara and Nasik Districts. The actual cases coming up for trial were more frequent than they are now. Suspicion and rumour of torture were rife, without the added activity of the newspapers to blazon the facts into an exaggerated publicity.

This state of things continued into the nineties, when with the gradual improvement in the education and morale of the Superior Subordinate Police Officers, there eventuated a palpable and noteworthy decrease in the number of actual and alleged cases of police torture. It was impossible to move among the people without paying attention to the side-currents of popular rumour and gossip, and becoming aware of this decline. It must always be remembered that in a country constituted as India is, where false accusations against private persons engage the attention of the Criminal Courts to an undue and appreciable extent, it would be little short of the

marvellous if the Police did not come in for their share of the calumnies. Mr. Cox has described the process of the genesis of these false accusations of torture. The two main factors, in cases where a confession has preceded an accusation, are the regret of the accused for having confessed, thereby making it necessary for him to invent some plausible reason for the confession. And secondly, contact in jail with hardened, or less emotional criminals who, by suggestion, prompt the accused to put forward the plea of police torture, as a way to escape from the possible consequences of a confession. Even when the accused has not confessed, accusations of police torture have been known to be made, after a temporary sojourn in the jail, or lock-up.

Mr. Cox has quoted a letter from Mr. Montagu, Under-Secretary of State for India, in which the latter stated that the Supreme Government have prescribed that 3rd Class Magistrates are no longer to record confessions. Presumably this executive direction, for such I take it to be, will necessitate an amendment of Section 164 of the Criminal Procedure Code, a section which, of course, is wide enough in its language to include the lowest grade of the Magistracy. Similarly, it is stated that 2nd Class Magistrates, in order to be enabled to record confessions, will have to be specially empowered. And lastly, there is to be "an exhaustive enquiry" into the conduct of lock-ups. Mr. Cox hesitates to think that these suggested measures of reform will have an "appreciable" remedial effect. I am disposed to agree with him as regards the lock-ups, unless the Government of India include in their measures of reform the total separation of Police Sub-Inspectors' offices from the *enceinte* of the Revenue and Magisterial Kutcherries, and provide a staff of civilian warders in lieu of the Police, who now form the guard over the lock-ups. It is, I think, well-known to those who have served in an administrative capacity in India, that one of the most fruitful sources of Police oppression, where the local subordinates are minded to resort to this method of detecting crime, is the facility afforded to the Police by this union of Magisterial lock-ups with Sub-Inspectors' Kutcherries. The many new Revenue Kutcherries, which have been built of recent years in the Bombay Presidency, include within their compound-walls Police offices and Magisterial lock-ups. Nominally, the

latter are under the local Magistrate's control. In reality the Police have ready access, especially when night has fallen, and the Magistrate has retired to his house in the "gaum." The question of separation and removal of the Police offices is one that will involve the expenditure of a good deal of money. It is, however, a pressing reform, and the cost must be faced.

I must, however, join issue with Mr. Cox, when he writes in depreciation of the value of the proposed reform, curtailing the powers of 2nd and 3rd Class Magistrates. I have met with several instances of confessions recorded by these Magistrates, which betrayed a disposition on their part to side with the Police against the interest of the accused. It is well-known that some 3rd Class Magistrates misuse the powers of remand given to them under Section 167 C.P.C., and that they readily seize on a hastily recorded confession as a reason for using the section just quoted. This tendency is partly due to inexperience of the real object intended by the power of remand to Police custody—a power which should be exercised for some definite reasons, such as have been summarized in the Punjab by Government order—and partly also because, owing to the association of the Magistrate and the Police in the same small Taluka station, the young officers, who, as a rule, hold the posts of 3rd class Magistrates, find it irksome to run counter to the wishes of the Police Sub-Inspector. For these reasons, I am confident that the proposed reform will operate in checking the recording of flimsy confessions, and I would welcome a similar whittling-down of the powers of remand as given in Section 167 C.P.C. To take away this power of recording confessions from all 3rd Class and most 2nd class Magistrates may, it is urged in some quarters, lead to certain inconvenience resultant on conveying the accused to a 1st Class, or specially-empowered 2nd Class Magistrate. But in reply it may be stated that Railway communication has now become and will in the near future be still more extended, that a little inconvenience to individuals may be tolerated in the interest of justice, and that Government have it in their power to appoint more Resident 1st Class Magistrates.

I would not go as far as Mr. Cox in advocating a provision of law, rendering the recording of a confession before trial illegal in all cases. I do not see why suspicion should necessarily attach to confessions recorded by specially-selected Magistrates, if

proper safeguards are adopted, and the recording of such confessions are deferred *by law* until the accused has had a day or two for reflection, after remand into *magisterial* custody. Nor would the abolition of recording pre-trial confession relieve the Police from accusations of oppression and torture. "Pressure" would still be exerted to elicit information from the accused in cases where the evidence is deficient. We should, perhaps, hear less of the misdoings of the Police, without actually removing the temptation to exercise "pressure" and perhaps torture in isolated cases, to extort *evidence* instead of the usual *confession*. In my view the powers conferred by Sections 61 and 167 are more at the root of the evil of Police torture and oppression, than Section 164. Section 61 allows a maximum detention of accused for twenty-four hours after arrest, for reasonable grounds, and the journey from the place of arrest to the Magistrate's Court is not counted in the above limit. Now this is a power which is not accorded to the Police in most civilised countries of the West, and it is difficult to see why there should be an exception in the case of India. We all know that the system of "Nazar Kaid" prevails in Bombay (and I suppose in other parts of India under other names) and that several Police officers resort to this method of practical, though unofficial arrest, while the evidence is being collected. The accused is made to come to the "chavdi" or "choro," his meals being brought to him there, and he is often made to sleep at the village office, or his house is watched. When some evidence has been gathered, the accused is formally arrested and kept, under the provisions of Section 61, for 24 hours or part thereof, on the pretext of collecting further evidence. It is often during this period of 24 hours of legal arrest that pressure is brought to bear on the accused to confess, or that these confessions, which are the result of hoping that some benefit will be gained by the confessing, or are merely emotional in their inception, are made. Nothing, I suppose, that the ingenuity of legislators may devise, will prevent resort to the Nazar Kaid system, but I fail to see why the law should gratuitously allow the Police another 24 hours to abuse their power, if so inclined.

For these reasons, I would abrogate Section 61 C.P.C. and make it compulsory to forward the accused, immediately on arrest, to the Magistrate, *having jurisdiction to try the case.*

I would also repeal Section 167 C.P.C. "in toto." An analysis of the Punjab rules for granting detention in Police custody up to a maximum of fifteen days, shows that the following are considered "reasonable grounds" for a remand :—

(i) Comparison of accused's foot-prints with the marks near the scene of offence.

(ii) To enable the accused to point out stolen property, weapons used in the commission of the crime charged, and the like.

(iii) To obtain evidence of possible recognition of accused by persons dwelling or travelling in the vicinity of the scene of offence.

As regards (i) there should generally be no difficulty in obtaining impressions of the footmarks and comparing them in Court, in the presence of the Magistrate, with the accused's foot-prints. In special circumstances, the Magistrate, or the District Superintendent of Police should himself proceed with the accused to the scene of the crime. It is difficult, however, to see why, in the large majority of cases, this comparison should not precede arrest, if it be a material link in the evidence.

As regards (ii) surely it should be possible in the preponderance of cases for the accused to tell the Magistrate where the property or weapon has been concealed and to describe the route to the spot. The Police might then search on the information so afforded. In difficult cases the accused would be taken to the scene of secret disposal by a Superior Officer of Police, such as the District Superintendent, or an Inspector, or by the Magistrate himself. In the large majority of cases it should be quite easy to find the concealed property or weapon by means of the clue afforded by the accused, and a little intelligent searching by the Police. The accused's statement to the Magistrate plus the fact of the subsequent finding of the *corpus delicti* by the Police would constitute the piece of evidence against the accused. We would be sure, as we are not always now, that the property was actually discovered in consequence of the information supplied by the accused.

As regards the third ground for a remand, I am inclined to think that the inconvenience to private persons should not outweigh the manifest objections to allowing the accused to be in Police custody longer than is absolutely necessary. Such per.

sons should be made to attend the Court of the Magistrate, and their evidence should be duly recorded in the presence of the accused. I suppose such evidence is generally required in dacoity and robbery cases—evidence, namely, to show that the accused has been recognized going to or leaving the scene of crime. Its probative value, seeing that such offences are generally committed at night, is usually very small. While, then, I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Cox as regards the abolition of Section 164, I would amend the law, so as to obviate the handing back of the accused to the Police after confession by the method now permissible under Section 167.

Mr. Cox has made a great point of the inadvisability of killing all sense of Police responsibility by introducing the additional precautions mentioned in Mr. Montagu's letter. My reply is that the Indian Police have not, as a body, reached that stage of efficient morale, to be trusted with extensive responsibility—that, not without reason, the lower grades are distrusted by the Indian public, and that it will be time enough to talk of a sense of responsibility when the Force has acquired a more extended reputation for honesty and incorruptibility. Mr. Cox must remember the numerous thefts and robberies which go unreported, because of the disinclination of the Native Public to call in the aid of the Police. He will, I think, admit that the ordinary Constable or Head Constable has very hazy notions of responsibility. His pay is low and his education often poor or nil. Police Officers must use the tools supplied to them and if the tools are bad, the fact must be recognized and efforts made to improve them. Systematic training of the upper grades has been undertaken only in recent years. It still remains to remove another fruitful source of temptation—inadequate pay. Better pay will attract better educated men. In other words, the charge of Police torture is only one aspect of the general feeling that the Indian Police are deficient in morale. It is admitted that cases of actual torture are rare. It is not permissible to say that illegal pressure is rare. The whole "Nazar Kaid" system is glaring evidence in support of my view. It is urged that the measures of reform must go to the root of the evil and provide that the accused be removed from Police custody as quickly as possible. The Criminal Procedure Code is too generous in this respect. It allows loopholes, of which the corrupt

or tyrannical Police Officer can take ready advantage. The system was devised to suit a state of things when there were fewer roads, railways and telegraphs. Advantage should now be taken of the rapidly-extending facilities for travel, to contract and reconsolidate the loose links of the system, to organize central detective stations and to centralize superior Magisterial control over Police investigations. The 3rd class Magistrate is generally a clerk and often a novice. He should be treated as such. The Criminal Procedure Code gives him too much responsibility. Present-day conditions do not require that he should be so entrusted. Exceptionally remote places could be treated as special cases and 2nd Class Magistrates might be specially empowered to record confessions. But normally such power should rest with 1st Class Magistrates. Confessions recorded by such officers, after a proper interval and legally compulsory examination of the accused's person, would be exceedingly difficult to retract with success, and even if retracted, might form the basis of a conviction, if duly corroborated in important particulars by unimpeachable extrinsic evidence.

Cambridge

• W. DODÉRET.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

(Continued from our last number.)

HOW does the nose perceive? May it not be that there are vibrations of various periods for audition, vision, touch, and smell and even for taste? Lord Rayleigh says that "the streams of energy required to influence the eye and the ear are of the same order of magnitude." Helmholtz compared dissonance to a flickering light on the eye. The range of pitch appreciated by the ear is "from 30 to 40,000 vibrations per second." The simplest movement is like that of a pendulum; in the complex, the drum-head moves in and out, and the movement is conveyed to the base of the stapes, and thence to the cochlea furnished with the organ of Corti and able to discriminate pitch, hear beats and analyse tone. It is admitted, again, that the perception of colour by the eye depends on the rate of vibration of the luminiferous ether, and Hering states that a special rate is required for each special colour. Professor Silvanus Thompson in his Text-book on Electricity and Magnetism identifies electricity with ether; and waves of ether of certain wave-length are light. This is no longer a theoretical truth but a proved fact. There are other waves of measurable wave-length which transmit electrical impulses. The existence of electrons and the ionisation of atoms in chemical processes, taken with the above facts, may well be taken as justifying a working hypothesis that vibrations of certain periods (masked or unmasked) are connected with all our sense-perceptions. The Sankhya thinkers, therefore, who posited an *antar-dksh* (inner ether) and

traced the source of Akash and the sense organs and the organs of action to a common evolute of Prakriti may prove correct.

Ether is a continuum, and Physiologists now speak of the continuum of the nerves within the body. Kelvin and Fitzgerald say that interlaced vortex filaments probably pervade the substance of ether, and in the brain there are wonderful gyri, and wonderful interlacements of filaments. There are electrons in both and energy in both, therefore, illimitable complexity in both. Ether has its radiants and reflectors, and the brain has its own, every sense being a radiant or a reflector. Ether is said to be really at rest but it appears mobile. Similarly the Purush within us is really at rest but appears mobile on account of its apparent identification with Prakriti. Ether is said to be a perfect fluid as defined in hydrodynamics: it is not a merely passive inert *plenum* but has the property that no finite discontinuity can ever disturb it in the very least. Purush also is never disturbed. Ether is homogeneous and uniform in its essence: so is Purush. Ether is universal: so is Purush. Ether is, therefore, a symbol of the Spirit in these respects.

Ether "is differentiated as regards its parts only by the presence of matter of intrinsic strain or motion, in which the physical activities of matter are identified with those arising from the atmospheres of modified ether which thus belong to its atoms." It is admitted by science that "the atomic nucleus remains undefined, that "at present we know only the average drifts of translation or orientation, or of changes of arrangement, of the atoms," and that little is known of "the unaveraged residue." It was by assuming the existence of ether as a working hypothesis that so many discoveries were made, and, perhaps, assuming its existence as a working hypothesis, in connection with the problems of biology, may lead to a splendid synthesis and even enable us to understand how Yogis can remain free from hunger and thirst. Guru Nanak is said to have been so free, and a Western physician attached to the court of Ranjitsingh has recorded another analogous instance. Science at least, which does not find the word "impossible" in its dictionary, should not smile at such stories. Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even by science?

Light-waves, it is now admitted, are electric waves. Nevertheless, Professor Silvanus Thompson complains, that many of the logical consequences of this proved truth "are still ignored or misunderstood." He adds: "It is still, to many, a hard saying that in an electric circuit the conducting wire, though it guides does not carry the energy: that the energy paths lie outside in the surrounding medium, not inside within the so-called conductor." May it not be also that the energy-paths in the body lie in the *antarārkāsh*, the ether within, and not in the wires of our system, the nerves. Every electric wire forms the boundary of the energy field enclosed by it, so may be forming every nerve. No wire becomes an effective boundary to a field or force unless sufficiently well insulated: similarly nerves are insulated. The nerve has the importance of the wire, but nothing more. Posit the *antarārkāsh*, and you have a quite different and perhaps more fruitful biological view-point.

"The guttapercha sheath, and not the copper wire within it, is the actual medium which conveys the impulse from one side of the Atlantic to the other in cable-telegraphy." It is the ether, again, that is the medium in wireless telegraphy. We are literally, living, moving and having our being in ether, according to a strict logical consequence of what is now known to science about ether. May it not be discovered one day, that ether itself is one of the lowest, one of the grossest evolutes of another low evolute of the three Gunas (factors) of Prakriti!

Each of our percipient senses can be stimulated into activity by an electric current. Pass a current through the ears, and you will hear musical sounds. Pass it in a feeble form through the eye-ball, and you see a bright flash of light; "Suslowa made the curious discovery that, if the area between two points distinctly felt be tickled or be stimulated by a weak electric current, the impressions are fused. Stretching the skin, and baths in water containing carbonic acid or common salt, increase the power of localizing tactile impressions." Place the two wires from the poles of a single voltaic cell in contact with the tongue and you have a taste like that of green vitriol, so also if you join two pieces of lead and silver and then lay them upon the tongue. Pass a current from the nostril to the

soft palate, and you experience a sensation in the organ of smell. Take two dissimilar metals, say silver and copper, let them be in contact, and then let nerve and muscle touch them: the muscle contracts. Louis XV of France enjoyed the contortions made by 700 Carthusian monks, joined hand in hand, when an electric shock was administered to them from a battery of Leyden jars. "Zanotte by sending a current through a newly killed grass-hopper caused it to emit its familiar chirp." Three thousand (alternating) volts, applied between the head and spine of a human being, cause instantaneous death. A current of two Amperes, traversing a vital part, is almost certainly fatal. Blood conducts best, and nerves conduct better than muscles, cartilage or bone in the human body. To produce a muscular contraction, the current must traverse a portion of the nerve longitudinally. "The small muscles attached to the roots of the hairs of the head appear to be markedly sensitive to electrical conditions, from the readiness with which electrification causes the hair to stand on end." In the sense organs, we notice the presence of hairs and rods and cones, as points attract better than rounded things. The whole body is a marvel—nay every part of it even in a little child is a marvel—and it is worth studying from the standpoint of Sankhya and Yôga.

The body of this world, nay the body of the whole cosmos, is worth studying from that standpoint. Why is this strange primal polarity of Purush and Prakriti to be found, masked or unmasked, in everything? May it not be that Brahm negates Himself into Maya, and so the positive and the negative, the anode and the kathode, the anions and the kations come into being?

Maya is ever differentiating, while the influence of Brahm is always making for integration. Hence the attraction of the positive for the negative, the negative for the positive. Hence the attraction of the sexes. Hence "Life is one long eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge", until the masker is unmasked.

The masker has made the whole of Nature mathematical. And the masker being infinite, the progress of mathematics

has turned upon the introduction and utilisation of the notion of infinity. The method of quadratures had little of "infinity" in it. The method of exhaustions brought in a little of it, and was, therefore, a more potent instrument. Kepler was able to do much more than Archimedes and Apollonius simply because he introduced "infinity" in the language of geometry. There was "infinity" in every circle, in every cone; and we do not yet know the total number of circles and cones even in the body of a little child. Cavalieri improved mathematics by introducing "infinity" in every line. There is an infinite number of points, he said, in every line, in every surface of lines and in every solid of surfaces. By introducing the notions of zero and infinity in the method of summation, and applying the method to series, the rectification of curves became possible. The philosopher Descartes applied algebra to geometry, and introduced his tangents, and, once more, with the aid of "infinity" was able to determine the properties of even rolling curves, every one of such curves being conceived as a polygon of an infinite number of sides. If there is infinity, said Fermat, a method of maxima and minima is possible, and the centres of gravity of curves can be discovered. Then came Galileo's conception of the composition of motions in mechanics, and the infinitesimal calculus of Leibnitz and Newton. Both these great men had analytical methods depending on infinite series and the reduction of small differences to infinitely small differences, and by these methods they ascertained, in a symmetrical way, the area and arcs of curves, like the conchoid of Nicomedes, the spiral of Archimedes, the limacon of Pascal, the parabola of Descartes, the cycloid, the cissoid, the quadratrix and numerous other curves. What a large number of curves has been utilised in the body of even a little child by the greatest mathematician! Surely inanimate unintelligent matter cannot be a mathematician except mechanically, and we feel we are not mere machines.

Let Brahm cease to negate himself, and there is left Brahm only. When He negates Himself he reverses Himself. When He negates the negation of Himself, the reversal is reversed. The old ideas of Pralaya and Samadhi have been useful to mathematicians, for the whole method of quaternions, based on the

Pythagorean Tetractys, turns on the interpretation of the negative sign of Algebra—the interpretation that the sign is mere reversal of direction along a line or in rotation about an axis. Thus combinations by, + and — of complanar directed lines can be represented, so also the composition of linear velocities. The conception of a directed unit line, whose square is — 1, the conception of algebra as a science of pure time, investigating the properties of sets of time-steps, the conception of every set being a linear function of any number of distinct units of the same species, the conception of the simplest form of a set, namely, a couple (Unity and Zero or Purush and Prakriti), being at the bottom of other combinations, gave mathematicians a new instrument for applying calculation to geometry, for representing, by simple symbols, sets of rotations with regard to axes fixed in space and sets of rotations with regard to axes in a system, for solving linear equations in quaternions, for ascertaining the direction, the magnitude, and the rate of most rapid change of such quantities as the potential, temperature etc., in short, for simplifying hydrokinetics and electrodynamics, and the method of matrices, and several other methods of calculation. Had there been no truth in the conceptions, had Nature been non-mathematical, the results obtained would have utterly failed in Applied Mathematics.

“Some Eastern potentate, possessed of absolute power, covets the vast possessions of his vizier and of his barber. He determines to rob them both (an operation which may be very satisfactorily expressed by—1), but, being a wag, he chooses his own way of doing it. He degrades his vizier to the office of barber, taking all his goods in the process, and makes the barber his vizier. Next day he repeats the operation. Each of the victims has been restored to his former rank, but the operator—1 has been applied to both.” The Lila or Maya of Brahm may be similarly explained, only the vizier and the barber must be imagined to be merely personæ or masks of Himself. But how far is the Lila or Maya theory true, if it is true at all?

“The Norm of a product is equal to the product of the Norms of the factors. Change the sign of any one factor, and

you change the sign of the product. You can thus manipulate the products of directed lines, space having the same properties in all directions. You can have the sum of a number and a line, and you can multiply one line by another. Hamilton's method of multiplying couples having led to important mathematical results, the Duality of the Sankhya seems to be specially useful for scientific purposes. Hamilton himself, however, thought there was an extra-spacial Unit. That would partly correspond to the synthesis of Purush and Prakriti in the Ishwara of Yoga:

Infinity masking Itself in Unity is able to evolve Infinity. Unity (Spirit) gives to its Negative (Matter) a strange power of multiplication and differentiation. Hence minus multiplied by minus results in a plus. This is what the Sankhya (which is followed by Yoga) means by Prakriti being always *Pránami*, while the Purush is *Apránami*. We here see, again, perhaps, the uses of Iteration, which is another name for multiplication. Iterate — Multiply — with — and you have the first evolved integer. Every iteration of Prakriti means an evolute. Yoga has an elaborate theory of *Pranams* or transformations. Prakriti is a *dharmā* or a substance, which is the seat of transformations (*Pranams*). The transformations are of three kinds, Dharma, *Pranám*, *Lakshana Pranám*, and *Awastha Pranám*. If, with the Sankhya and Yoga, we consider Intelligence, Individual Consciousness and Mentality as merely phases of Matter, the Minus One, constantly transforming, we may translate these words as Extensional Transformation, Protensional Transformation and Intensional Transformation. The transformation of two reproductive cells—gametes—into a child is their Dharma *Pranam*. The existence of any such gametes in the past or the present or in the future will be their *Lakshana Pranams*. Their moods in any of these tenses will be their *Awastha Pranams*; for example, infancy, youth and old age are the *Awastha Pranams* of a human being at present.

* The Yoga Sutras say that a *Sanyama* (concentrated meditation) on these *Pranams* brings us knowledge of the Past and the Future. It is *succession* which leads, according to them, to *transformation*. Hence the importance of Algebra

which has been called the calculus of succession, and, by the discoverer of quaternions, the science of pure time. Just as simple arithmetic has, by means of Algebra, been transformed into Universal Arithmetic, so two simple reproductive cells can be transformed into a Sir Rowan Hamilton, or a John Stuart Mill, the former of whom mathematically transformed space into time, while the latter showed by various arguments "that the idea of space is at bottom one of time." The Yoga Sutras have their doctrine of *Adhyas* or time-relations in connexion with *Lakshana Pranāms*, and they imply that the field of consciousness can be extended indefinitely by means of meditation.

Is it not marvellous how even a little child has definite space perceptions, and transferring the continuity of its little self to its percepts, resolves "the discontinuous presentation of external things into a continuity of existence." The child has not only a presentation-continuum but a memory-continuum, a representation-continuum and an ideational-continuum. There is again evolution and involution of representations and constructive ideation. The Yoga Sutras even go so far as to say that the infinity of the Primeval Unity is latent in every individual, and can be made patent by concentration and the highest non-attachment and dispassion. Assume this to be true, and a mere *Sanyama* may certainly be capable of conferring knowledge of the past and the future. But should we make such an assumption? Is it possible to reach the truth on this point?

Psychology has been busy with the question of the genesis of the distinction of past, present and future. It is now admitted that the present alone and life in a succession of presents give us no knowledge of the present as present," and that we first obtain this knowledge "when our consciousness consists partly of memories or partly of expectations as well." It is also admitted that the distinction of past and future and the oneness of direction of time depend "(1) upon the continuous sinking of the primary memory-images on the one side, and the continuous rising of the ordinary images on the other side, of that member of a series of percepts then repeating which is actual at the moment, and

(2) on the prevenient adjustments of attention, to which such words as 'expect', 'await,' 'anticipate', all testify by their etymology." These conditions in turn "depend upon all that is implied in the formation of the memory-train and upon that recurrence of like series of impressions which we attribute to the 'uniformity of nature.' " The present is connected with the past and the future. "In presentation all that corresponds to the differences of past, present and future, is in consciousness simultaneously," in other words, "we are aware of time only through time—perspective." The *Sanyama* spoken of in the *Sutras* may widen, prolong and deepen that perspective.

Obliviscence produces time-distance. Attention forms the memory continuum. Attention is, therefore, very important. "Workers with the microscope often see objects which they have examined during the day stand out clearly before them in the dark." A strong *Sanyama*, therefore, by removing oblivion, may awake the memory-train.

The Science of Meditation is the Science *par excellence*, to which India lays claim. He Who is Love gives compensations to those who follow the path of Ahimsa and devotion, and care little for the glory or the joys of this world. Western historians see little in Neo-Platonism and call it a failure, because Julian failed to make it a State Religion and because it left no Church behind. But what influenced Augustine, the greatest father of the Catholic Church, whose influence is said by some to be incalculable? If Neo-Platonism had done nothing more than influence such a man, it would have deserved well of mankind. But it did a great deal more. It produced devotional traditions which have been a strength and a solace to many choice souls, and it practically permeates the highest Christianity. It combined both Eastern and Western thought, and it is the parent of modern theosophy. Curiously enough one of its many children is Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science, for Mrs. Eddy's teaching is based on that of Plotinus, and Plotinus, according to Porphyry, was seen at least four times in what we call *Samadhi*, and, like Patanjali, he believed in the infinite power of Meditation. In these respects, at least, Plotinus was a close follower of his master's master, Socrates, who also was several times seen in *Samadhi*, and who firmly believed he had a divine monitor. In our own day, Paramhansa Ramkrishna is

a well known instance of Samadhic illumination, and according to Tyndall, Tennyson had personal experience of Samadhi.

If the greater includes the lesser, there ought to be no difficulty in believing that by meditation a person can know the future. Does the future then exist in a cognisable form in the present? There were prophets in India, Greece, Rome, Egypt and Judæa. The case of Joan of Arc is still a stumbling-block to the modern sceptic. Making the fullest allowance for interested charlatanry and the influence of the priesthood which no doubt often worked the oracle even at Delphi, there remains a residum of fact hardly explicable by either of these methods. Moreover, Western historians have attached the greatest value to Isaiah and Jeremiah as prophets.

(To be concluded.)

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

W. T. STEAD.

(A CHARACTER SKETCH.)

BY ONE OF HIS STAFF.

IT was a wonderful and stimulating experience to find oneself on Mr. Stead's staff. Our chief was such an uncommon product of our present British civilization! Even after having had twenty-one years' experience of working with and for him, one is obliged to acknowledge to oneself that it was impossible to understand all the motive springs of his many-sided character.

He was a marvel of energy. Every day he could accomplish the work of three ordinary men. He did not know how strong he was, for when it was remarked to him that he could get through the work of three ordinary men, he replied, "I think you are mistaken; I never feel I do much." This must have been because he was so strongly built. He was not tall or big. He was just rather above the middle size in height, but then he was very deep-chested, there was plenty of room for the free action of heart and lungs, which are such vital parts for the upkeep of unusual energy. Then, along with this, the brain was also well supplied with room for activity. The head wide and high, especially was there great width across between the ears. All great writers and thinkers appear to possess this wide brain development, judging by the portraits of them which exist, both in past and contemporary history. Then there were his very remarkable eyes, which seemed to see all round and instantly convey his observation to his brain; this was another great assistance which nature had bestowed on him for his lifework, so inquisitive were his eyes for information, they saw things which seemed too trivial for observa-

tion, but no doubt they formed a habit very useful for journalistic work. His eyes were remarkable in colour, especially in London where every tenth person in the dozen has brown eyes, while Mr. Stead's were the palest sky-blue, which showed his descent from Northern latitudes. These eyes were all alert while he was gathering information, but when he sat, pen in hand, to consider a serious question, they lost the observant expression, and took on a strange, almost weird, look of mental withdrawal from outward things. When this was the case, he saw nothing which was going on around him: it was a state of strong mental concentration.

When young, Mr. Stead's features were very handsome. He was about 40 years of age, when he founded the *Review of Reviews*; even by that time the strenuous work he had already gone through on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had robbed his looks of much of their freshness. Doing the work daily of three men, though he did not feel it hard work, yet allowed him often very short commons of sleep and rest, which early told on his looks and made him look old before his time. Indeed, but for another of nature's kind gifts, he could not have pulled through such continued fatigue as he gave himself, but when utterly worn out by want of sleep, he could, when his portion of work was done, lie down on the top of a table, without pillow or any easement, fall sound asleep for an hour, and rise up as fresh as a lark, for any further effort. When he went to the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1907, being then about 58 years of age, he told us all with great glee on his return to London, that everybody at the Hague had taken him to be a dear old grandfather of 70. This no doubt was an exaggeration, but there was some truth in it.

He was unconventional about dress, he gave himself no advantage over his fellowmen in the coats and hats he wore! That was a phase of life which did not engage his attention.

To his staff our chief was all kindness and friendliness, consequently he was much beloved. It must not be imagined, however, that he was careless as to how the work was done. No! far from it. He was such a hard worker himself and so thorough in all he did, that the staff were stimulated to do their work in the same effective manner. A good example is worth pounds of rules and regulations and fines for negligence

which so many superficial employers seem to resort to, in order to get what they consider the best out of their employees. It is a great mistake—human nature will never do its best under coercion. Hard work requires cheerfulness and confidence. Goodwill at the top is responded to by goodwill at the bottom, which keeps the wheel of life going steadily and well. This Mr. Stead always realized and made it his rule of action.

As is well-known, he was very fond of discussions with great folks and small folks. Soon after the *Review* was started, one afternoon he began talking to one of the staff on a question of the day. "Oh," said the lady, "I can't answer that question, Mr. Stead, for I have not read to-day's papers, because I have been so very busy, I have had no time for it." "Not read to-day's papers!" exclaimed Mr. Stead. "No, no, that will never do on my staff. Remember this, that whatever else you may leave undone, it must never be the reading of the daily papers!" Mr. Stead was surely uncommon, for in these discussions he was most liberal-minded, he never expected his staff to agree with him, because he was their chief, or because he was endowed by nature with unusual ability. All honest opinion was agreeable and interesting to him, these discussions were a great enjoyment to the staff, and a form, no doubt, of education in the practice of reasoning. Perhaps Mr. Stead looked on his staff as specimens of the outside public, to whom editors are always ready to lend an ear.

The genial friendliness, which marked the intercourse of the great mind with his staff, pervaded the staff itself and made the office a very happy place.

Another gift which kind nature had bestowed, and which was of invaluable service to him in every matter he took in hand, was his extraordinary power of memory. He seemed never to forget anything which was valuable for him to remember, probably he was able to throw off things which were of no use to him. Be this as it may, the fact remains that his power of memory was phenomenal. He not only remembered every detail of past and present events, he was also often able to remember where the information was to be found, which was most convenient, when verification was needed. Thus his gift of memory may be justly described as both capacious and detailed.

Such is an outline sketch, though a very inadequate one, of the man who in January 1890 founded the *Review of Reviews*. It is no exaggeration to say that his heart was aflame with a joyful hope that the work he would accomplish through its pages would redound to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, to the peace of the world, and the suppression of wrong.

He arranged the order of his *Review* on an original plan. He divided it into what we may describe as two parts. The first comprised original matter written by himself, i.e., "The Progress of the World," month by month, so that no event of any importance in our whole earthly sphere should go unchronicled and uncommented on; thus "The Progress of the World" in the bound volumes of the *Review of Reviews* contain one of the most valuable records of contemporary history which is in existence since 1890. Then comes a character sketch of the man or woman who at the time was making history, followed by current history in caricature. These fill the first half of the *Review*, the second half being taken up with the reviews of the leading articles in all the great Magazines of the world. As Mr. Stead in his programme in the first number of the *Review* aptly quotes Matthew Arnold's saying, "Culture consists in knowing the best thoughts of the best men upon the subjects that come before us." In such wise the *Review of Reviews* lent itself to the culture of the masses at home and in the Colonies. The circulation has always been very large in the Colonies and India, where access to the original articles in our great monthlies is difficult to obtain.

Along with the *Review* and as a practical aid to its social and philanthropic effort, Mr. Stead founded his Helper's Association. In his first number he asked for the names of those who were in sympathy with his programme and ideas generally. Quite a thousand at once sent in their names. They hailed from England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. "Tell us how to help you", was the cry of every one of them. In response to this Mr. Stead drew up a little pamphlet of instructions and appointed a secretary, at the same time promising to give out a programme of service every month as part of the equipment of his *Review*.

The first service given appears in the March number of 1890. It was a call to interest themselves in the Workhouses. He thus addresses them: "Every Citizen stands in more or less direct relationship of responsibility to the unfortunate derelicts of our

social system who are boarded and lodged as the pensioners of the State in our Workhouses. Those of us who have at least sufficient to avoid the painful necessity of joining the have-nots rationed by the Poor Law cannot discharge the obligations of human brotherhood by mere payment of poor-rate. I appeal to each helper to ascertain by inquiry from the Workhouse Master or Mistress in his or her Union:—1. Whether the inmates are adequately supplied with magazines and newspapers? 2. Whether children in the Workhouse Schools have a sufficient supply of toys and picture-books? 3. What, in the opinion of the responsible officials, is the kind of reading which the inmates most lack, and what is the simplest way of supplying it? Having ascertained the facts, forward to me, as early as possible, a brief return of the information obtained.” To this request 274 answers were sent in from the helpers in Great Britain and Ireland. As time went on returns became more and more numerous and were more perfectly executed. When the service required was such as could be answered by helpers in other parts of the world than the Homeland, then the returns came from the ends of the earth. In compliance with a wish expressed by several helpers, Mr. Stead began the publication of a series of papers available for distribution by helpers to those they wished to influence or interest in the objects of the *Review*. These in time became very numerous, they were all written with the intention of solving Social problems in some of their intricate and many-sided evils, such as “Humanising the Workhouse,” “Poor-Law Reform,” “State Insurance against Sickness,” “Old Age Pensions,” “Improved Housing of the People,” “Democratizing Universities,” “A Standard of Social Necessities,” “Open-spaces and Trees in Towns,” “Recreation as a Municipal Duty,” “The Necessity of Feeding Under-fed Children in our Schools,” “The County Councils and Technical Education.”

These headings of a few of the pamphlets sent out to his Helpers give some idea of the social work he set going through the Association.

In illustration of what has been said of Mr. Stead's willingness to take trouble to promote pleasant feeling, one may mention that he had offered certain scholarships to those successfully passing an examination whose papers were issued from the *Review of Review's* office, these examinations being conducted in any place

where the services of a Helper could be secured to watch that all conditions were fairly fulfilled. One of the competitors, not successful though she came near being so, wrote to him that she should like to tell him what pleasant arrangements his Helper had made for her trial evening. He instantly sent a note to the Helper to tell her of this, saying that it is sometimes well to know one has been appreciated!

It is interesting to note in this connection the early impress his mind received by his having become possessed, when he was about 18, of a volume of James Russell Lowell's poems. He knew a great many of them by heart, they acted as an ever present stimulation to move forward. Among his favourites were: "The Present Crisis," "A Parable," "A Stanza on Freedom," "On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington," "Extreme Unction." This latter especially acted as a toxin which affected him deeply. It seemed to call him to the social battles of his life. It rushed into his memory when the call came, as he thought, for action.

The pioneering social work of Mr. Stead and others at this period, now nearly 23 years ago, broke down in some measure the apathy and selfishness of commercialism. Some of the philanthropic work then initiated by Volunteers Societies, has been taken in hand by Government, i.e., Old Age Pensions and Insurance against Sickness. People in general are not so ignorant of their neighbour's sufferings from poverty and consequent sickness as they were 20 or 30 years ago. County Councils and Town Councils have much extended their activities in social improvements. Mr. Stead's ear was always open and his aid, if possible, available for those who were in suffering. How many poverty-stricken, sick and lonely ones he helped over times of trouble, will never be known.

Having mentioned the stimulating effect of Lowell's Poems on Mr. Stead's life and actions, one must not forget to note what an enormous power the Bible had on his mentality. He knew it from cover to cover, and delighted in making use of its characters and dramatic stories as illustrations. Certainly, the Bible was his storehouse of illumination, though, being a great reader, with his memory he never was at a loss for a quotation to make plain his theme. What was remarkable about the effect of the Bible and Lowell's Poems on him was, that they acted as driving forces from within.

Another driving force of great momentum was his intense love of children. When he went home, however tired out and weary he might be, unless the children were already in bed, he never could resist the temptation to have a Tomboy game of hide-and-seek with them, the delighted screams of the children being heard all over the house. He was always happy to have school children or children from Mission Homes down to spend the Saturday afternoons in summer in the garden at Wimbledon for tea and games, he himself fully entering into the fun of the children. One of the outcomes of his love of children was the publication from the *Review of Review's* office of the series of charming stories well known to the children of this nation as Mr. Stead's Books for the Bairns. But before the *Review of Reviews* had been thought of, Mr. Stead's warm love of children had led to very grave and serious consequences to himself. The love he felt for his own children made him feel as a Father to all children. "What was the use (he used to say) of feeling a father's love for your own children if it does not make you feel you want to father all unprotected childhood?" Mr. Stead was not a cool-blooded man, he felt very hotly where his pity was aroused. No wonder then, that he came to the aid of the Woman's Movement for raising the age of consent for the protection of poor little girls. It was to his honour to feel so hotly on this question, though it brought him into very serious trouble at the time. This he did not mind, as the object was accomplished.

The question of the enfranchisement of women was also very dear to his soul. Every Woman's Movement which had the object of taking women out of "coverture," he thought important, his idea being that a grown-up woman who was not driven by poverty out of normal condition was a responsible citizen, responsible for her actions to God and her fellow-citizens. To make such a woman irresponsible, as our laws do, was doing neither the race nor the Nation a service. On the contrary, it did both a great disservice, weakening the force of character of the race through the mothers. He considered that women and girls, who were too poor and ignorant to defend themselves from temptation and brutality, were in quite another category. They required protection while remaining in poverty, while the more fortunately placed women required freedom to evolve the best characteristics of the race. It was thus his mind was prepared to assist in

Mrs. Josephine Butler's great crusade (1870-86). Mrs. Butler raised the standard of those who refused to allow women who through poverty and evil surroundings occupied the lowest rung in our social ladder, to be driven even off it, to become the social pariahs of the State. Mrs. Butler was indeed the woman's Joan d'Arc of the whole world. Proud may England be to have given her birth !

It is a mere common-place to say that Mr. Stead interested himself in every part of the world ; for indeed that was the prime object of the *Review* ; to keep a record of all the sayings and doings of humanity, and to keep them whirling round the globe. It is therefore most natural to find on looking over the *Reviews* from the first number until the sad April of 1912, that Indian questions and Indian Magazines are strongly in evidence, testifying to the activity both of Indian and British writers on all the questions, affecting that country and the welfare of its people. Nor are the troubles of the Indians in Africa forgotten by able writers, whose articles are recorded and commented upon. The happenings of all these get noticed as they occur in the *Progress* as well as in the *Magazines*, especially is this the case with the Indian Congresses at each of their Sessions. Through these records English readers get acquainted with the names of the leaders and writers of India, which is very helpful to us all.

Mr. Stead loved hospitality. In summer he had on Saturdays charming garden-parties and in winter, meetings on Sunday afternoons, where interesting subjects were discussed and where all was kindness and friendliness. These parties were very cosmopolitan, people of all Nationalities meeting under his roof in a happy easy way which was much enjoyed. Indians were often among the guests. There distinguished leaders of many nations made each other's acquaintance.

In the January number of 1911, Mr. Stead celebrated the conclusion on the last day of December 1910 of the twenty-first issue of his *Review*. As he had addressed his Helpers and readers in his first number, so he again addressed them " After Twenty-one Years." It is but meet and right to cull some of his words, the whole address being most interesting. " With this number we begin our forty-third volume and our twenty-second year. The fact suggests a retrospect." The continued publication of a

monthly Magazine, in which the history of the "Progress of the World" has been written almost continuously by a single hand, is unusual, if not quite unprecedented. "As I had been continuously in editorial harness for the previous twenty years on the *Northern Echo* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I can now look back over more than forty years, during which day by day and month by month it has been my duty to chronicle and criticise the contemporary events of our time. Now after forty years' continuous labour in one of the most exhausting of all professions I am much stronger and more vigorous than I was when I began my career. So far from journalism destroying the generous enthusiasms which inspired my youth, I am more of an optimist than I ever was. My interests in life are not only wider and more varied, but my zest is unabated. I am as keen as ever I was, and as ready to plunge into new studies, investigations or speculations, as I was in the early seventies; so far from the disillusioning experience of the stern realities of life having resulted in

The hardening of the heart that brings

Irreverence for the dreams of Youth,

it has been altogether the other way with me. I believe as much as ever in God and all good things. I have even ceased to accept as an article of faith the doctrine of the total depravity of the Tory Party! Experience has taught me to believe more than ever in man and still more in woman." All this was truly as he felt. He then goes through some of the political experiences of past years, then he continues. "May we have many other such anniversary celebrations, for the relations between editor and readers have ever been more intimate in this *Review* than that of a mere cash basis of annual subscriptions!"

The principles, which the *Review* was founded to teach, have never been departed from.

"On the whole, I think that our readers, our friends, and Helpers may close this retrospect of twenty-one years with the comforting reflection that although by no means everything has been done that was outlined in 1890, a great deal more has actually been accomplished than the most sanguine among us ventured to believe was possible. If the part we were privileged to play in the great world-drama, which has held the stage for twenty-one years, was more humble than I have ventured to indicate, we may at least claim the verdict of our opponents that we have never

flinched, and have never faltered, and that we have never turned our backs to the foe. Nor can any one discover in these forty-two volumes a page which does not ring true to the keynote sounded in the, "Address to all English-speaking People," with which we prefaced the first number of the *Review* just twenty-one years ago." No one could, for this address, fated to be his last, was indeed the perfect corollary of the first.

It was in 1911, as it had been in 1890, when the *Review* was founded, that Mr. Stead received a great many kind congratulations from eminent persons on the Twenty-first Birthday of the *Review*. There are far too many to quote them all, though it would be pleasant to do so. The list is headed by a few kind words from Queen Alexandra. She says, "Accept my heartiest congratulations on the 21st anniversary of the *Review of Reviews* and my best wishes for its continued success." We must quote Lord Morley, and Mrs. Besant in full, because they are both such old friends and Mr. Stead had worked with both.

The Right Hon. Lord Morley of Blackburn:—

"Dear Mr. Stead,—As you began your London career under my flag you may be sure that I have watched it with goodwill, and that I very heartily congratulate you on your anniversary. You have, in all the intervening time, said hundreds of things from which it has been my ill-fortune pretty violently to dissent, but this matters little in view of the thousands of things said by you that needed saying. I rejoice to think that your rare vivacity of mind and pen is unimpaired. Your *Review* is marked, as not all public instructors are, by diligent exploration of fact, and it conveys a human voice from a bold and sincere worker. I wish you good luck, and hope to remain what I have been for a generation past, your friend."—MORLEY, of B.

MRS. BESANT:—

"Dear old Friend,—It is long since you and I clasped hands in friendship, while you were still Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Times have been stormy since, but they have never shaken our friendship, nor my admiration for your courage and out-spokenness when "policy" would have dictated silence. Your *Review of Reviews* is a power all the world over, and long may it live. May God bless and keep you. Your affectionate friend."—

ANNIE BESANT.

As representing law as well as friendship, Sir George Lewis's letter is specially interesting.

"Dear Mr. Stead,—I hope you will accept my congratulations upon the coming of age of the *Review of Reviews*. I have been a constant reader of the journal, and I have always admired not only the able way in which you have edited the journal, but your courage and independence and the far-reaching view which you have taken in the interests of the nation. Hoping that you may long be spared to plead your able views upon great public questions."

Believe me,
Always Yours Sincerely,
GEORGE H. LEWIS.—

The rest of these kind letters, which eminent men and women wrote to Mr. Stead, are too numerous for publication in this short sketch. They all express the same warm admiration for his courage and honesty. They all also wish him long life and health to carry on his good work for the nation's welfare. But long life was not to be his.

As we draw towards the end, naturally his grand characteristics stand out boldly on our memories. Our old chief knew no fear of any kind. A favourite saying with him was Emerson's dictum, "Never strike sail to a fear." One can imagine with what sublime calmness of mind he would face his final fate.

He never lost faith in himself, consequently he was able to go on his own way heedless of the adverse criticisms of others. This is the only way to achieve great ends which the heart calls out to be done. When a man feels he is in the right, he knows too that if he is right, then it is only a question of time for the fact to be acknowledged. Mr. Stead saw and believed things which were not understood at the time, and lived to see only a few of these things eventually appreciated; but in the long run he will come into his own. He made great sacrifices for the causes he had at heart. His abilities were such that if he had cared for riches more than for his fellow-creatures, he could easily have been a rich man, a member of Parliament, popular in Church and State, but he cared more for the unprotected, the lowly and suffering.

The words of his much loved poet Lowell truly fit the case :—
 "Look on who will in apathy and stifle they who can,
 The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man ;
 Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease
 Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these !
 Are we pledged to craven silence ? O fling it to the wind,
 The parchment wall that bars us from the least of Humankind
 That makes us cringe and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
 While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast."

Our chief's heart was red-hot, he did not cringe and temporize, but he paid the price, and paid it like a brave man.

He has been styled the Prince of Journalists. It is journalists themselves who most appreciate the novelties he introduced or acclimatised—interviews in particular.

In March 1912 he wrote an article on the ship-building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. All mechanical inventions interested Mr. Stead very much, he admired the power of brain, concentration of thought which such work involves.

Being desirous of going over to New York on business and the Peace Crusade which he had so much at heart, he took his passage in the Titanic, the latest and largest liner which Messrs. Harland and Wolff had just finished, and which was to start on its first voyage the next month, April 12th. It was said to have been built on a plan which would make it perfectly unsinkable.

Mr. Stead was very much delighted at the idea of being one of the passengers in the first voyage of this latest achievement of human skill.

He was thinking greatly of his Peace Crusade also, and left England in great spirits, health and force.

Who can ever forget that terrible Monday, April 15th when the news of the evil fate of the Titanic first began to be carried across the sea. A few days of suspense and then the dreadful truth was driven home to our hearts. The news was too true. The Titanic had sunk. A few days more of hope that our chief was among the saved. But no ! Soon there was no hope.

To his family, to his staff, to his friends, his brilliant and cheery presence would come no more. He had shown us how to be brave ! We have had to try to follow his example.

MARY G. BURNETT.

London.

THE BRITISH INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

ITS COMING OF AGE.

THE STORY OF A GREAT WORKING-CLASS AWAKENING.

“WHEN an oak is felled the whole forest resounds; but a thousand acorns are down unnoticed by the passing wind.” Thus, long ago, Thomas Carlyle in one pregnant sentence, expressed a world-old truth. The downfall of an ancient dynasty may startle the whole civilised world and the crash of an effete and moth-eaten institution re-echo through the centuries, yet often it is but with the utmost difficulty that one can discern the beginnings of a great social or political movement. Rarely indeed is it given to one generation to recognise in the wind-blown acorn the mighty oak that is yet to be. Rarely does one recognise in the beginnings of a new movement its great potentialities. The acorn is never sown to the beat of drums or a fanfare of trumpets, and the world is too frequently attracted by noise and glitter and bombast rather than by the things that really matter. But the acorn nevertheless grows slowly, yet surely and steadily, and soon even the careless wayfarer is compelled to realise that one day the sturdy sapling will be one of the giant oaks of the forest. That is precisely the stage which has been reached to-day by the Independent Labour Party of Great Britain. It is twenty-one years this year since that acorn was sown, and to-day it is a young and healthy oak tree. It is not by any means at maturity yet, but the birds of the air take shelter in its branches, and even the callous and indifferent can scarcely fail to recognise the massive oak that is yet to be.

I remember the formation of the Independent Labour Party well. I think, indeed, I may claim to be one of the original mem-

bers of the party, and during the past twenty-one years I have followed with never-failing interest the progress of the Independent Labour Movement in Britain. We were "young men in a hurry" in those pioneer days, and probably when reverses came our way—as they frequently did—we were tempted to be despondent at the slow rate of progress. But the progress has nevertheless been steady and enduring. Oak trees, after all, do not come to maturity in the course of a single summer. They differ in that respect from Jonah's gourd which sprang up in a single night—and perished in the morning. Moreover, social progress can scarcely be measured by the trifling changes which occur from week to week or month to month. It is necessary to take a broader and wider range. It is only by comparing the state of political affairs and the trend of political thought in the eighties and nineties with the new spirit that animates modern statesmanship, that one begins to realise the vast strides that have been made since the Independent Labour Party came into being. It may be true—indeed it is true—that other influences apart from the Independent Labour Party have contributed to this transformation in politics. The Time Spirit itself has been working for the Labour Party. The old-time individualism—championed so vigorously in those early days by Lord Morley (John Morley that was), the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and the Hon. Auberon Herbert—has almost completely vanished from politics. The Benthamite philosophy—Mr. Harold Cox notwithstanding—is as extinct as the dodo. Nor is this all. The Irish question, which has for so many years been the principal theme of party warfare between the Liberals and Conservatives, is now within sight of solution, and social questions are forcing themselves on the attention of the two great political parties. Thus the way is being paved for the consideration of the programme of the Independent Labour Party.

Historically, too, the Independent Labour Party strikes its roots deep down into the past. Just as the naturalist can trace the history of the acorn much farther back than that boisterous afternoon on which it was sown by the autumn wind, so too the student of sociology may find the central ideals of the new Labour Movement at a much earlier date than the historic Congress of 1893. He may even be disposed to exclaim with Solomon

that there is "no new thing under the sun," and point to Plato's "Republic," Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and Campanello's "City of the Sun" in proof of the fact that the social ideals of the Independent Labour Party were at least vaguely understood by the great philosophers of the past. There is at least a modicum of truth in such a statement, for ideals of justice and equity are not of mushroom growth, although the social conditions to which they are applied, may of course differ greatly in different lands and different centuries.

The members of the Labour Party are the direct successors of the Chartists of the early Forties who did so much to win political freedom for the British working-classes. The social teachings of Robert Owen, of Rev. Charles Kingsley, and the Christian Socialists, and later of John Ruskin, exercised a powerful influence on current political opinion, and directed the attention of the thoughtful section of the community to the growing importance of industrial problems. People began to realise with Thomas Carlyle that the organisation of labour was the one great problem which would, in future, demand the attention of all who aspired to govern men.

By this time a new school of social philosophy had sprung up on the Continent, and the teachings of Lassalle, Rodbertus and Karl Marx began to exercise a growing influence in France and Germany. Mr. H. M. Hyndman, in the early eighties, declared himself a convert to Social Democracy, and, in the columns of the "Nineteenth Century," announced his intention of commencing a campaign in Britain in favour of Marxian Socialism. The Social Democratic Federation (originally the Democratic Federation) was formed, and the new movement attracted to its ranks some of the most ardent reformers of the time. These were William Morris, poet, artist and craftsman; John Burns—"the man with the red flag" in those days, now the Right Hon. John Burns, President of the Board of Trade; Mrs. Eleanor Mary Aveling, the brilliant and devoted daughter of the founder of German Socialism; Tom Mann, now the solitary apostle of Syndicalism in Britain—and quite a host of others. In fact, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there was not a single leader of the new Trade Unionism of twenty or twenty-five years ago who had not directly or indirectly come under the influence of the Social Democratic Federation. Whatever the

shortcomings of Mr. H. M. Hyndman may be—and I am by no means blind to these—the working-classes of Britain owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the self-sacrificing labours of the past thirty years. But though the S. D. F. as it came to be called, attracted to itself many clever men and women, it must be added that it never succeeded in retaining the services of a single provincial leader of the working class movement, with the possible exception of Mr. Will Thorne, the burly Labour Member of South West Ham. Originality of thought was stifled almost as effectively as under the Popish hierarchy. The shibboleths of Marxian Socialism were elevated into a cast iron creed, to doubt the truth of which was to merit political damnation. To question the accuracy of the Marxian theory of value was rank heresy, and to challenge the existence of a class war or to doubt the wisdom of proclaiming it was to commit an unpardonable sin. The result was that Socialism in Britain—so far as the Social Democratic Federation was concerned—was in grave danger of falling into the hands of a narrow and intolerant sect. True it is that other socialist organisations were doing good work in Britain at the time the Independent Labour Party came into being, but the work was of an educative and propagandist nature rather than political and constructive. The Socialist League, which was formed by William Morris, when he severed his connection with the Social Democratic Federation, had fallen into the hands of the anarchists, if indeed the warring elements of which it was composed had not already shared the fate of the two Kilkenny cats. The Fabian Society had done, and was doing, invaluable propagandist work. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, now the most popular of modern dramatists, Mr. Sidney Webb, the historian of the trade union movement, Mr. (now Sir) Sidney Olivier, Mrs. Annie Besant, the high priestess now of modern theosophy—these and many other eminent men and women had made the Fabian Society a name to conjure with. Their tracts and essays, written some of them a quarter of a century ago, have not yet lost their value.

Although the I. L. P., as it is familiarly termed, was not actually formed until 1893, there were, of course, working-class members of Parliament before the days of Mr. J. Keir Hardie and Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, but they were for the most part

official liberals who had little or no sympathy with the ideals of the new party. As long ago as 1868 Mr. Cremer and Mr. Howell came forward as independent representatives of the working classes, a large number of whom had been enfranchised by Disraeli's bill of the previous year. They were unsuccessful, it is true, but they made a grand fight—a fight which, even to this day, is looked back upon with pride by the older school of trade unionists. In due course, however, both won a place in the British House of Commons as working-class supporters of the Liberal Party. Then in 1874, thirteen candidates came forward as direct representatives of Labour, the revolt being inspired by a determination to establish once and for all the Trade Union right of combination. Two of the thirteen were successful—the late Mr. Alexander Macdonald and the veteran miners' leader Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. When the immediate point at issue was settled, however, the movement lapsed back into official Liberalism, for there was at that time no definite Labour policy on social and industrial questions. Subsequently Mr. Joseph Arch, the faithful friend of the British farm labourer, Mr. Fenwick, and a band of stalwart representatives of the mining electorate forced an entrance into what has been termed the best Club in London—the British House of Commons. In every instance, however, these members were returned as supporters of the official Liberal Party. At the time the Liberal Government of 1892-1895 was in power, Mr. Keir Hardie was the solitary representative of the Independent Labour Movement. On his hapless head official Liberalism poured the vials of its wrath. But in spite of bitter, even venomous opposition, the Labour Movement grew, and its principles, as they became more clearly understood, began to find favour among the trade unionists of the country. The Trades Congress, representing the great army of trade unionists, declared in favour of the new party.

Already isolated skirmishes had been fought against both the Whig and Tory parties, and these contests had revealed the existence in all the great industrial centres of a growing minority, who were prepared to say—as Lord Rosebery put it—"a plague on both your parties." Local Labour parties were formed here and there, from Aberdeen in the North to Plymouth in the South, the chief centre of the new movement being the great industrial districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The

local societies, however, had no real bond of unity—no common organisation, and scarcely even a common platform.

THE I. L. P. FORMED.

Such then were the social and political conditions in Britain when the first National Congress of the Independent Labour Party was held at Bradford in 1893. The political awakening of the working classes had begun. As a result of over twenty years of compulsory education, even the humblest of manual labourers was able to read and study for himself the social questions of the day. In the trade unions the new spirit manifested itself by demands for increased leisure and better conditions for the workmen, their wives and their families. There was, moreover, among the leaders of the new trade unionism a growing distrust of orthodox politicians. At the same time the doctrinaire and dogmatic Socialism of the Social Democratic Federation, and the narrow and intolerant spirit displayed by the leaders of that party were repugnant to the working classes of Britain. The crude iconoclasm of the Federation was wholly out of touch with the national spirit. A new party was needed, which would interpret Socialism in a practical and broad-minded spirit, combining the lofty idealism of Morris and Marx and Ruskins with the democratic convictions which were slowly but surely gaining in strength among the working-class electors of the country. That new party, the pioneers fondly hoped, would be found in the I. L. P.

The time, it was felt, was ripe for the formation of the new party. At the Trade Union Congress at Glasgow in 1892, an informal Conference of leaders of the working-class movement was held, and it was resolved to take immediate steps to organise the scattered forces of democracy. The result of these efforts was that the local Labour parties which had sprung up here and there throughout the country, the branches of the Fabian Society and the various isolated Socialist bodies were invited to send representatives to a National Conference at Bradford. That Conference was held at the beginning of 1893 and the Independent Labour Party was formed with Socialism as its ideal and a series of practical reforms on its programme, all of them leading towards the one great goal. At the Conference Mr. J. Keir Hardie presided. More than any other man

this eloquent and courageous Scottish miner has been the inspirer of the new party. He himself is the personification of the spirit of independence. Mr. Tom Mann, who was appointed secretary of the new party, was in the hey-day of his popularity. He was then—and indeed is still—one of the most rousing orators among the trade union leaders of Britain. The declaration of the Conference in favour of political independence was emphatic and uncompromising, and soon the fight against both the orthodox parties began in earnest.

At the General Election the previous year a little band of I. L. P. candidates had entered the field, but there was still a big barrier of prejudice to break down, and only Mr. J. Keir Hardie succeeded in securing a seat in the House of Commons. The triumphal entry of this Scottish miner into Parliament created an extraordinary amount of interest at the time. Mr. Hardie himself, referring to those early days, says :—

“I had been returned to Parliament at the General Election and, for some reason or another which I have never been able to understand, attracted from the first considerable attention. There are those who still believe that everything I said and did in those days was carefully pre-arranged to produce a sensational effect. Such, however, was not the case. My going to the House of Commons in a suit of hoddie grey and wearing a cap, was held to be a theatrical exhibition designed as an advertisement. As a matter of fact, it had never entered into my mind that I should change the dress which I had all my life been accustomed to wear, because I had been returned to Parliament. Be this as it may, however, my doings and sayings there attracted almost as much attention as though I had been an imperial dictator, whilst perfunctory journalistic imagination supplied what sober fact lacked.”

Meanwhile, the missionaries of the new party were by no means idle. Hundreds of meetings were held all over the country every week, and in most of the great industrial centres branches of the I. L. P. were formed. Books and pamphlets were issued by the thousand from the party press, and the weekly organs of Labour found their way into the homes of artisan, labourer and factory worker. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every member of the party—even the youngest recruit—was a propagandist. He talked of land

nationalisation, of Socialism and Democracy to his work-mates in the factory or the workshop, and generally he had a pamphlet or newspaper in his pocket to present to the "anxious inquirers." During the whole of the past twenty-one years this strenuous propagandist work has been carried on. It may be that the fervour and enthusiasm of the early days has been chastened by experience, but the volume of work undertaken by the party—administrative and propagandist—was never greater than it is to-day.

AN EARLY PROGRAMME.

The changing political situation has, of course, necessitated some slight modification of the platform of the party, but the following programme adopted in those early years still expresses the ideals and aspirations of the members of the I. L. P. :—

The true object of industry being the production of the requirements of life, the responsibility for this production should rest with the community collectively ; therefore—

The land, being the storehouse of all the necessities of life, should be declared and treated as public property.

The capital necessary for industrial operations should be owned and used collectively.

Work, and wealth resulting therefrom, should be equitably distributed over the population.

As a means to these ends, we demand the enactment of the following measures :—

1. A maximum eight-hour working day, a six days working week, and retention of all existing holidays, as well as Labour Day (May 1st) secured by law.

2. The provision of work to all capable adult applicants at recognised trade-union rates, with a statutory minimum of sixpence per hour. In order to remuneratively employ the applicants, Parish, District, Borough, and County Councils to be invested with powers to : (a) organise and undertake such industries as they may consider desirable ; (b) compulsorily acquire land, purchase, erect or acquire buildings, stock or other articles for carrying on such industries ; and (c) levy rates on the rental values of the district, and borrow money on the security of such rates for any of the above purposes.

3. State pensions for every person over 65 years of age and adequate provision for all widows, orphans, sick and disabled workers.

4. Free, secular, primary, secondary, and university education, with free maintenance while at school or university.

5. The raising of the age of child labour with a view to its ultimate extinction.

6. Municipalisation and public control of the drink traffic.

7. Abolition of indirect taxation, and gradual transference of all public burdens to unearned incomes with a view to their ultimate extinction.

The Independent Labour Party is in favour of every proposal for extending electoral rights to both men and women, and democratizing the system of Government.

THE SPHERE OF THE MUNICIPALITY.

There is no need to trace in detail the history of the I. L. P. during the busy years that followed. Although political matters naturally occupied a good deal of attention, they were never allowed to absorb all the energies of the members of the Party. It was recognised that questions of civil administration, poor-law reform and educational control must also be discussed and dealt with from the collective point of view. At the elections in connection with these local bodies the I. L. P. candidates expounded their views from hundreds of platforms throughout the land and on town councils, school boards, boards of guardians and parish councils representatives of the new movement began to find a place. It was in the sphere of local administration that the party won its first important victories. It was a much easier matter for a working-class representative to secure a seat on a local board, where the expenses of the contest were comparatively light, than to combat successfully a wealthy aspirant for Parliamentary honours backed up by one or other of the great political parties and the traditions of generations—perhaps even of centuries. It is true that on the local boards the I. L. P. candidates were in a hopeless minority so far as mere numbers were concerned, but they were the leaven that was slowly but surely leavening "the whole lump" of municipal politics. Their policy, moreover, was, as I have said, in har-

mony with the trend of modern thought and the new ideals of civic administration. Thus it was that the movement for the public control of monopolies received a new impetus in the municipal world. The municipalisation of the tramways became an accomplished fact in several large towns, Glasgow, Huddersfield and Aberdeen leading the way. The erection of houses for the working classes to be let at moderate rentals and, incidentally, the cleaning out of some of the worst parts of Slumland, have also occupied the attention of most municipalities, while the provision of public baths and public libraries is now accepted as part of the recognised duties of a well-ordered municipality. Only in a few strongholds of reaction and monopoly—such as the Metropolis—does the supply of gas or electricity still remain in the hands of public companies. No one pretends for a moment that all this has been accomplished by the unaided efforts of Independent Labour reformers. Far from it. I mention these things simply to indicate the remarkable change that has taken place in public opinion on these questions during the past twenty-one years. I do say, however, most emphatically, that in the creation of the healthy and progressive public opinion the I. L. P. and kindred organisations have exercised an enormous influence. The demand for the municipalisation of monopolies is a commonplace to-day among progressive town councillors. In poor law reform and in the administration of educational affairs a similar spirit has manifested itself.

(To be concluded.)

Scotland.

WILLIAM DIACK.

THE TRIUMPHS OF WEAKNESS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, in his "Citizen of the World," portrays an Englishman who is ashamed of his natural benevolence; "he professed himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, he used language of the most unbounded ill-nature." If this character was not intended to represent the typical Englishman, he was supposed to be at least a fairly common type of the "lords of mankind" that inhabited the island. It was not out of humility that this person sought to conceal his benevolent disposition; it was rather out of pride. Benevolence is allied to weakness, in the estimation of the proud, who prefer a reputation for strength of character. A soft heart may become a woman; the male human being must own a stout heart. If he be a ruler for administrator, who will respect him unless he be strong, fearless and unbending? Especially if he be the ruler of an oriental people, nothing will stand him in better stead than courage and strength, toughness and the hardihood to say "No." Such appears to be the British tradition, and perhaps the tradition of all conquering and ruling nations. The Indian Grievances Commission in South Africa refer to the evidence of several witnesses who thought that the personal license tax in Natal might be abolished, but after the passive resistance any concession was liable to be interpreted as a sign of weakness. The Commission did not approve of the reasoning, especially because the Government had given abundant proofs of its firmness and strength, and no one would mistake the motive if the grievance was removed after resistance and enquiry. The fear of being considered timid and yielding to pressure often conceals real sympathy and benevolence beneath an incrustation of apparent ill-nature, selfishness, and hardness of heart. Goldsmith's character once met with a crippled beggar, who had been

a sailor; the beggar's story moved him to pity, but he pretended not to believe it and desired, in a surly tone, to purchase a few of the chips that the fellow was carrying in a string at his back, and threw at him a shilling, which covered many times the value of the sailor's cargo. One of the "best abused" Viceroy's of India appeared to have no sympathy with the aspirations of the "political mendicants," as a well-known nationalist has described them. Many Englishmen are not ashamed to work hard for the good of the dumb millions, but they are ashamed to yield to the vocal few; not that they grudge to throw a shilling at the clamorous, but as strong administrators in an oriental country, they are in dread of being credited with a weak disposition and inability to withstand pressure. Ask not, and it *shall* be given unto you; knock aloud, and it shall *not* be opened unto you—that seems to be the maxim of many a strong man. Even Lord Minto, who was overwhelmed with praises and benedictions, and whose name will be carved on a Proclamation Pillar—by the way, when will it?—maintained stoutly to the last that he appointed a committee to enquire into the possibility of taking a forward step out of his own absolutely free will, and assuredly not in obedience to clamour or dictation. According to Bergson's analysis of free will, our self constantly changes as it accumulates fresh experience. The self, to which a choice of alternatives has been presented, is not precisely what it was before the presentation of motives. Lord Minto's triumphs were not those of his strong, impervious, and unbending self, but those of a plastic, receptive, and accommodating self.

Courageous statesmanship is just at the present moment on its trial in England. Mr. Asquith is a strong man, so is Colonel Seely, and they are all, all strong men: otherwise would they have persisted in their Home Rule Bill? They certainly will not brook dictation at the hands of the Army, which must obey the civil power and shall not meddle with politics. A few generals misunderstood the instructions that were conveyed to them, and the Cabinet never intended to employ His Majesty's soldiers in shooting down the resisters of Home Rule in Ulster. So the ministerialists protest. But the Tories smile at the explanations and charge their opponents with an abject "climb down." If the ministers had adopted a more rigid attitude towards the Army, and insisted upon bringing Sir E. Carson to heel at any cost, would Mr. Asquith have been

returned unopposed and would he have received an ovation in the House of Commons after the by-election? The Premier's triumph in this episode was a triumph of prudent weakness, rather than of rash strength. What will be the effect of such two-sided triumphs, the triumph of those who demand, as well as of those who concede? The Labourites now ask that the Army shall not be employed in a dispute between employers and labourers in the name of the King's peace. Statecraft is called upon to face a novel and practically unexpected problem.

That there is no standing still in politics is a platitude. But mark the whip with which the statesman is urged on. One would have thought that after the avowedly epoch-making reforms of the Morley-Minto régime, the aspirations which they fulfilled for the time being would be lulled to peaceful repose. During the succeeding régime the policy of conciliation has been consistently carried out. The anarchist is still as active as ever, and H. E. Lord Hardinge has publicly acknowledged that he does not expect the movement to be suppressed in his time. The constitutional reformer denies all sympathy or responsibility for the existence of determined opposition to the British rule. But is he satisfied with what he has got? At the Bengal Provincial Conference held last month, the Hon. Mr. Chakravarti, in his presidential speech, complained that "the members of Government seem to be in no way anxious to encourage non-official co-operation. Almost every non-official suggestion is met with an emphatic, if courteously expressed, negative. Sometimes the aspirations of non-official members are treated with a sort of amused cynicism." At the head of the Government of India is Lord Hardinge, and not Lord Curzon; at the head of the Bengal Government is Lord Carmichael, and not Sir Andrew Fraser. Probably the only concession which will satisfy, would be the abolition of the European Civil Service, with its "hauteur and contempt," as Mr. Chakravarti put it, or, as Sir W. Wedderburn has indicated, the goal towards which the National Congress should press on, the complete subordination of the bureaucracy to the will of the people as represented by the non-official members in the Legislative Councils. If they make any suggestion, it shall at once be adopted; otherwise, what is the good of the enlarged councils and their extended privileges? We are often told that the anarchists are a class apart, and they have nothing in common with other political

reformers. The Hon. Mr. Chakravarti declared at Comillah that "in enforcing a so-called strong government, our rulers have omitted to take note of a significant maxim of government, namely, that when a man's public rights and private interests are alike attacked, the restraining influences on which the peace of the civilised world would depend are dangerously weakened." Hence, according to the Hon. gentleman, the "modern Thugs," as they have been called, have broken loose from all restraint and public opinion cannot control them. His speech does not convey the impression that our public rights and private interests are not, as a matter of fact, attacked and it is only a few misguided persons that imagine otherwise. Whatever his real opinion may be, one is apt to gather from his words that the constitutionalists as well as the anarchists are alike agreed about the persistent attack on their rights and interests, and the difference lies only in the measure of self-restraint which they respectively exhibit. If this be the case, one may doubt whether the procedure suggested by him to cope with anarchism will succeed. Young men rendered excellent service during the recent floods in Burdwan, and the Hon. gentleman asks whether it would be beyond the range of practical politics to arm such young men and organise them under Government supervision and control for the extirpation of the "modern Thugs." Assuming that these young men would be more competent than the police as at present recruited, if it be true that peace has been endangered by a general sense in the community of attack on private interests and public rights, would the young men use their arms against the "Thugs"? Or will the weapons be otherwise employed? If it be unsafe to trust the disciplined British soldier in enforcing obedience to law in Ulster, is there any guarantee that the young Indian patriots, who are willing to relieve their countrymen in distress, will co-operate in extirpating the enemies of peace? And yet the Hon. gentleman is surprised that non-official suggestions are sometimes received by officials with amused cynicism. How are they received by Indians themselves? Writing on a much less controversial subject, namely, that of preventing the malversation of religious endowments, an M.A. advises Government not to change the policy of non-interference, because "the views expressed in the Legislative Councils do not always represent the people's views." In the circumstances the practical statesman, who is neither too strong

nor too weak, but will satisfy all aspirations and ensure peace and contentment all round, must be very difficult to find on this planet.

H. NARAINARAO.

Bombay.

SONNET.

Phœbus arose, and through a misty dome
Shot burning rays that touch'd the sleeping Earth,
Who joyfully unclasp'd her jewell'd zone,
While zephyr tended at the firstling's birth,
Crown'd him with cowslips as incarnate Spring,
An infant god upon a rainbow'd throne,
Round which soft-throated birds could fly and sing,
For naught but Death would leave him there alone.
Warm breezes call'd, away he danced again
Among the hedges where reed-warblers meet,
Then chased the Dryads hiding from the rain,
And stirr'd to life the flowers beneath their feet;
Thus length'ning days grew on in pure delight,
Until Spring died, the first sweet Summer night

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

WESTERN AFFAIRS AND PORTENTS.

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL SITUATION.

ANYONE of Conservative sympathies returning to England after an absence of a year or two in, say, the African Wilds, where he had been cut off from outside news, might receive at the present juncture startling impressions. On taking up the leading Tory journals and reviews he would imagine from some of their contents that a revolution was impending; expressions about "suspension" or "abrogation" of Constitution; Civil War threatening in the North of Ireland; a Government forcing on the "loyalists" of Ireland a form of Home Rule which they inflexibly oppose, in response to the pressure of its ("disloyal") Irish Nationalist supporters—would leap to the eye, not to mention reference to chronic disturbances between Capital and Labour, for which the Government are in some way responsible. All this, too, being carried through without a proper "mandate" from the country; "the country" being variously interpreted to imply, not the United Kingdom, but either Great Britain, or simply England herself, these enormities reaching their climax in a campaign, lately opened, directed against the landed interest and the rights of property—two things which, together with the Established Church, it is a primary Tory duty to uphold. The last institution was already menaced by the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Something of this feeling seems to have animated more than one contributor to this review of late, writing about English home affairs. One gentleman, professing to speak on behalf of the "cultured classes," exhibited such concern over the outlook as to be constrained to plead for a removal of the capital and Crown of the Empire from London to India—amid a suitably docile population. This was, I believe, before the anarchist outrage of Delhi. Well, passing Buckingham Palace the other day (lately renovated for its august occupant) when a State function was proceeding, nothing in the appearance of its serene surroundings, the nonchalance of its guardian sentinels, and the manner of its guests as they entered,

indicated a foreboding of some dire happening—as the march of a London mob to attack and wreck the sacred building. Such a suggestion as the one above noted can only have sprung from over-excited nerves, distracted by an era of clashing interests, agitation and change.

For if our imaginary visitor, anxious, despite his predilections, for light all round on this strange situation, were to turn in his quest to Government organs, and studied for preference the London *Daily News*, how different would be the scene therein presented! He would hear much of the "reaction"—the attempt of the Opposition to gain an advantage and force once more an election on the country by means of their standing agency—the Lords' majority; to undermine the Parliament Act (of which more in the sequel) and so undo all that the Liberals have thereby wrought; and of the great hopes for popular freedom and social progress enshrined in the successful promotion of the Liberal programme—present and to follow.

It is difficult to write on these movements in a non-partisan spirit. One's sympathies are engaged perforce over a keen contest in progress, which, according to the fortunes of the day, will affect decisively our social valuations and methods. On the one side are the forces instinctively opposed to change—though committed to a dubious alteration in our fiscal system which, however, is at one with certain Conservative interests—and ready to disturb the balance of the Constitution in a non-popular direction. On the other side are a number of heterogeneous elements banded together from various motives, widely distinctive in character, yet supporting the Government in a general determination to uphold Free Trade, the power of the Commons, and prepared to experiment in new fields of social amelioration and improvement of economic conditions at large.

In order to get as clear a view as possible of the significance of this conflict, it is necessary to go back a little to the events of 1906 and the antecedents of the great Election of that year. Mention of Irish Home Rule reminds us that it was over this question that the old Liberal party was broken twenty years previously, leaving Conservatism entrenched in power for the greater part of that time. Most of the "moderate" members of the party became allied with Tories under the common term of Unionists together with one or two Radical colleagues like the curious case of Joseph Chamberlain. The remnant was mainly composed of its Radical or "advanced" members; since when it has been the fashion of Conservatives to dub their opponents Radicals. Though programmes of political and social reform animated Radical aims at the time of this split, the subsequent course of events implied that reforming energy in the

this the Opposition still talk loosely about appealing to the "people"—about forcing measures on the country like the new Home Rule scheme without their approval, and virtually claim to overrule affairs whether in or out of office. That control of the Press previously mentioned has been utilised without scruple herein; the tacit respect usually accorded the "fourth estate" by the powers-that-be has been broken, and sharp antagonistic public expressions have passed between leading Ministers and prominent journalists. In this conflict are involved social factors of a subtler order. Nearly the whole of the Peerage and the fashionable world is with the Opposition. In the Government are only one or two members of those "governing families" who prior to the break in Liberalism participated in the Councils of both parties. Otherwise, it consists chiefly of men from the "middle order," who have made their own way, several able scholars and students of affairs, and, for the first time in modern history, includes a Minister who began life as an artizan. The area from which ruling talent is drawn has been extended. If power continues in the existing hands for some years to come, this ordering will be permanently established in our national polity. What is called "Society" is therefore temporarily out of it as regards responsible participation in politics and with new ideas and social valuations arising, all that is included in "aristocracy," and its importance must come under a corresponding revision in a system where this principle has played an influential part. Thus considerations of prestige enter into the combination that makes for Conservatism—the territorial interest, the Church, the organised sections that hope to gain by Protection, the Liquor trade, and various classes and elements which instinctively ally themselves with Toryism. True, there are powerful and wealthy industrial forces behind the Government, mainly mobilised on the side of Free Trade. But direct association with public affairs by the masses has distinctly advanced under the present régime in a way to alter the balance of things. And viewing the general attitude of the Labour Party in Parliament, while opinion differs in its ranks over large social principles, it has acted as a moderating factor in connection with extreme and less responsible outside advocacy on behalf of the "workers."

The Constitutional question must be clearly defined before, in due course, the next Election comes round. Unionists are agitating fiercely over (Protestant) Ulster's objection to Home Rule and Catholic domination. Beyond the Irish or Nationalist view of the matter—which must here be passed over—the Bill for the better government of Ireland may be regarded by an Englishman as a

devolution of work to a subsidiary body by Parliament, wherein each peculiar strain of national or local feeling might be provisionally met. A similar measure is desirable for Great Britain in order to free Imperial Parliament from the mass of incongruous and minor business which has accumulated about it. So will it be enabled to fulfil more effectively its high rôle. Equitable representation in Parliament will be preserved to each part of the United Kingdom; and full control will be retained over national concerns like civil and religious liberty and their guarantees. How such a process can be interpreted as "driving people out of their birthright in the Union and handing them over to alien rule," must be left to Unionist logic to determine! Undoubtedly, thorny internal differences beset the Irish settlement—the bitter legacy of historic strife and hatred. It can be confidently asserted that the best opinion, transcending party contention, earnestly desires an appeasement of these differences, and looks to a working settlement of the Irish Question that will open to the country a fresh vivified life, where its separate races and creeds will find at once complete security and a field for secular co-operation. Any attempt, therefore, to frustrate such a settlement in order to gain some partisan or class advantage, will only recoil, in the long run, upon its abettors.

A certain factious hostility to this measure arises from its being the most important bill to win acceptance under the Parliament Act. The Act limits the veto of the Lords to a suspensory attitude covering two sessions. At the third, with a continuing majority in the Commons, a bill becomes Law whatever the feeling of the Lords. It does no more than give to Liberal legislation the effectiveness which naturally pertains to Conservative administration through the distribution of forces between the two Houses of Parliament. Ample time is provided for public opinion to consolidate round important issues and deliver judgment. It is deeply disliked by extreme Tories. Liberals are equally determined to maintain it against any wrecking tactics projected from this quarter.

Beyond causes of political disturbance, we are faced by what is called "labour unrest," by strikes and contentions between Capital and Labour—organised or "free." One source, among others, of current discontent is the plea advanced by the friends of Labour (who have grown more numerous and clamant of recent years) that their clients have not participated to their rightful extent in the measure of prosperity descending on the country during the last decade or two. Mixed up with this claim are "extreme" or doctrinaire views about the control of Industry at large, where opinion is divided on all sides. Now it is necessary in the national

interest, apart from class claims, that all ranks shall fairly share the fruits of prosperity. But the very maintenance of that prosperity in Britain, amid international competition, is linked with wider concerns. It is connected with masterly capital direction of Industry, with increasing technical efficiency of the individual worker, the raising of his standard of life—as well as with questions of wealth distribution. These things touch also intimate spiritual relations as regards the conduct of national life in the mass. Vitally important to us all, they will demand attention for treatment from the finest available light and leading, embracing their every phase—material and moral.

Our limits only allow us to touch on these social matters in passing and point to their implications. The main business at present for English Liberalism, in its true, philosophic sense, is to place on sound and enduring foundations an heritage of free, popular political institutions; to guard all that ordered freedom has already won; to render governing agencies more capable of dealing sanely with new social developments as they call for political action. Through the complete discharge of this duty will the British power emerge strengthened for its great mission as the protagonist of progressive world-civilisation.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

London.

THE QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Female Suffrage question in England has reached an acute and bitter stage. The so-called "Suffragettes" assume an attitude of indignant defiance, accuse ministers and members of Parliament of basely betraying their cause, and profess to place their only hope of ultimate success in acts of violence. They insist that all the valid arguments are on their side of the controversy, that they have gained a complete victory in the court of reason, and that as the vanquished party, although destitute of logical weapons of defence, still declines to give way, nothing remains but to adopt means of terrorism.

Even if it were true, however, that male opponents of female suffrage are impervious to reason, the campaign of violence can hardly be regarded as a wise course. Apart from all questions as to its morality (although that is important, for the public really do consider such points) it has not been a success. It has not really terrorised anybody. Probably no man who has had his letters destroyed in the pillar-boxes has thereby become a convert to woman suffrage. The reverse would be more likely to happen. There is a flightiness, uncertainty and clumsiness about the "suffragette" methods which excite more laughter than terror. Even when they are successful in burning down a mansion, although the deed may be very annoying to the owner or the insurers, the great public regard it with philosophic indifference. Still less result can be expected from their childish and really comic-opera attempts, such as throwing a bag of flour over a cabinet minister. Such ludicrous "outrages" do but cast ridicule on the cause. We can only say of such women, "They are but children of a larger growth." In a political agitation *men* might stab, shoot or burn, but they would not throw bags of flour.

Women suffragists, in any case, are wrong in assuming that they have an absolutely unassailable case. There really are some valid arguments against their claim, which their impatience prevents them from considering.

It is useless to assert the equality of the sexes. Man is patently in possession of the world, and woman has to take what he is willing to give her. Women can only get the franchise by means of men's votes. The power and the responsibility of directing the destinies of the country and the empire being now man's, he is bound to consider carefully the question of partially relinquishing them, and to ask himself whether there might not be un wisdom in so doing. He is bound to weigh the question as to whether the future of the country is likely to be endangered by sacrificing his power. The parliamentary vote must not be treated too lightly, although its wide extension certainly tends in that direction. It is not a thing to be given out of good nature to anyone who asks for it.

If the experiment of giving women the franchise is tried at all, it should be done very gradually, and only on a small scale at first. Probably a measure of household suffrage would be the best method of commencing, assimilating the parliamentary to the municipal franchise, although Liberals object to such procedure as undemocratic. Men, however, had to obtain the franchise piecemeal, and women will probably have to do the same. To enfranchise at once several millions of women would be highly dangerous. We hear demands made for womanhood to accompany manhood suffrage—a measure which would enable the new voters to outvote the old, if they so desired, and step into power at once. On some questions, especially concerning sex matters, it is quite conceivable that nearly all women might be of one opinion and nearly all men of the contrary view. Now it is a sound maxim in politics that as nearly as possible the legal power should correspond with the actual physical power; otherwise, the position of a government would be very unstable. If all the men wanted one thing, but were outvoted by the women, could a law so passed be maintained? Although the legal authority would rest with the women, the major physical force remains with the men. One might imagine what would happen in a

community in which all the public-houses had been closed by order of a majority mainly composed of women. Would the males be content to abstain from intoxicants and from the use of the "poor man's club" by order of their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters? If so, by none would they be so heartily despised as by those who so ruled them.

A very fervent advocate of feminism, Mr. W. L. George, admits that women to-day are quite ignorant of politics and quite incapable of understanding the bearing of a proposed new law. He takes the strongest view possible of the ignorance and political incapacity of women in the mass, and then urges that they should have the vote as a means of education. Probably the vote might have some influence in that direction, although even Mr. George admits that for a time there would be chaos and dire confusion. But while the women are being educated, what would happen to the country? Imperial affairs are of such enormous importance. Municipal affairs, or even the affairs of a colony, like New Zealand, are not comparable in importance with the government of the empire. While mismanagement in the former may waste money and cause much local annoyance, mismanagement in the latter might easily wreck the whole nation and empire.

Thus the political education of women might prove a costly process. We are assured that,

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together."

and it is sometimes urged that woman must be educated up to the male standard, or else the human race will fail to progress. Ancient Greece is pointed out as a country that failed in the end, because the women were kept in seclusion and were far behind the men in education. But without embarking on the thorny question of the inheritance of acquired characters, about which our scientific men dispute, the reply may be made that so great an authority as Nietzsche took a directly contrary view of the question so far as Greece is concerned. He held that the Greek women, ignorant and undeveloped as they were, played an important part in conserving the balance and sanity of the Greek race; and that if the women had been as intellectual and high-strung as the men, the whole race would have suffered from neurosis.

In human qualities of heart and mind as well as in human work we find that division of labour is advisable, and that it is not desirable that women should usurp the functions of men.

Women are quite wrong in claiming equal political rights with men. If only by reason of their superior knowledge of politics, men have the better right to rule. Women endeavour to found their claims on a much wider proposition—equality with man throughout, in the home as in the forum. But this claim cannot be sustained. A married woman cannot get rid of her economic dependence upon her husband. The very fact that the man provides and maintains the home gives him the natural headship of it. Doubtless the woman does her share of the work, but the means of livelihood are furnished by the man, and but for him the foundations of her world would crumble. In all questions of importance, such as selecting a path in life for his children, the father, being more in touch with the world, must as a rule be more competent to decide than the mother.

At the same time, both in the home and in the commonwealth, it is quite right that woman should be allowed a voice, though not the preponderating one. On this principle a limited suffrage might be conceded to women so long as the ultimate supremacy of man is well safeguarded.

Nothing, however, should be conceded to extravagant demands of "equality" backed by outbreaks of violence. The very raging, tearing nature of the propaganda makes some people think that it must necessarily succeed; but there have been plenty of such outbreaks in the past which failed in the end. Aristophanes has ridiculed for all time the women's movement of his day in Greece, and in Livy we have ludicrous accounts of revolts on the part of the Roman ladies against the stern rule of their formidable lords.

"Titanic shapes, they crammed

The forum, and half-crushed among the rest

A dwarf-like Cato cowered."

Women agitators think too much of the alleged wrongs of their sex and too little of its privileges and advantages. From an economic point of view, when a woman without means marries a man possessed of the means of livelihood, in

almost any walk of life, she makes a good bargain. And if the marriage laws in some ways press unfairly on women, in other ways they are hard on men. It is sometimes complained that in law the children belong to the father alone; but then on him alone rests the burden of supporting both them and the mother.

Women cannot have it both ways. They cannot claim chivalrous attention as the weaker sex and political equality as an equally strong sex. In many matters, chiefly of a social nature, they are actually placed in a position of superiority. But notwithstanding this, I heard a lady suffragist give the following instance as showing how badly women are treated. Just as a coach was setting out for a place at a considerable distance, a lady hurried up and asked for admission. It was very important that she should reach her destination, but the coach was quite full, and at first none of the passengers would give up his place to her. Eventually one did so; but the lady lecturer had the worst opinion of those who declined. It is evident, however, that this is claiming far more than a man would have asked for or could have obtained. It is an assertion of the superiority of the female sex. Well, this position of superiority in social matters is generally granted, so women should take that as an offset against their exclusion from the political arena.

It is frequently argued that women ought to have the vote, because candidates make use of their services at elections. It may be questioned indeed if it is altogether desirable to employ women in canvassing. It is an illegitimate device brought to bear on the electors. The female canvasser is seldom expected to argue her case; she is supposed to induce by blandishments. If asked for reasons, she is generally nonplussed.

With regard to allowing women full facilities of education and freedom to enter the learned professions and other walks of life to which they feel themselves attracted, the present writer is in complete agreement. Many disabilities of this kind have been removed of late years, and others will no doubt disappear in time; although the number of women capable of fully competing with men will probably always be small. For those that are capable, however, there is no reason

why any path should be barred. Women of exceptional capacity can always find a way, but they must not expect the general throng of their undistinguished sisters to be able to follow. A wide female franchise would open the floodgates to a dangerous influx of incompetent voters: for although the vote is now demanded only by a minority, when it has once been granted, all who possess it will be solicited by party canvassers, and will take a pleasure in voting upon questions of which they are profoundly ignorant. So far no Power of the first rank has granted this demand, not even chivalrous France or woman-ridden America. Our cautious Britain will hardly be the first to try the experiment.

WALTER I. BAYLIS

England.

THE PROSPECTS OF AN INDIAN NATIONAL LITERATURE.

LITERATURE is the expression of the life and thoughts of a people. But the essence of literature is the universality of its appeal. Though it may inevitably reflect the peculiar conditions of a particular community or country, its claims to being recognised as literature in the real sense will lie in the raising of common facts to a certain noble height in the standard of human thoughts and feelings. The fundamental facts of life should be touched in the real literature of imperishable value. The qualities of literature should make an appeal to the broad humanity at large.

But apart from this indispensable quality of having to make a universal appeal, certain products of literature may exhibit, as indicated above, certain distinctive qualities which, while adding to their imperishable value as real literature, also stamp them as the proudest possessions of the nation or country in which they are produced. Certain virtues and features held in high estimation by the world at large are also found in a pre-eminent degree among particular nations or countries. The best expression of these distinctive qualities is generally designated a "national literature." The word "national" is in this instance understood in a very wide sense. It may stand for community of race, country, or unity in political existence. The distinctive landscape of a country, or the mustering of the nation to battle with a foreign enemy, may each contribute to national literature. A new philosophy of life or a nobly conceived epic may each convey the peculiar greatness of a nation. The philosophy is emblematic of the high

ideals of the people and the epic may reflect the moral and æsthetic sense of the people in general. The fundamental presumption on which the conception of a national literature is based is the possibility of a variety in the æsthetic and moral sense of man. While, on the one hand, we admire the Scotch farmer-poet singing in noble verse the glory of the barren heaths and rugged hills of his mother country, the fond musings of an emotional Sanskrit poet over the delicate fragrance of the *champak* and the *jasmine* may also contribute to the world's store of charming poetry. The old English Saga of Beowulf records to us the martial energy and the stern virtues of a primitive Germanic people, while the ancient Ramayana of the East reveals to us a civilisation with a highly evolved philosophy, and the hellenic epic of Homer reflects again the cultured mind of ancient Greece in art and politics.

We must guard ourselves against regarding what is understood as national literature, as any very distinct or exclusive branch of literature. The best type of literature is also a specimen of true national literature. The immortal Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, with their sympathetic touch and subtle humour, represent the growing self-consciousness of England as a nation evolving out of the union of the various elements, Saxon, Norman, and French. The spacious days of Elizabeth furnished the world-famous dramatist with a wealth and splendour of the universal facts of nature which have rendered his art supreme for ages. His historical plays have remained a classic record of English national history, with a poetic picturesqueness which is Shakespeare's own. The stern puritanism that sprang from the Roman Church, and the closely associated republican feelings of the times, are again fitly reflected in Milton's epic. Indeed, Milton wrote the poem with a conscious ambition to enrich his native tongue with a national epic of which his nation could be well proud. Even Pope was a national poet, as he faithfully portrayed the spirit of his age, the frivolous artificialities in social life, the thirst for absolute reason and a moral purpose in everything, and the love for conceits and quibbles. In our own age the consummate art of Tennyson's poetry has frequently given expression to the noblest national sentiments, conceived under the influence of a world-wide empire which is the heritage of Great Britain. To Tennyson, England represented

an ideal combination of democracy and monarchy under the sun. England's is

That sober freedom out of which there springs
The loyal passion for our temperate Kings.

Having so far tried to obtain an idea of what is national literature by reference to the works of the greatest writers in English literature, we may proceed to consider the conditions that seem to favour the production of such literature. It is only the pride of a certain degree of glorious progress achieved by the nation that can beget national literature. The nation should arrive at a definite stage of self-consciousness following from a growing sense of common interest and glory. It is also certain that under an absolute monarchy, limited by no kind of democratic institutions, there will not be great impetus for the growth of national literature. There might be court-singers exhibiting skilful powers of composition, but they must obviously lack the true national spirit which will evolve only of a dignified citizenship where the feeling is fully realised that "A man's a man for a' that."

But a compact democracy is not necessarily the only favourable soil for the production of a national literature. There are many forces which might foster the spirit of nationality. A common ancestry not very distant, a common faith which it is not as yet thought possible without a common country of habitation, unity in the customs and manners of life, the possession of a common classical literature, and the recollection of common traditions and ancient glories may all help to promote a national sentiment. The idea of an original Aryan race from whom are supposed to have sprung the highest classes all over the country, the conception of Hinduism as not merely a bundle of theology and rituals, but entering into the very thoughts and practices of ordinary life, the well-known division into castes obtaining everywhere in the country, and the possession of a common Sanskrit literature, sacred as embodying the religious and philosophical lore of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gita, and represented by the two national epics, the Mahabharat and the Ramayana, with also a mass of traditional lore contained in the Puranas—all these seem to indicate that a national awakening is quite possible in India.

The conquest by Britain has not been detrimental to this awakening ; on the contrary it has been responsible for certain very favourable impulses. A foreign supremacy is destructive of indigenous progress only when it follows an absolute military conquest, won over a comparatively primitive or barbarous people, and intended merely as a piece of profitable aggrandisement for the conquerors. But the British conquest of India is of peculiar significance. The country has not been conquered only by the sword, and the government is not carried on by the sword alone. A genuine feeling of mutual sympathy, regard, and co-operation between Englishmen and Indians, has been the basis of the British Government of India. The contact with the West and the respect for its remarkable ideals of life have not induced the Indian to condemn wholly his own national ideals, but has even served to point out to him the peculiar wisdom and importance of practices and beliefs current in his own country. Through the culture of the West, the Indian has attained a self-consciousness unknown in his past history. The clash of the East and the West has set in motion a movement comparable only to the European Renaissance four centuries ago, and a new national standard will evolve for India, which will reveal probably a happy blending of the two great civilisations of the world. In the words of Lord Curzon, "out of the intermingling of the East and the West, a new patriotism and a more refined cosmopolitan sense of nationality are emerging. It is one in which the Englishman may share with the Indian, for he has helped to create it, and in which the Indian may share with the Englishman, since it is their common glory."

The Indian national sense has been till now mostly restricted to religion. The best Indian poets have been religious singers. Tukaram, the popular Mahratta singer, Tulsidas, the Hindi translator of the Ramayan, and even the famous Bengali Rabindra Nath Tagore, the author of the "Gitanjali," are all poets of devotional piety. The extensive homage paid to the last-named poet within recent times both in England and in India needs hardly to be mentioned. But it will be interesting to quote the verdict of that eminent man of letters, the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Speaking of his "Gitanjali" in English translation, he says :—

"They make for peace, peace breathing from Love. They create for us, too storm-tost in this modern Western world, a quiet refuge and a temper in which we realise that the real world is outside our noise—some world in the things and ideas that are eternal in immortal Love."

The late Swami Vivekananda was again a man of rare talents, and he worthily expressed in English the religious awakening in the country. Bankim Chander Chatterjee is a revered name in Bengal, and it is in his "Ananda Mutt," the Abbey of Bliss, that the famous "Bande Mataram" song occurs.

Indeed, there have not been in the South Indian vernaculars such eminent names as in the north, and it only reflects the fact that the people in the north have been in considerable advance of the south in most fields of national energy. But even in the south we have had names which at least show the prospects in store for the future. The contributions to Telugu literature in poetry and fiction by Mr. K. Veeranlingam are of unique value. Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri distinguished himself considerably in resuscitating Tamil folk-lore, and has written a number of good Tamil novels. Even the facile little book in English, *Kamala's Letters to Her Husband*, is of considerable interest as embodying a remarkably sane standpoint, from which an Indian should view the conflicting social ideals of the East and the West. Of Indian literature in English, Miss Toru Dutt's *Ancient Legends and Ballads of Hindustan*, and Mr. R. C. Dutt's English renderings of the Ramayan and the Mahabharata are probably valuable productions of national literature, of which the country might well be proud.

This brings us to the question of the variety of languages in India and whether such variety is favourable or not to the growth of a national literature. One must guard oneself from the danger of indulging in cheap generalisations in this matter. It is true that the peculiar words of particular languages will bring to us peculiar sensations, which are likely to be lost entirely when rendered into a different tongue. But there is nothing essential in the mere instrument of expression which is language, affecting the growth of a national literature.

We have in India an astonishing variety of languages which gives to the armchair critic an opportunity for cheap comment. He may tell us that India cannot have a national literature till it has a common national tongue. But we must consider the graver and more essential aspects touching the life of the literature. There is to all purposes a profound unity among the numberless languages spoken in India. It is interesting to observe how very largely the various vernaculars are indebted to the wealth of the classical language. Even languages, which exhibit a remarkable purity in diction and vocabulary not assailed by the influence of the classical language and learning, show a *naïve* adaptation of its spirit. The Hindi of the North-East, the Mahrathi of the West, the Telugu of our northern districts, mostly echo, with greater or less force, the words and sentiments pertaining to that one mother language, which records our greatest possessions in epic and philosophy. The Hindu element, so to say, runs unmistakably through all the languages of India, amidst their apparent diversity. Thus it is clear that one need not magnify the variety of Indian languages as a serious obstacle to the birth and progress of a unified literature. Reference should also be made here to the prospects of English as the future language in common for all India. Apart from the improbability of a foreign tongue taking root among the masses, there is a class of sentimental Indians that fears an unwelcome denationalisation, if English should become the future language of the country. But it is difficult to ignore the process of evolution that is easy to observe and that is quite inevitable. Under the powerful and benign sovereignty of the British, English is spreading all over this country with a wonderful rapidity. It may not gain ground among the masses—though we cannot set limits on what Time may achieve—but English will become, as it has largely already become, the medium of expression for the intellectual classes and also for all purposes of the transmission of culture generally. It is difficult to say to what extent the English language will spread in the future, as even to-day the English wield the most far-reaching empire, and the English tongue through its simplicity and richness of expression is felt to be a more convenient medium than any other, not only in London and New York

and Aden and Calcutta and in Cape Colony and Australia, but even in Marseilles and St. Petersburg and Peking and Tokio.

On the other hand, we are also reminded that all attempts on the part of Indians to produce any kind of literary work in English must be necessarily futile, and all such energy wasted in what is assumed an impossible task. There are certainly many impediments in the way of an average Indian acquiring a mastery of English idiom and phraseology, but talent and genius, and the gift of creative power are always bound to overcome obstacles of this nature. We may perhaps be reminded of the pre-eminent example in history of Seneca, the member of a subject people getting to be recognised as one of the greatest writers of Latin, the language of his rulers.

The question of a common language and a common script for India is often a favourite topic for discussion among enthusiastic theorists, who are at pains to convince us of the probable supremacy in the future of some one language or script, or even advocate to us a conscious effort towards the adaptation of that language or script, which seems to them to possess unparalleled qualities. Conscious effort can necessarily achieve but, little and here again there is much to be said in favour of English and the Roman alphabet.

One remarkable influence in the world of modern English letters has been the progress of journalism. Its importance to the growth of a country's literature can never be overestimated. More than helping to chasten the literary style, it is the great herald of the spirit of self-consciousness. Journals help the people to criticise themselves continually and thus develop in them the "self-consciousness," which is so akin to creative power in literature. This wholesome influence of journalism is bound to increase in India in course of time.

A recent pronouncement by an eminent English critic, Mr. William Archer, may be fitly quoted here to support the hopes of a progressive Indian literature in English. He says: "The one thing with which I am most impressed in India, and the one thing for which I was least prepared, is the marvellous talent for language at any rate, for the English language—possessed by the educated Indian. Go where you will, you find English spoken and written with absolute fluency and correctness." Later he adds again: "Providential" is

a word often applied to the British rule in India ; and truly this facility in mastering the English language would almost seem like a special gift of providence." May we not hope that generations hence, readers of English would become aware of a new world of literary treasures derived in an eastern land, and forming a noticeable part of the world's literature seeking expression in English ?

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

Madras.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Golden Journey to Samarkand, by James Elroy Flecker.
London, England. Messrs. Max Goschen Ltd. 66 Pages.

Bell and Way, by Frederick Fanning Ayre.
New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$ 2.50 net 1261 pp.

The Poem Book of the Gael, by Eleanor Hull.
Chicago, Browne and Howell Company, \$1.60, 370 pp.

The Little Book of Modern American Verse, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 211 pp. \$1 net

Southern Lyrics, by Robert Paine Hudson.

Quebeck, Tennessee, The Author, \$1.50 net, 461 pp.

Songs, Sighs and Curses, by Adolph Wolff.

Ridgefield, N.J. The Glebe, 60 cents net, Boards, 84 pp.

The Fall of Ug, by Rufus Steele.

San Francisco, Cal. John Howell, \$1 net, 50 pp.

Songs through the Night, by Mary Ellis Robins.

Woodstock N. Y. The Maverick Press. 183 pp.

From Dewy Youth to Snowy Age. By Edith Horsfall.

Felling, Co. Durham, England, Walter Scott Publishing Coy.,
2s. 6d. net, 50 pp

Green Days and Blue Days, by Patrick R. Chalmers, Dublin, Ireland.
Maunsel and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.

Lone Age Epics, by James Sanders, Wolverhampton, England.

Whithead Bros. 115pp. 2s. net.

Perlen Englischer Dichtung in Dutscher Tassung. Herman Behr.
New York, De Vinne Press for the Author, 75, Beekman Street.

LOVERS of poetry, even unspurred by a reviewer's praise, will hardly resist this slender volume after reading its luring title. But they will be unprepared for the declaration of its bold, not to say belligerent, preface. In Mr. Flecker we have at last our English

Parnassian, self-labelled ; in his preface the Parnassian School is defined by one of its disciples in part as follows : " The real meaning of the term Parnassian, may be best understood from considering what is definitely not Parnassian. To be didactic, like Wordsworth, to write dull poems of unwieldy length, to bury like Tennyson or Browning poetry of exquisite beauty in monstrous realms of vulgar, feeble, or obscure versifying, to overlay fine work with gross and irrelevant egoism like Victor Hugo, would be abhorrent, and rightly so, to members of this school At the present moment there can be no doubt that English poetry stands in need of some such saving doctrine to redeem it from the formlessness and the didactic tendencies which are now in fashion. This importunity of the " message", this " old puritan spirit", has corrupted nearly all our artists, from William Wordsworth down to the latest writers of manly tales in verse. However few great poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be judged." So here we have poems written for poetry's sake only. Your philosophy and your commentary on life must be sought elsewhere, as too your soundings of the tragic depths. Mr. Flecker attempts in his verse to produce beauty and in varying degrees succeeds. It is, in view of the moping followers of Swinburne, a healthy beauty. This poet has humour and a sense of proportion. If his work lacks the passion of imperious utterance, it is at any rate neither hysterical nor mawkish. Perhaps it is too consciously wrought, its craftsmanship too apparently a matter of luxurious delight, to attain general popularity. But lovers of Keats—and they are legion—will surely pause over the music of such lines as :—

" Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule
In ancient days in endless dynasty,
And all around the snowy mountain swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool."

or

" The music and the passion and the prize,
Aragon lips and Andalusian eyes."

Or over such poems as " Hyali " and " Oak and Olive " and that perfect cameo called " A Ship, an Isle, a Sickle Moon."

The poems in which the Moslem East has furnished a setting and which incidentally open the volume, seem inferior in everything but technic to those which follow and which range in subject from Greek legend to Don Juan and the Immaculate Conception. As a *tour de force* in color and arabesque, " Taoping " almost rivals some of its

French models; and in "Epithalamion," which we cannot resist quoting, there is a pictorial quality guided by artistic restraint that with its subject suggests Raphael's "Ariadne" :—

"Smile then, children, hand in hand
Bright and white as the summer snow,
Or that young King of the Grecian land,
Who smiled on Thetis, long ago,—
So long ago when, heart aflame,
The grave and gentle Peleus came
To the shore where the halcyon flies
To wed the maiden of his devotion,
The dancing lady with skyblue eyes,
Thetis, the darling of Paradise,
The daughter of old Ocean.
Seas before her rise and break,
Dolphins tumble in her wake
Along the sapphire courses;
With Tritons ablow on their pearly shells
With a plash of waves and a clash of bells
From the glimmering house where her Father dwells
She drives his white-tail horses!
And the boys of heaven gowned and crowned,
Have Aphrodite to lead them round,
Aphrodite with hair unbound
Her silver breasts adorning.
Her long, her soft, her streaming hair,
Falls on a silver breast laid bare
By the stir and swing of the sea-lit air
And the movement of the morning."

The technical equipment of this artist is quite sufficient already; we expect from him growth in intensity of emotion and in breadth of sympathy.

Bell and Wing.—Mr. Ayre's volume is a very portentous one, running to upwards of twelve hundred pages and covering a multiplicity of themes. The adjective "remarkable" is applied to many a volume and may be taken in a variety of senses, but it may be justly and literally applied to Mr. Ayre's versatility.

It would take much space to enumerate, much less to comment upon, the variety of topics handled for the most part with virility. This seems to me to be the dominant note. Here and there is charm as in "Summer Days" and "Among the Moonbeams."

Here and there is originality evidenced as in "Doctor and Patient."

It must be confessed that here and there Mr. Ayre has been prolix as in "Moon Fields" or "Man the God"; but the one outstanding note is virility. I find it difficult to picture Mr. Ayre's audience, and yet most of us would be benefitted by a course of reading of his poetry for he undoubtedly knows how to think. I believe some of the gems of the collection, in a smaller volume, would reach a wider audience.

The Poem Book of the Gael is an anthology of Irish-Gaelic poetry rendered for the most part into English by the talented lady who edits the volume and selects the contents, Eleanor Hull. She has certainly shown a fine discrimination in her choice, she herself possesses a very charming style and has a poetic sense, and her adaptation is for the most part perfectly done.

The anthology is comprehensive including religious songs of the masses, love songs and lullabies, early Christian poems, ossiamic poems, and Saltair Na Raun, or the Psalter of the Verses.

I am not certain as to what extent Indian readers will be interested in the Irish-Gaelic poetry, but this is certainly a fascinating volume and deserves detailed treatment. It will not be amiss to say some words about the Saltair Na Raun more especially. This Psalter of the Verses, so called because it is divided into 150 poems in imitation of the Psalms of David, is undoubtedly, the author thinks, the most important religious poem of Early Ireland. It bears striking similarity in regard to themes only to Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained, and it is ascribed to Oegus the Culdee who lived early in the ninth century; but we are told the language is later, probably the end of the tenth century. Miss Hull's translation is admirable, and makes the poem very accessible. It reveals considerable knowledge, much curious learning, and singular religious insight.

Justifying the inclusion, of so much poetry dealing with the themes of both religion and love, the authoress rightly claims that Ireland has ever spoken through these mediums, and certainly much of the love poem is exquisite, and one is deeply indebted to the authoress for making it accessible.

I am giving one example here.

The Girl I Love.

The girl I love is comely, straight and tall;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall;
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be.

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek ;
 Her lips, like cherries on a summer tree—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be.

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
 And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round ;
 The barrell is full ; but its heart we soon shall see—
 Come ! here's to that charming maid, whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
 Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
 I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me—
 Here's a health to the maid I love, whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
 And five times five for my love one hour each day,
 Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green tree,
 Then my dear, may I drink a fond, deep health to thee !

Jeremiah Joseph Callanan.

Some of the lullabies and children's verses are delightful too, and I cannot forbear giving an example.

Rural Song.

I wish the shepherd's pet were mine,
 I wish the shepherd's pet were mine,
 I wish the shepherd's pet were mine
 The pretty white lamb in the clover.
 And oh ! I hail, I hail thee,
 And oh ! I hail, I hail thee,
 The love of my heart for ever thou art
 Thou little pet of thy mother.

I wish that scores of kine were mine,
 I wish that scores of kine were mine,
 I wish that scores of kine were mine,
 And Kathleen, the love of her mother.
 And oh ! I hail, I hail thee,
 And oh ! I hail, I hail thee,
 The love of my heart for ever thou art,
 Thou little pet of thy mother.

Lovers of lyrical literature are indebted to Miss Hull for her researches, thorough and painstaking, and must congratulate her upon the sympathy and charm she puts into the execution of the resultant of her labors.

The volume is one that one passes by with reluctance, that it is a joy to possess, and that once possessed, will often be taken up.

A word is due the publishers, who have co-operated loyally with the authoress. The format of the book is pleasing, and the initial letters, also chosen by the authoress, are some of them superb, and add much to the attractiveness of a volume delightful physically as it is valuable intrinsically.

The Little Book of Modern Verse is an anthology of entirely different description. It is a collection of poems selected from the work of contemporaneous American poets, and for the purposes of this review entirely apropos. Strictly speaking the book is not an anthology in the usual sense, in that it includes poetry of a later date to that usually included in the formal anthologies.

No slight task, that which Miss Rittenhouse has attempted, the appraisal of contemporary poetry, but she has succeeded in presenting a panorama which gives indeed a fair glimpse into the thoughts and passions of the modern bard, as restricted to America, and she has shown a fine insight as evidenced by signs of both inclusion and omission.

It is very difficult, not to say invidious, to select one or two examples from the authoress' catholic selection, but letting it be understood that I have chosen for Indian readers, with a strong recommendation to them to get this book and to read in its pages Clinton Scollard, Richard de Gallienne, George Sylvester Viereck, George Edward Woodberry, Nicholas Vachèl Lindsay, and a host of others, I nevertheless recommend here "Black Sheep" by Richard Burton, and "Song" by Richard Le Gallienne.

Your reviewer, although not even an American, is full of local feeling, and living in Mississippi, went with prejudice in favour to Robert Paine Hudson's *Southern Lyrics*. Moreover, there is a tender appeal in the subtle "Poems of South Love and Home". But it is difficult to pass, with every possible local preference, as favourable a verdict upon this work, as upon the last two volumes for example. Mr. Hudson cannot write love poetry and most of these are prolix and some of them meaningless. He can, however, write descriptive poetry, and in some cases he does so superlatively well, as for instance in: "Ode to the Caney Fork", the opening stanza of which is worth quotation.

Crystal river, circling, seething,
Foaming river, babbling, moaning,
Pearly river, bright, reflecting,
Playful river, ever laughing,
Pleading river, always calling,

Rushing river, now unwieldy,
Wild, deep river, oft defiant !
O my river of all rivers !
Clustered round your noisy cascades,
Filling, blessing all your waters,
Resting on your cliffs and mountains,
Live my dearest, sweetest memories.

And in "The Sunny South" which merits reproduction in its entirety.

The Sunny South.

Land whose shores the ocean laves,
Evermore with sportive waves,
Where the blushing vineyard spreads,
Where the sun his glory sheds ;
Land where bloom the cotton fields,
And the fig its fragrance yields,
Where warm hearts there kindness prove their—
Land of beauty, you I love.

War has swept his withering breath
O'er you ; suffering, ruin, death
Mark his footsteps, yet is seen
Liberty with smiling mien.
Here a people, free to roam,
Cling to each beloved home,
Here a clime, serenely bright,
Pilgrims seek with true delight.

Happy land, I've loved you long,
Love your forests rife with song ;
Wandering through some spicy grove,
I am happy filled with love ;
I shall drink your waters sweet,
Gather flowers that hide my feet,
'Mid your varied scenes I'll roam,
Native land, my own dear home.

One hopes that Mr. Hudson will restrict his reflections in verse to descriptive themes, and will issue a collection of these.

Songs, Sighs and Curses by Adolf Wolff, is a volume of entirely different character. It is born out of the spirit of the *Zeitgeist* as it is interpreted by this extreme radical. There is a greater force than lyrical charm in the volume, but it is marked by an evident and all too rare a sincerity.

But let him speak for himself. In explaining the motives that impelled his songs he says :—

I sing and sigh and also curse,
Thus only can I give expression
To that which will not brook repression ;
I am alive, I have a voice,
And so I sing and sigh and curse—
All life doth sing and sigh and curse.

The joy of love is in my song,
I sigh for pleasures yet untasted—
For things I dream—o'er moments wasted
And sometimes interrupt my song
With clenched fist to curse a wrong—
It is a joy to curse a wrong.

And so I sing and sigh and curse—
All life doth sing and sigh and curse.

The Fall of Ug, a Masque of Fear, by Rufus Steel, is in the dramatic realm, and as such falls within the purview of this résumé.

Ug is a God of Fear, the last of a fearful hierarchy that has included Set, Moloch, Medusa, Baal and Kali. The play is one of the Bohemian Club Grove plays, a San Franciscan dramatic club, that has produced some notable additions to dramatic literature, and this under consideration is not the least notable.

A good fairy Trip saves the young prince doomed to die as a sacrifice to Ug and the idea is carried out with perception, poetic charm, and conspicuous success. Mr. Steel is a true poet and the play abounds in passages worth reproduction. Considerations of space alone dictate that one example must suffice, but it is a charming one :—

Worse than blind, poor mortal eyes,
Seeing clouds in summer skies ;
Seeing, ugly and untrue,
Until beauty hides from view ;
Spying woes on every side
That no flowing tears may hide.
Try your eyes ; gaze either way ;
See the woodfolk at their play.
Bear with their mischievous plight—
Soft the air midsummer night.
See them skip and romp and prance ;
See, they beckon you to dance.

How many golden visions rise
 When you never lift your eyes?
 How might you behold my face
 Where another saw but space
 Save that when old Ug appalled
 You alone looked up and called?
 Great now your reward shall be,
 Loosed shall be the mystery;
 Swiftly shall you pass the door
 Mortal seldom passed before
 Mighty, mighty vainly knocks;
 Lowly, lowly turns the locks.

Mr. Steel has given such an admirable account of himself in this little play that one looks with eagerness for further contributions from his pen, to the chants of the younger choir.

Moreover, one cannot forbear bidding welcome to a newcomer to the publishing field, who makes a promising debut by presenting this admirable play, dressed in artistic garb, beautifully printed and most artistically got up as to its outer cover. A splendid *ensemble* for a maiden volume.

Mary Ellis Robins' "*Songs Through the Night*" is in many respects a surprise. A writer of Miss Robins' reputation might have exercised a more stringent process of omission, for side by side with some very fine verses, there are some quite mediocre ones. However, the balance is on the side of the fine ones, and when Miss Robins is at her best she presents exceptional work. In the collection at present under review "*In Twilight*" is my choice as by far the best and it merits reproduction.

In Twilight.

Beloved, Oh, beloved. . . when I sing
 Alone in twilight that your absence makes,
 And your voice in that lonely land awakes
 With longing, that the years no solace bring. . .
 Our songs together rise on daring wing
 Of melody up-fleeting, till it takes
 The heedless citadel of heaven, that shakes
 And echoes thwarted passion's challenging.

Hearken the on-rush of desire that flow
 Icy with burning breath of music far,
 Smiting with harmony's magnetic glow

Upon the portal's cruel, iron bar,
 Till the flame flashes at its fall. . . and lo!
 Our songs have summoned for the evening star.

From Dewy Youth to Snowy Age, by Edith Horsfall.

This is a pleasant collection of poems, descriptive of various stages of life. The verses are rather pretty than forceful.

Green Days and Blue Days, by Patrick R. Chalmers, is a delightful volume of verse, the poet possessing in a marked degree that most precious of all gifts, imagination. Moved by nature he is especially happy in his references thereto; if one may single out for special mention any particular poem or poems, the group comprehensively entitled "Horns of Elfland" is singularly happy. Mr. Chalmers is not a great poet, but he writes light verse of superlative merit.

Lone Age Epics, by James Sanders, strikes a note in very marked contrast to the songs of the previous writer under review.

These songs are serious indeed but with a sweet pathos that lends them considerable charm. Mr. Sanders tenders consolation to old age and does so in a singularly personal and altogether charming fashion. The volume is a noteworthy one and of peculiarly equal merit throughout.

The final volume receiving notice on this occasion is of entirely different character to any one of the volumes previously dealt with in this article. It is a demonstration of the fact that the best of English poetry can be translated into German without sacrifice either of sense or poetic conception. Mr. Behr has translated with conspicuous success gems from Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, and many others, and in addition contributes several original poems of his own of which "An Meine Kinder" is distinctly the best.

EMMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Mississippi, U.S.A.

THE MONTH.

Anarchists and the Police. NOTWITHSTANDING the hopeful assurance with which the Commissioner of Police, under the auspices of H. E. the Governor of Bengal, distributed rewards to the persons who had apprehended a young man believed to be concerned in the murder of Inspector

Nripendranath in Calcutta, no one has yet been brought to book. After two juries had successively acquitted the accused, the Crown withdrew from the prosecution, although the Judge seemed to be willing to proceed with the remaining charges, empanelling a third jury. A question on this subject was asked in Parliament immediately after the first jury had been discharged, but in Calcutta itself public opinion does not seem to be by any means unanimous that the two verdicts were perverse. It appears that some of the witnesses were old offenders and the majority of the jury probably suspected that the police, in their anxiety to place before them a large quantity of evidence, had not paid sufficient attention to its quality and had relied upon the testimony of persons who were seeking to be in their good graces, if not to earn rewards. Rumours are said to have been prevalent in Calcutta that the real murderers had escaped: what part, if any, the accused person had played will perhaps ever remain a mystery.

Non-official Wisdom. It is possible that the police committed certain errors of judgment in this case, and more than probable that the real culprits are still at large. The case at the same time illustrates the difficulties under which the police carry on their duties. As H. E. the Viceroy acknowledged in his reply to the Municipality's address in Bombay, the small band of detectives, who are engaged in tracking the anarchists, carry their lives in their hands. Five such Indians have

up till now fallen victims to the revenge of the mysterious body who so successfully capture the young and use them for their purposes. Lord Carmichael is led to believe that the social and political atmosphere of Bengal must be favourable to the growth of the movement, and he seems to be convinced that the leaders of public opinion can change that atmosphere. These leaders are naturally unwilling to accept the compliment paid to their influence, for it implies that, by their omissions at least, they have in the past been responsible for the present situation. Some of them try to fix the responsibility upon the Government itself, and quote maxims to the effect that no sedition can exist where the Government is what it ought to be. Perhaps the chief fault which the anarchists have to find with the Government is that it is foreign. At least one leader of the "moderates" has recommended that the young Bengalis who aspire to serve their country, ought to be armed and trained for the task of coping with the anarchists. It is not clear what the young loyalists think of the proposal. Perhaps the anarchists thoroughly approve of it.

DURING the whole of last month the question of Home Rule was overshadowed by that of Army Rule in the **Politics and** United Kingdom. The possibilities of introducing **the Army.** the principle of federalism, wherever it is demanded, are really less alarming than the developments which may follow when once the soldier is relieved from his obligation to obey the civil power on political grounds. In the United Kingdom, with a comparatively homogeneous population, the recognition of the soldier's conscience may not lead to a paralysis of Government. Like other considerations which have a restraining influence on statesmen, the possible protest of the Army may also stay the bold innovator's hand. But in India an open official admission of the soldier's liberty of political conscience may lead to far more serious consequences. One immediate result of it would be to place more reliance on the British than on the Indian Army in an emergency, for the British soldier's politics would be more in conformity with the Government's than the Indian soldier's. A still more serious question is whether the police will not claim the same liberty as the Army, and if they may, on whom can the Government rely for the maintenance of peace

in a political crisis? Mr. Asquith has made every reasonable concession to Ulster, but it is unfortunate that the question of the Army's rights was raised at all.

THE possibility of the soldier declining to fight has not presented itself to the public mind now for the first time. It is, perhaps, never absent from the minds of military leaders and prudent statesmen. The soldier is not a slave, and apart from politics, the greatest leaders have sometimes been obliged to yield to their men; otherwise, to quote one illustration from history, Alexander might not have receded from the banks of the Indus. But it is always a mistake to put the soldier in a position where he may feel inclined to stand at bay; and what is true of the soldier, is true of all servants. For creating the unpleasant situation in the British Army, Mr. Asquith does not seem to have been personally responsible. Someone else has been guilty of want of tact. The Premier has been yielding point by point, and though he has not yet consented to appeal to the country at the bidding of Ulster, his unopposed return to Parliament, after his acceptance of the War Secretary's portfolio, indicates the excellent effect which his patience, combined with firmness, and his perseverance are producing upon the country. If Sir E. Carson and his friends remain equally firm, though they are not equally cool, the electors of Great Britain may possibly yield; for nothing can be more distasteful than civil war for the sake of Ireland's integrity, when the integrity of the United Kingdom in the same sense is not preserved. Yet Mr. Asquith is wise in giving them ample time to think.

THE opponents of the transfer of the capital of India to Delhi gave out at one time that H. M. the King-
The Re-mak- Emperor himself had begun to doubt the wisdom
ing of Delhi. of this, out of the several boons announced by him
at the Coronation Durbar. In closing the last
session of his legislative council at Delhi, H. E. the Viceroy contradicted that report by announcing that he knew from the

highest source that His Majesty takes "immense interest" in the creation of the new capital, and it is his earnest desire that it should be a worthy monument with which his name will always be identified. At the time when the change was recommended to the Secretary of State, the few persons to whom the secret was known estimated the cost at four millions. Since then the site has been examined by experts and detailed estimates have been made, and it appears that the effective occupation of the new headquarters by the Government of India will cost something like six millions, and this expenditure will be extended over a period of eight years, beginning from 1912. It does not include the military accommodation to be provided, the railway communications, the sanitary improvement of old Delhi, the hospitals and other public institutions which the city may require. The "irresponsible critics," as the Viceroy once called them, could not have been far wrong when they declared that the new capital could not be made worthy of the Indian Empire without more than doubling the Government's original estimate. Apart from the cost, however, the policy has already justified itself by enabling us to see imperial and provincial politics in their true perspective.

OUR legislative councils concern themselves mainly with domestic politics. Through them, however, the **Our Foreign Government** now and then furnishes interesting **Politics.** information to the public on foreign politics as well.

The range of this department extends to Persia and the Arabian coast on the west, and China on the north and the east, not to speak of the colonies to which Indians migrate. A contrast is sometimes drawn between the British policy in southern Persia and the Russian policy in northern Persia. The British interest is mainly political and strategical, because of the proximity of the Persian Gulf to India, while the Russian interest is also largely commercial. The oil wells of Batum and Baku have enabled the development of railways and commerce in Persia and Central Asia. It appears that oil springs exist in southern Persia and Mesopotamia, but they have yet to be worked. From the lucid and informing statement made by H. E. the Viceroy in the legislative council, it appears that gun-running from Maskat

has been stopped, and an agreement newly made with France will prevent its revival. A large sum has been lent to Persia for the creation of a gendarmerie under Swedish officers, and this force has already succeeded to a large extent in restoring order and security on the routes of Indian and British trade. Gangs of robbers from the Afghan districts of Shinwari and Khost, and the Utmans and Bunerwals among the frontier tribes, had for some time rendered themselves notorious by the outrages committed by them in British territory. His Excellency hoped that the representations made to the Amir and the reprisals ordered would produce the necessary effect.

EDUCATION is a controversial subject in every country. In India it has become specially so, in consequence of the association of young India with politics. **The Control of Education.** Government has a stricter hold upon secondary than upon collegiate education. Sooner or later the student who wishes to pass his School Final examination is likely to be required in every province to produce a certificate showing that his career in the school has been satisfactory. In Bombay orders have been passed that the school-leaving certificate shall contain particulars regarding the student's attendance, his conduct, the marks obtained by him in the weekly examinations during the last two years of his course, his proficiency in games or any special aptitude, and any examination already passed. If he fails in a single subject at the final examination, the record of the weekly examinations will be taken into consideration. In Madras and the United Provinces, more elaborate methods of recording the student's career, which throw more work on the inspectors, appear to prevail. After some time all the provinces are likely to adopt more or less uniform systems, but their essence will be to make the passport given to the student depend not merely upon the result of a single final examination, but upon his career during at least two years preceding the examination. The universities are more difficult to deal with. The retiring Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta university complained the other day that the Government's interference with its affairs was sometimes quite unnecessary. The allusion has something to do with politics.

THE sensation caused in Bombay some months ago by bank failures and certain financial transactions has practically subsided, and those who have suffered have learnt to resign themselves to the inevitable. The latest sensation is that caused by a series of fires where the merchants store up their bales of cotton. Similar fires, perhaps on a smaller scale, have been reported from Liverpool, and one theory is that they must be due to interested incendiarism, and their object is to keep up the prices at a time when the abundant American crop has tended to lower them. The fire insurance companies seem to believe that if they undertake smaller responsibilities, the owners will take more care of their goods, and incendiarism will be less common. A stricter watch in Bombay has temporarily produced some effect on the frequency of the fires, but not resulted in the capture of any culprits up to the time of writing this note. To prevent access to the place, except by approved persons, for some time may possibly put the theory of incendiarism to the test. But a place like the "cotton green" must necessarily be visited by a very large number of business men and coolies, and to insure the innocence and respectability of all must be practically impossible. Another theory is that some chemical substance, which promotes spontaneous combustion, is inserted in the bales while they are pressed and before they arrive in Bombay. This is a serious charge which reflects upon the honour of a whole trade. The Government has appointed a commission to investigate the cause of the fires. Though no time will be lost in beginning the investigation, if the truth be buried in the depth of heavily pressed bales, it may not be readily detected.

WHETHER it is more difficult for a sculptor to produce an ideally beautiful work of art or the faithful likeness of a human being, we will leave it to experts to decide. Perhaps some subjects can be more easily represented than others. Indian sculptors in the past busied themselves mainly with the ideal, rather than with the actual human beings around them; and the ideals were in course of time fixed by tradition, so that latterly the artist merely imitated. When European ideas set the vogue of erecting statues to honour

the memory of great men, it was found necessary to place the orders in England. Is Indian talent unequal to the task? Mr. G. K. Mhatre of Bombay has demonstrated by his admirable work in several places in Western and Central India that the cunning of the Indian hand is not lost. Ahmedabad is indebted to him for an "extraordinarily faithful likeness" of Queen Victoria, and busts of H. M. King George V, and Lord Sydenham; Bombay owes to him a statue of the late Mr. Ranade; to the Mysore Durbar he has given a bust of Maharaja Chamarajendra Wodeyar; to Gwalior a statue of Mahadoji Scindia, to Kolhapur a bust of Queen Victoria; to Porebunder a bust of H. H. the Rana Saheb; and he has successfully tried his hand at Shivaji and others. His ideal statues have earned warm encomiums and he is also a painter. Other artists will undoubtedly follow his example and India will ere long rely upon herself for her memorial and ideal statuary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW DANGER TO INDIA.

To The Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—India is threatened with a new danger, and one which is all the greater because it proceeds wholly from within. This danger is the fear of imitation. It is only in the last two or three years that it has become apparent. Formerly, no doubt, India was only too ready to imitate, and, as many people think, she has adopted many things which she cannot well assimilate. But now there is an opposite tendency and a disposition to hold that everything Indian must be good and everything foreign must be bad. Take for example, such passages as the following :—"The Hindu in us can never accept foreign ideals in culture and civilisation. We are the descendants of the Rishis of old." Again : "Are we to fall at the feet of an alien culture, simply because for the moment it is physically triumphant?" And yet again : "Are we to believe in others or in ourselves? Shall our growth be from without or from within? Imitation is death ; originality alone is life."

It seems strange that such opinions should be held by writers who are professed followers of Svāmi Vivekananda. He at least had no fear of Western culture and distinctly said so. He declared that the mission of the order of Ramkrishna was to effect an exchange of the highest ideals of the East and the West, and to realize this in practice. And apart from all individual opinion and authority, it is sufficiently obvious that all past thought is the heritage of every present time, and no limitation should be put upon its use by reason of its place of origin. Be national if you will, but first of all be human. It is not imitation that is death, but rather the rejection of the good for some merely artificial reason; it is not originality that alone is life, but rather should all past human experience be

called upon to furnish the foundation of the new life. What of the often-quoted expression "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man"?

And as between England and India this new opposition to the principle of brotherhood is singularly unfortunate. For it comes just at the time when the views and opinions of Englishmen as to the requirements and aspirations of India have become wider and more generous. Much of the language of the officials of even twenty years ago is now obsolete. The stock expressions as to the dumbness of the millions, the noisiness of the educated few, the godlessness of education, the antipathies of race, the hostility of different religions and so on, are less and less heard, and quite different conceptions of what India is and what India wants, are expressed in almost every book and review article that touches the subject. This enlargement of outlook, with the keener appreciation which it involves, must inevitably lead to changes of policy—changes which in normal circumstances would be favourably received. But if everything is to be rejected that is not indigenous, the best intentions would be unavailing, and England's task would be hopeless.

Pitiable as this result would be, no one would be very much to blame. For this reluctance to accept anything foreign, this dread of imitation, is just at this time perfectly natural. We in Europe have had our national sentiments developed through many generations, and the hard edges are now, through closer communication and better acquaintance, becoming softened and rounded. But in India it is quite otherwise, and the new growth of national feeling may well be regarded as needing protection from every competition. We may smile and be reminded of Elia's young friend who gave up all reading of books—other people's fancies—to the great improvement of his own originality; but India has undoubtedly imitated too much in the past, and it is natural that the reaction also should be carried too far. We can only hope that the reaction will, too, in its turn exhaust itself. And it is to be remembered that this dread of imitation belongs only to the followers of one school, and by no means to all of them. So we may still hope to work back to the standard of Raja Ram Mohan Roy and that ancient brotherhood which, as Max Müller says, unites the whole Aryan race.

Yours faithfully,

G. C. WHITWORTH.

Grasse, France.

"SOCIAL LEGISLATION IN INDIA."

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I notice with much interest on page 171 of your February number the following passage :—

"More than fifty years have elapsed since the Penal Code indirectly prohibited the dedication of minor girls to temples or gods, and though some sort of religious sanction might have been claimed for that custom, no signs of anything like popular resentment have manifested themselves."

Does Mr. Naraina Rao mean that the provisions of the Penal Code are actually enforced in the case he quotes? My knowledge of India is quite out of date, but I well remember the resentment that was aroused when action was first taken (I think in Madura) under that section of the Penal Code. Mr. Grant Duff, as he then was, happened to be touring in Tinnevely shortly afterwards and, as usual, interviewed the principal inhabitants in order to enquire into any grievances, and amongst others a Brahmin Deputy Collector of 30 years service, a highly respectable official of the old school, who was then in charge of the North of the District, had a private interview, (at which I was present,) and his only request was that this obnoxious section of the Penal Code might be repealed as it seriously interfered with the religion of the people and the peculiar matrimonial arrangements of their gods. His Excellency's face, when he at last realized what was meant, was a study!

Then, again, some years afterwards when as Agent of the Court of Wards, I was in charge of the Temple of Tiruvalur I had to meet a deputation of the Dēvādasis who came to complain, (like Dionysius the silversmith,) that their craft was in danger, because they could no longer adopt minor girls, and the god must have children who were without any doubt vestal virgins. Of course I could only say that, though as Trustee of the Temple, I was bound to sympathise with them, yet I could hold out no hope of the Penal Code being amended to suit their profession; and as Magistrate of the District I was obliged to warn them of the risk they ran in adopting mere children. But I don't remember another case of prosecution in my time, and should be glad to know that the practice of devoting mere children to a life of prostitution has been put an end to.

Yours truly,

J. B. PENNINGTON.

London.

THE EARLIEST BRITISH GOLD COIN.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—The following lines may perhaps interest some of your readers. Prior to King Offa, the Mercian King, the money actually in use was silver. In Offa's time a new gold coin, the *Maucus*, resembling in standard the Roman *Solidus* (about 70 grains) was introduced from Muhammadan countries. It was known that the oldest extant specimen bears a faithfully copied Arabic inscription (Ency: Britan: IV, p. 593 d). This gold coin of Offa was an imitation of Arab Dinâr of 774 A.D. with the addition of the word Offa Rex (757-796) (Ency: Britan: XIX, p. 898). That Offa was held in high esteem by the Pope at the time is undoubted (Ency: Britan: IX, p. 468.)

It appears that Offa's silver coin was struck after the model struck by Charlemagne's father Pippin about 735 A.D., which was known in Europe as *Novas Dinarius*.* (Ency. Britan: XXI, p. 115.) It thus appears that it was the contact with King Charlemagne whose protectorate over Christians in Jerusalem was recognized by Hârûn Rishid, that Offa thought of imitating a gold coin current in Muhammadan countries.

After all the British Nation has secured a gold coin of Offa's time as appears from the extract given below from the London *Times* dated 15 December, 1913. The *Times* then observed:—

"An extraordinary, and indeed, unique gold coin has just been purchased for the nation by the trustees of the British Museum, with the generous assistance of several private subscribers. It is the only known example of the gold coinage of the Anglo-Saxon King Offa (A.D. 757-796) the most celebrated of all the Mercian princes, the friend of Charlemagne, and the recipient of many presents from that Emperor.

"The coin is remarkable not only on account of its uniqueness and of the fact that it is the earliest gold coin that can be definitely ascribed to any English King, but also because, although it was struck by a Christian King, it bears a Mohamedan inscription in Arabic. At the time of the issuing of the coin the Arabic Dinâr formed a large part of the gold currency of Europe, and it is believed that it was for this reason that Offa caused an exact imitation of an existing Arabic coin to be made for his own use. While the artificer may have been, and most probably was, ignorant of Arabic, the characters were reproduced with such fidelity as to make it easy to

decipher them to-day. The inscription runs :—"There is no other God but the one God. He has no equal. Mahomed is the Apostle of God. . . . &c."

I am inclined to think that nobody troubled himself as to what the Arabic inscription meant ; it seems to have been mechanically copied in ignorance of the sense of the inscription in Arabic. One thing, however, is clear that the gold currency of Muhammadan countries must have achieved very general currency and credit at the time that Offa reigned in England. Turning to the history of the coin known as *Dinâr*, we find that *Abdul Malik* the 11th Caliph established the Islamic orthodox mintage (695 A.D.), where he caused the gold coin to be struck which bore the name of *Dinâr* which it took from the Byzantine coin *Dinarius Aureus*. It is shown in Plate IV, Figure 6, Ency. Britan: XIX, p. 904. Prior to the introduction of the coin, the one struck by *Moavya* was not accepted by his subjects, because while it bore Moslem inscription, it did not bear the cross (Ency Britan : V. p. 33a).

Yours faithfully,

SHEO NARAIN.

Lahore.

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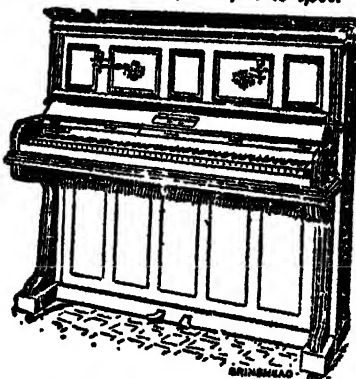
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THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

[HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.]

IF it be in the power of politics to place on human brow the crown of righteousness, the choice of the Right Honourable Mr. H. H. Asquith for this honour, as that of the first citizen of the United Kingdom, would be universally acclaimed. Mr. Asquith is the holder of the legacy of Liberalism, which is widely known in India and also in other parts of the world, as the Liberalism of Gladstone. To the student of history Gladstone is of course not the founder of Liberalism. He was one of its greatest champions.

The spirit of Liberalism has been inspiring England ever since the days of Alfred the Great. Where there is any spirit of progress, be it in the King or in the nation, it is the spirit of Liberalism in every shape and form. It takes its birth in the civilisations of mankind and marches onward, sometimes with break-neck speed and at times with the slowness of a sloth. But it has begun its march, and there is no going back. At the present moment it is the Right Hon'ble Mr. H. H. Asquith who is championing the cause of English Liberalism, which has, indeed, with all its faults, a tradition and a glory.

It was Mr. Asquith who wrote the following in his introduction to a book on "Liberalism" written by Mr. Herbert Samuel.

It may seem a truism to say that the Liberal Party inscribes among its permanent watchwords the name of liberty. That this should sound like a commonplace is another illustration of the

penalties of success. Freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, freedom of association and combination, which we in these latter days have come to look upon as standing in the same category as the natural right to light and air, were in point of fact privileges long denied, slowly attained, and hardly won. But Liberty itself, like so many of the rallying cries in the secular struggle of parties, is a term which grows by what it feeds on, and acquires in each generation a new and larger content. To the early reformers it was a symbol of antagonism and almost of negation; it meant the removal of fetters, the emancipation both of the individual and of the community from legal and constitutional disabilities. The abolition of religious tests, the opening up of Municipal Corporations and the Magistracy, the recognition of the legal status of Trades Unions (to take only a few illustrations) were all steps on the road to the peaceful obliteration of feudal and mediæval privileges, which elsewhere have been violently submerged beneath the irresistible and often devastating influx of a revolutionary tide. These things no longer admit of argument, but with the growth of experience a more matured opinion has come to recognise that Liberty (in a political sense) is not only a negative but a positive conception. Freedom cannot be predicated, in its true meaning, either of a man or of a society, mainly because they are no longer under the compulsion of restraints which have the sanction of positive law. To be really free they must be able to make the best use of faculty, opportunity, energy, life. It is in this fuller sense of the true significance of Liberty that we find the governing impulse in the later development of Liberalism in the direction of education, temperance, better dwellings, an improved social and industrial environment; everything, in short, that leads to natural, communal, and personal efficiency.

The above has been the corner-stone of the great moral principle which has been working in his life ever since his dawn of knowledge. There may alas! be some on whose ears these words of high moral import can fall with no sound of cheer; but the spirit which gave them utterance will never cease, despite discordant notes, to mould the life and character of the man, and to him will be given from time to time, as occasion may demand, power and guidance for the ennobling task to which he has set his hand.

*. Born at Morley in Yorkshire, on September 12th, 1852, those who saw Mr. Asquith as a boy must have noticed in him germs of that character and intellect which, in later days, secured for him an admirable grip of all questions, social and moral, and

paved his way to the rank of Premiership of one of the most forward nations of the globe.

Aware very early of his own worth, possessed of a determination surpassed by few, and conscious of a destiny for himself better than falls to the lot of most, he worked his way steadily up to the place which he so well deserves.

One of his biographers writes: "Eager for knowledge, for news, for impressions, for every thought which will bring him into contact with scenes outside, he goes daily to his form, mingles often with his schoolfellows. But before him there must be some vision, some promise, some knowledge not of a genius but of a purpose, a power, a force, that must carry him some day through every door but those that only genius can unlock."

Speaking at a public meeting some time ago, Mr. Asquith, referring to his youthful days, dwelt not so much perhaps on the hours spent in the classroom, or in preparing lessons at night, as upon the daily walk through the crowded, noisy, jostling streets; on the river with its barges, its steamers and its manifold active life; on Saint Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery; even of the Houses of Parliament, where he remembered they used occasionally to watch, with a sense of awe-struck solemnity, members disappear into the inner recesses to discharge the high and mysterious functions their constituents put upon them. These might be the illusions of youth, but he said he was certain there was not one among them who would not agree with him that the presence and the contact of this stimulating environment contributed a large and useful influential element in their youths.

He carried off successfully medals and prizes and joined the famous Baliol College, Oxford. His life at Baliol prepared for him his future greatness and cut out his great career. There it was that his intellect was built up and his character moulded by a man of whom Mr. Asquith speaks with deep reverence—Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Baliol. Mr. Jowett did not desire mere vulgar success. He wanted to see his men grasping the reins of power. He wanted to see the men of Baliol ruling England and it was there, at the feet of his great master, that young Asquith specialized himself with wide intelligence, and intense love for enquiry coupled with a disinclination to act in a

hurry. There, under him, he acquired a certain hesitation to adopt permanent positions, and a great and wonderful discretion. The effect of the influence of Mr. Jowett at Baliol was to mould young Asquith and many others of his time more into leaders than into a class of men to be led. The Baliol atmosphere made few orators. The utterance of the Jowett man, it has been justly remarked, is marked by a complete lucidity, splendid reasonableness, perfect phrasing; but it lacks warmth. Brought up in that atmosphere young Asquith had all his future influenced thereby, and in his speeches and writings he has always shown more of a keen sagacity and reasonableness than a mere flippancy of words and vain oratory. Jowett influenced very greatly the early career of England's Prime Minister, and it is not surprising to note that probably it was Jowett who influenced him also with the thought for which the Premier is criticised so much by the suffrage party. It was Jowett who used to say that he would rather be governed by the five most incompetent men in England than by the five wisest women. Such is prejudice! And this must have worked very much into the youthful mind of the future Premier.

Here is a summary of the method of work that young Asquith underwent in his Baliol days. "He was always a worker, but even in this respect he showed the moderation and discretion which are part of the man. He was never guilty of late work and wet towel follies. He worked hard within reasonable limits, and then went to bed. He never lost sight of one advantage while he was seeking another. He did not forget that health must not be risked if other things are to be hoped for with any assurance. He had an extraordinary power for consistent work, yet he was not a man who, one would say, ever slaved. He was without the affectation of working late. He never seemed driven. Asquith had no metaphysical leaning; he was not distinguished for anything but classics. But he had a remarkable power of using every gift he possessed to its full capacity. He was essentially lucid in his speaking and writing. In his personal relations he was never effusive. But he was no recluse. He never estranged himself from his fellows. His manner was a little dry but he was quite an agreeable man to meet."

From his youth and until to-day Asquith has always been

regarded, by friends and foes alike, as one who had a plan of life well under control. It was Oxford which had greatly influenced the career of this young man. There he learned how to make speeches—he learned how to bring debates to a successful issue—there he built up a determinate character in the cast of religion, and from there he came to London, after taking his degree, to study at the Bar.

Mr. Asquith was called to the Bar in 1876, and he was indeed meant for the Bar, where he shone, not so much as a barrister earning thousands but as a man full of conviction in his profession as something noble and dignified. He chose the Bar for himself as well as for his country. Mr. Asquith had not many rich friends and relations who could stand by his side and give him a "backing" as it were. He has had to cut his own path, and he did cut it manfully and gloriously, and in his time he was one of the first men in the profession. He never took up any case about the truth and justice whereof he had the slightest doubt. He started in his profession as a specialist and rose in the estimation of men steadily. When he entered equal upon his professional career it was Mr. Chamberlain who interested himself in Mr. Asquith and asked Mr. R. S. Wright, at this time his counsel, to take young Asquith into his chambers. Mr. Asquith defended many important cases so well that his reputation spread like wildfire, specially when he appeared before the Parnell Commission and ultimately secured his triumph there. On this occasion he acted as junior to Sir Charles Russell—a junior, however, about whom the late Mr. W. T. Stead used to say to his friends, he was convinced from the beginning of his career that he was destined to make a great name in the world. During the sitting of the Parnell Commission Mr. Asquith was asked by Sir Charles Russell to cross-examine one of the witnesses. He did it with great reluctance. "But this is most absurd," said Mr. Asquith to his leader. "He is one of the most important witnesses in the case, and of course you will cross-examine him yourself." "No," said Sir Charles, "I am tired, and you will do it well enough." Mr. Asquith then got up, cross-examined—and was at once a made man.

But his profession, although it had a great attraction for him in many ways, could not tie him down for ever. He was meant for higher work—to obey the dictates of a larger purpose in

human affairs, and even at the Bar he felt the growing germs of it in himself. A deep and inspiring zeal for the enhancement of social progress and for the betterment of his race was what the young Barrister felt coming upon him in the solitude of his chambers and at the court. While deeply engrossed in studying his cases and absorbed in legal intricacies, his mind would suddenly be agitated by a larger call, and he would think and think how best he could devote his time and energy wisely and well to the science of politics and to help in the realizing of the growing aspirations of his race.

Parliament may not and does not spell perfection, yet England's great Council of national and international deliberations naturally tempted him as the one proper field for his activities. Limitations and shortcomings cannot be denied, yet here were genius and talent, devotion and zeal, laid plentifully and ungrudgingly at the service of his race, and of all humanity. England's work for her children and for mankind was to be furthered to the best of every Englishman's might, and he felt he was not to be the least of them in it. Problems of domestic economy were pressing hard upon the people, and he was not to shirk his part.

"If food is cheaper, housing is dearer, if the hours of labour are shorter, the labour itself is often more intense. If there is more leisure, work is more monotonous"—these enigmas, and others more complicated still and with larger issues, had to be solved as far as possible, and Mr. Asquith felt called upon by talk and work and by the moulding of the thought of constituencies to contribute his quota to the task. Attracted by the possibilities rather than the glamour of Parliamentary life, and fully alive to the enormous responsibilities thereof, the young member entered upon his political career. Liberalism, to which he has always been wedded, has been to him the most vital principle of life. Trust in the people has been his watchword, and the historic hall of the British race, full of the traditions of earnest work and brilliant achievements of progress heroically fought for and won, has found in him one of the most earnest Liberal workers of the present day.

In this world of progress there is no halt. "Thus far and no further" cannot be said in any department of human activity. If religion has a meaning and a significance, politics has also a

meaning, and a significance, and to a student of comparative history and social economy, religion and politics are inseparable. The one is contained within the other, the two are not two but one and the same, and with the larger progress of the human mind politics will be finer and finer till it touches the chords of human nature and rises to the plane occupied by cosmic religion itself. As we walk forward, our man of politics will be a finer and nobler man, in life and opinion, in work and ways, will have risen far above that petty pride and vain boastfulness, that narrow prejudice and selfish ignorance which have been the undoing of many a good cause. Herbert Henry Asquith is one of those who holds politics not as a matter of fancy or whim, of convenience or crank, but a living reality, potent with the possibility of working as a lever to uproot all social evils and to transform the world we live in into a veritable Utopia.

Mr. Asquith was appointed Home Secretary in 1892, and the late Mr. W. T. Stead, great as was his appreciation of his merits, remarked on his appointment thus: "That he is a smart man, almost a 'dreffle' smart, man is unquestioned, but his promotion is very audacious." It was the ministry of Gladstone that pitchforked him into one of the highest positions of the State, and he proved equal to the task. He was meant to be solicitor-general, but it was due to Lord, then Mr., Morley that he was made Home Secretary. He inspired the whole of his department with a keen sense of responsibility and one of his critics says, "In six months he had convinced the staff of the department that a vigorous mind and a character of singular directness were at work upon it." From the day of his entering the Home Office his first care was directed to the industrial classes, and it was due to his genius that the factory law was passed to alleviate, for the time being, the misery of workers. He felt for them and made their cause his own and under him the Home Office really became "The Office of the Home." He started taking a lively interest in all the affairs which were directly under the control of his office. He unearthed the causes of mortality in different factories and made projects for the needed reform. He increased the staff of factory inspectors and greatly increased the centres of inspection. He always felt himself to be the official guardian of the labouring classes.

He it was who turned his attention to prison reforms, and his

name will go down to posterity as one who, by his sympathy and discretion in finding out the key to the subtleties of human life, made one of the most humane efforts to lessen the miseries of at least one portion of mankind. "In prison administration," writes the late Mr. W. T. Stead in his *Review of Reviews*, "Mr. Asquith has enlightened views. He is against those long sentences, which reduce the human being to the level of the sloth and make the prison little better than a living grave. He is in favour of a system of Radical classification, which would enable the authorities to deal with the first offenders and those who are criminal more by inadvertence and misfortune than from any persistent wickedness, apart from the habitual criminal, who may be said in too many cases to be predestined to a criminal career by the shape of his head and the tendencies which he has inherited in his blood. Since Mr. Asquith has been at the Home Office, he has been, as it were, a Court of Criminal Appeal, redressing the excessive severity of this unnatural law. He has dealt with each case on its merits, and there are at the present moment some scores of unfortunate women who, except for his intervention, would have been dragging out a dreary existence in a prison cell but who are now free and at large. There are few more hateful things in our prison system than that which condemns the unhappy mothers of illegitimate children, who in the moment of nature's agony, have made away with unwanted offspring, born into the world heirs of a bastard's shame, to imprisonment for life. His general principle for such an offence, excepting under the most aggravating circumstances, is to condemn them to imprisonment for not more than seven years; and in cases in which it was obvious that there was no criminal intent on the part of the woman, he has liberated her almost as soon as he could find anyone who would look after her. In one case a mother was released after serving only one year of her sentence, and is now a free and happy citizen, instead of being a miserable and despairing gaolbird."

The next most important thing Mr. Asquith took in hand was to place before the House of Commons a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England and Monmouthshire by which he wanted to break down the long privileged position of the Church of England in Wales. The Church of England represented only a minority in Wales. In his Bill

Mr. Asquith set forth that the Church of England would in future cease to be regarded as the Church of Wales and that Ecclesiastical Courts would forfeit their power and have no right of appeal to the Privy Council.

On Disendowment he said: "I need hardly remind the House that the Church of England as a Church is not in point of law the owner of any property whatever. All Ecclesiastical property," he continued, "in this country, whether in England or Wales, is an endowment of some particular benefice or office, though it is sometimes disguised from popular apprehension, particularly by the Ecclesiastical apprehension." In outlining the Government scheme on the subject he stated, "that the value of the Church property amounted to £279,000 per annum and that was henceforth to be for the benefit of the Principality as a whole."

"In conclusion," observed Mr. Asquith, "we set free for purposes of great and lasting public benefit a property to which the Welsh people, and the Welsh people alone, have in our opinion a legitimate title."

"I assert that the Welsh people are a nation The people of Wales have shown in days gone by that they can and will provide for their own spiritual needs, and it is in the sincere belief that this measure will minister as well to religious as to the social welfare of the Principality that I ask the House to affirm it to be politic and just."

Although the Bill could not be passed in that House owing to the Liberals having gone out of office, Mr. Asquith's labours in that connection will always be gratefully remembered.

Referring to his tactics it has been well said that "he manages Bills better than anyone but Mr. Gladstone," sometimes in Opposition, sometimes with the Party in power, but always making for the triumph of Liberal legislation.

Speaking as Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Asquith once said: "Have you realized that during the past ten years the annual normal expenditure has increased between forty and fifty millions? Do you know you are paying £24,500,000 of taxation every year into the Exchequer more than you were doing some years ago? I tell you perfectly frankly that it is impossible to hope for any remission of taxation of any sort or kind, until you have reduced the level of expenditure at present prevailing in the country and until you have made, as it is my intention and

hope that I shall make, a better and more adequate provision for the redemption of the National Debt. . . . The first duty of any prudent statesman of the present time is to strengthen the national credit."

Having so efficiently filled these important places of trust and power, Mr. Asquith, on the resignation of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, in the year 1907, became the chosen Leader of the Liberal party, and thus he has come to the top of the ladder as he so well deserved.

The last word has not yet been said on Mr. Asquith's great career. His mission has not yet ended. But if in the history of any man's life there is one moment of paramount importance it is when he becomes the "chosen" Leader of a great Party, and this moment for Mr. Asquith has already come.

His mastery over the present political situation in England is unchallenged. He is not a man of impulse; in his speech, in his actions, he is a model of discretion; he will never be swayed or turned from his ultimate purpose by heated passions. Slowly and surely he will build up in the British Dominions that colossal Imperialism whose watchword is Progress, and whose ways are Peace. "What is the Empire?" asked Mr. Asquith the other day. "Like every political fabric which the genius of man has raised, it is as a structure which must stand or fall, not by its size or splendour, but according as it provides for the social and spiritual needs and for the common human life of the men and women whom it shelters."

And who can say that Imperialism—sane Imperialism—is only a step to that ideal state wherein shall be enshrined as living principles, TRUTH, JUSTICE and LOVE.

H. N. MAITRA.

London.

ZOROASTRIAN INFLUENCE ON MODERN JUDAISM CHRISTIANITY AND MUHAMMADANISM.

I.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It is from no mere personal vanity that I here cite my credentials to the right to speak, but from genuine alarm at finding myself the butt of certain infatuates.

Soon it will be said that I never wrote a line, nor that any of my books were ever published. I must therefore assert what has been obvious to all self-possessed beholders, that my copious works have not only been published, but that they were and are the first of their kind ever at all attempted. It would indeed be egotistic in the extreme if I should myself allude to the *manner* in which those works have been completed, except in citations to announce them for publication. What is vital to my purpose is to let people know that the volumes do exist, and that they are, and were, all original in idea and workmanship.

All the packed points in the Gāthas were never so attempted before. No one ever dreamt of presenting 'bodily' all the three commentaries in their full extent, with close work in four languages. No commentary was ever thought of, which was so full. No one ever cited all the serious opinions even of slightly dissentient contemporaries. No Dictionary has ever attempted to follow out each word so exhaustively, in the view of science, as the one just published (1913), for that work was only attempted after all the non-Gāthic Yasna Pahlavi had been edited and deciphered, some forty chapters, close on (see * Z.D.M.G., translated in J.R.A.S.)—this with all the Gāthas done into Sanskrit.* Even

* Not yet at this date fully published.

the Sacred Books of the East XXXI (1887) was the first work ever attempted with all the documents examined and published.*

The best opinions in these commentaries are the unconscious repetitions of ideas which grew out of the original texts themselves. We never depend on the 'cleverness' of tradition. To deny the gems of tradition is often to deny Avesta itself, and no one living now attempts it. Avesta is unconsciously repeated in them; Darmesteter's most brilliant suggestions were from them—for so he told me.

No one had written the Gāthic in the Sanskrit as I have attempted. The eminent Neryosang translated from the Pahlavi almost entirely. (See Roth's Festgruss for my first contribution 1893, Acts of the International Congress, 1897; see Yasna I Appendix, 1910, Y. XLIV, Z.D.M.G. 1911-12, and Y. XXX, Z.D.M.G. 1914; see Y. XXIX, Muséon, 1912, and Y. XXXI, 1914. See the other supplementary works, Zarathushtra, Philo the Achaemenids and Israel, 1905-06; see Avesta compared with Daniel and Revelations, 1908, etc., etc.) These, with the Gātha texts, now all sold—close on 3000 pages—are merely here put in as a claim to a hearing of these following new statements. This extensive treatment was all *new* of its kind, let me repeat, and this is stated as a necessary introduction. No man has exceeded me in generous gratitude to those who have worked without the documents when, otherwise, they would have been forced to silence; but the time for that is now gone for ever, and I must denounce all further similar attempts as done in bad faith, imposing upon the ignorant. So much for my right to speak here. †

II.

THE GATHAS OF ZARATHUSHTRA, WITH THEIR ACCOMPANIMENTS AND SEQUELS, ARE NOT ONLY FAR AND AWAY THE MOST URGENT AND PRACTICAL DOCUMENTS IN THE PAST HISTORY OF COMPARATIVE RELIGION, BUT ALSO THE MOST URGENT FOR PRESENT IMMEDIATE APPLICATION, WHERE CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM FORM THE CENTRE OF THE INTEREST.

I fear that the Parsis themselves miss, after all, the chief force of their own epoch-making lore. Its relation to Israel

* Now totally sold out.

† See the late eminent Fischel in the Zeitschrift, D. M. G.

and the rest 'seems to them 'interesting' enough, but they have little idea that the Avesta is alive to-day, not only in Israel, but in all Judaism, Christianity and Muhammadanism.

On being requested by the Trustees of the Sir J. Jeejeebhoy Translation Fund to finish a series of Catechetical dialogues, I have myself only lately felt the full effect of the principles, not in history alone, but as a present reality.

All the significant points are, however, met with apathy at the very moment when they are freely accepted, and while they are indeed coldly acknowledged to be very 'striking.' But I hold that they are more than striking, being of vital importance to the actual well-being of universal religion here and now, and of our own Christianity in particular. Their claim is immediate, if anything. That ever-repeated fact is still valid, that the Jews were Persian citizens for two hundred (odd) years and largely identified with Avestic Persian thought, but this is not enough. We ourselves need its application every hour.

First of all, as regards the very *Character of God*. Let us not be startled at such an expression, for it is most heartily well-meant, and its discussion is closely needed. We, some of us, still feel unruffled at the creeds which state that God is so Almighty that He could actually sin, so, constructively, contravening the first common laws of right and wrong; for what else is the view that He could 'prevent meanness,' while He still remains holy, and does not prevent it. The sin exists—it is loathsome—why did He not, and does He not prevent it? Do we say that loathsome sin is needed to show sinners its repulsiveness? Why did He permit such a state of things, if He could have prevented it? Zarathushtra first in history taught us the awful truth. He did not prevent sin because *He could not*. Sin's possibility is bound up in nature's course. Free will is vital to the essence of goodness,—if there be any goodness, as we understand it—and there is no goodness in forced goodness. If the will be free, God Himself is not responsible for it; this follows as a matter of course. The contrary would be a contradiction in terms. So Zarathushtra suggested the first idea of an *original Devil*, uncreated and indestructible, who was sin's author—Nature's evil principle made personal—so he cleared the character of God; with devoutest worship let us say it, bowing to earth itself before our adored Creator. Those who deny this, seem to me to be almost demoniac.

It is a tremendous theme, and I dwell upon it elsewhere.

The Greeks thought out a Dualism between God and all matter, even the material substance of the world which we hold so dear—an idea utterly false*—but Zarathushtra showed us that the real difference was between God and Sin. This should re-awake our worship and our love. It is a tremendous, awful thought, and we have accepted it and we should bear it everlastingly in mind. All sin is outside of Him. Its author, Satan, was scarcely known before the Jewish Exile—as we must assign much pre-exilic depiction of the kind to priestly recension done in later Persian Babylon. Satan is to be classed with some of those Evil Gods 'Bel and Nebo' whom Yahveh never created, they are alluded to as real, and as if uncreated by the Good God. There is then the Good God, and 'the God of this world': and so we have actual dualism in the Bible.† That Evil God—a thought colossal—as God's antithesis was, as said, the exact Exilic Jewish Satan, so completely parallel that all question of Zarathushtra's influence is settled. Here too—with holiest homage let us again repeat it—God's character is, in supplement, defended.‡ He never made an evil God, nor permitted the activity of such an one—the foe to Israel—He did not *because He could not*. Otherwise, He would have made short work of him and all beings of the sort. The strong principle is the same. *No sin in God*. And that evil God, 'God of this world,' the full Devil, was scarcely known before the Exile.

THE BOUNTIFUL (HOLY) IMMORTALS.

Bound up with the idea of God's non-responsibility for sin were the ideas of the Amesha-Spentas,—and there again the same thing encounters us. These Archangels are another noble concept for us all to-day, and needed. They are, and were, no

* See Plato and his followers. I suppose that the idea at the bottom of this was that the mechanical causality of motives destroyed free will in God Himself. Plato and Philo felt instinctively that the causality in nature's predestined process, if not separated from God, would make God merely a part of nature; so the material substance of the world was made to be His opposite. "We can do what we will," said the great American, Jonathan Edwards, "but we must will what nature puts before our eyes as 'motive' being most acceptable".

† That the Gods of the heathen were 'no Gods' must mean that they were 'devils', not really powerful for good; they are often recognised as existing,—the ridiculing allusions refer to their images.

‡ We are only just at present beginning to feel it. The contrary is hellish.

mere 'feathered' beings, not even exalted human heroes, but *God's Very Attributes*—and such Attributes too! They were exalted in the history of the world. Here was no brutal power unrestrained; they mean fair play for all.* What a lecture could be written on such a theme for a Christian audience, if really Christian. Yet where has the chance been seized? Only in my own well-meant attempt.†

The Exilic Angels took forms and names, like the Seven of Avesta—and what names! Their very number 'seven' occurs in the book of Tobit and oft re-echoes.

Are these but paltry considerations? Avesta's was a sister-faith to Israel's. Our Lord's last word upon the cross was Persian and Avestic. ["Paradise" is an Avesta word, and later so used of "Heaven." Did He have actually in mind the Avesta's Heaven? Is that a trivial item to be at once forgotten?] And so of the other eminent particulars. We may not accede to all, but as predestined thoughts they were "immense"—and Zarathushtra built them up and helped them on. The last Saviour Soshyant, like the Jewish Saviour, was to be "Virgin-born." Is not that piercingly significant? The 'Resurrection' seems in the Avesta as in the Exilic Bible, and is scarce known in the Older Hebrew. What exists, came, as said before of the other point, from the later priestly reviser in Persian Babylon. See too how the Avesta Heaven surpassed the Jewish in one keen element; *it was in the soul itself*, while Avesta's "millennium" was completely the source of ours; and its Hell—though kindred to the Jewish pit—was deeper.

These parallels are of unutterable moment on account of their results, with many more: yet they are all neglected from mere terror of their interest.

Virtue is here first in history its own reward, and vice its own punishment. It makes all the difference between "reality" and sham. Punishment which is external is no punishment, it is cruelty; nor is any 'outside' reward a real reward. We continually revert to mere thoughts of indulgence in connection with Heaven itself, and fall too often back on "rest," "mere rest", with some glorification which we can with difficulty understand, but Zarathushtra first

* Truth, Love, Order, Zeal, Happiness, Eternity.

† In "Our Own Religion in Ancient Persia."

taught us that, while these thoughts make up God, His Angels, Heaven and Hell, this soul-life must be active here and hereafter, as well as "free" and pure "in thought, word and deed," and his adherents first named heaven thus—that is to say, they named it "Good thoughts" and "words" and "deeds." Where has such an idea been surpassed or even approached for sublimity?

Do we think these to be trifling circumstances not needed to be urged upon us every day as precedent? This predates all evangelicism. God Himself is what He is with reference to that principle.* In spite of all our teaching, the sparse Gāthas stand at the very head of this all-comprehensive principle to-day. Why should we not quote them from the pulpit, as we cite other pre-Christians and non-Christians? The Church once cited Socrates and Herakleitos as "being filled with the divine logos," half canonising them.† Why this silence and disobedience? Here is the earliest vital teaching in history as to interior, that is to say, as to real region, and needed by us every hour. Where even in our Bible is there so much insistence upon the fact that the soul creates its own recompense. The record of the supreme sneak is that "he might go unto his own place," that is almost the sole pointing of it. Yet see the scanty fragments of Avesta. They are still even at this late hour again the main documents of these unparalleled ideas. They should be preached everywhere as unexampled,—the very essence of all sane faith.

THE JEWISH QUESTION OF THE "GENTILE."

In the same line, Avesta is the document of Universal Salvation for all the righteous, that is to say, there is no race distinction, nor has there ever been. But the earnest Jew's abhorrence of the Gentile was the most ferocious passion which spell-bound them—recall the street riot in Jerusalem at the bare thought of 'Gentiles' in this sense. Yet the most prominent character in their entire history was the *Gentile* who broke in upon that unhallowed craze. Had it not been for Cyrus, the Mazda-worshipper, and his successors, when would the Jewish Zion have been rebuilt, with its temple (see Ezra, and Isaiah

* See Y. 30, 3.

† See Justin Martyr.

44.45, and the Exilic documents throughout), and with them Jewish religious life, where would Christ have been born for us or died? Why not hold the matter up in prominence, and save the gifted Jews from their worst mental twist? It would widen the hope of souls—and the time has come when the widening of thoughts is less dangerous than their contraction—and without which all hope is falsehood. Yet this cannot be done without the Avesta being exhaustively expounded, and who does this? Who has lectured pointedly upon Ezra and Isaiah 44.45 in this light? Is that a question which should be slurred? It is the simple question of “universal salvation” for all time for the righteous, and Cyrus was the one signal obstacle to that mad man’s race-caste in religion. It treats all human beings as if they indeed had souls—to deny it is to deny all right and wrong. And yet we owe this to the Mazda-worshipper, whose God is in the Gāthas, the signal “Gentile” of all history. Who ever points this out properly in our Bible classes?

All these significant, or indeed magnificent facts—for there is no other word which could be used in philosophic light of some of them—have long been known, but few have thought them out at all, or have even tried to grasp them, much as they demand instant practical exploitation and application. All literature seems to unite against those who treat the subject with any approach to exhaustive science. Every sincere pastor wishes his flock to live above mere ceremonies—yet here is a religion made up of internal righteousness. It would not even stand a dubious Deity.

L. H. MILLS.

Oxford.

ALI PACHA CHERIF.

WITH the death of Ali Pacha Chérif, Egypt lost one of her most characteristic types of former days, who was described to me (and indeed I knew him well in the later years of his life) "as the true old Turkish grand Seigneur, Europeanised by a coating of French veneer. "He was the eldest brother of the famous Khalil Bey, called while his wealth lasted, *le petit Khalil cheri*, the same who being posted up as a defaulter at the Jockey Club in Paris for a gambling debt, exclaimed: "I have played and lost tens of thousands here, and you post me up for a mere trifle. Adieu!"

Ali, and this same Khalil, had been educated in France together with the late Khédive Ismail, Chérif Pacha, and many young Egyptians of that time. Ali was the head of one of the most powerful families in Egypt possessing 40,000 *feddans* of good land, these territorial estates are the best wealth in such a wonderfully productive country as that which owes its perennial richness to the Nile. The owner in this case, as in many others, knew little of the true value of money; he looked upon it as a means of enjoying himself, and gratifying any whim or fancy of the moment. Being very fond of horses he possessed a stud of thoroughbred Arabs of well-known pedigrees, but like most Orientals he was rather superstitious and feared the "evil eye," so could seldom be induced to show them: as for his pet mares, no one—or at the most only two or three persons—had ever seen them. It is difficult to describe the almost human expression of their beautiful eyes; the small head and square nose, immense length of manes and tails, in fact, the altogether perfect. The Pacha was a man of middle age when he escorted me through his large half-dark stables, and allowed me to stroke and fondle these peerless creatures.

Their master inhabited a fine ancestral palace in a rather out of the way quarter of Cairo ; it might have been splendid, but nothing would induce him to repair this tumble-down edifice, although every year he lavished enormous sums upon the construction of new houses or palaces, his particular fad being never to finish a single one ; some looking very desirable externally, had no doors to any of the rooms, others instead of windows were boarded up, or the staircases were without rails or baluster. Still the Pacha continued building up to the time of his death, as an old negro witch had predicted in his childhood, " that when he ceased to build, he would cease to live." Regarding this statement simply as a means of prolonging his life, he carried it out to the last. So sightly and unsightly skeleton abodes were left to his heirs, or rather his creditors ; for thanks to an army of useless retainers, the scandalous prevarications of his wekils, and money borrowed at exorbitant interest, the Pacha had frittered away his immense property, and had muddled his affairs so hopelessly that his own sons prayed the Court to grant a judicial council *de l'interdère* fresh mortgages of the amount of nearly a quarter of a million, which would have swallowed up the whole of his income.

During the Empire he passed much of his life in Paris, where his munificence and lavish expenditure made him quite a feature of the Bois and the Boulevards ; he naturally became a great favourite with the gay world and with the "Mammon " of both it and Clubland. A patron of art and artists, also a generous buyer of many beautiful things, his taste in pictures differed from that of the well-known French school ; he hated any work that required an explanation, or a knowledge of history or mythology, and resolved to choose his own subjects, which were to adorn the walls of a Pavilion in his beautiful garden on the Island of Rhoda washed by the abounding waters of the Nile. It was on this spot that we made his acquaintance when he had forgotten the episodes of youth and had settled down to live his own Eastern life. He gave us permission to use his garden when we liked, or even for picnics ; for the latter a card must be sent the day before in case any of his harem should be there.

Upon one special occasion a very large picnic had been arranged. We were on the island when suddenly the sun was

veiled and with a whirlwind the dreaded Khamsin burst over the garden ; the lunch had just been spread on various fancy tables, and the stone edge of a pond set round with arum lilies ; everybody seized a dish and rushed towards the Pavilion that our food might not be utterly spoilt by the dust. " Wait in the hall," some one shouted ; I felt quite angry, but when I saw Prince Blücher and Malortie leave the Pavilion, lock the door and keep the keys, I said nothing ; we made the hall as nice as we could and enjoyed everything. " O," said my neighbour, who was a very amusing person, " do you know what happened at a great Ball given in Cairo some years ago ? " " No," I answered, " what was it ? " " Well," he replied, " there was a long *buffet* massed with all the delicacies possible, and as you may imagine crowds in front of it, at each end were tall palms and shrubs ; standing among these was d'A—one of the French attachés, who saw a man put a lobster into the tail pocket of his dress coat. Immediately seizing a bowl of sauce he poured it into the other pocket, saying, " it is nothing without the mayonnaise." *Tàbleau* ! It appears that we were fortunate in not having stormed the Pavilion, a perfect pandemonium of Parisian beauties. Ali Pacha loved flowers, especially roses, and although these gardens were not well kept according to European ideas, we found them lovely, possessing rare shrubs, trees and creepers that no northern home could boast of except under glass ; the whole island was fragrant with the perfume of magnolias, orange trees, violets, and beds of mauve heliotrope. There were thousands of potted plants, and every year, like Prince Hussein Kamel, Ali Pacha received new and beautiful additions of any flowers he admired ; but unlike Prince Hussein he had no taste for landscape gardening, or perfect order.

Every morning bouquets were brought to him, some very large and lovely, and sent to his friends beginning with the Khédivah-Mére, followed by the Princesses in favour at the moment, Lady Cromer, and the wives of his friends. But his gifts were by no means limited to this select circle, for about five o'clock he would drive in a *vis-à-vis* with one of his many retainers by his side, and half a dozen enormous bouquets on the other ; when he saw any one he thought nice, he would pull a cord, this stopped his carriage and with a solemnity that often alarmed, he sent his gentleman in attendance to present a bunch

of flowers; the glance that followed the mysterious donor back to his Master's carriage varied according to the character of the recipient, but Ali Pacha always acknowledged it by touching his *tarbouche* without the shadow of a smile. This innocent pleasure sometimes led to sad complications; for instance, upon one occasion a man on horseback witnessed the little episode, and dashing up to his wife's coupé, he seized the flowers and reining in his horse by the *vis-à-vis* threw them into the Pacha's face!

Once seen, he was an easy person to find again, for he always sat bolt upright in his carriage, his massive form lightly buttoned in a frock coat, or more frequently the elegant *stamboulina* showing an edge of white waistcoat, a large linen collar, turned down all round, encircled a somewhat ponderous neck, further adorned by a bright red or blue tie passed through an enormous sapphire, or ruby ring, while his luxuriant and shining hair fell in long curls, and a black moustache gave him the military style of a last century's hero. In these days his red *tarbouche*, coquettishly placed on one side, made him look like some foreign artist that added a circus to his theatre.

Knowing everyone worth knowing, and doubtless many who were not, this kindly old gentleman was never so happy as when bowing right and left to a large circle; just as you have seen him in the drive, so would you recognise his person at the Opera in his box, usually alone in the middle of it, never leaning back, but with a powerful glass taking each box in turn and scrutinising the inmates with the eye of a judge; behind him were a couple of attendants, and of course a supply of bouquets for his friends before, and behind, the curtain. upon these occasions he gave the flowers himself, especially to the singers. Indeed the Opera appeared his Paradise, and the ladies of the *Corps de Ballet*, the *houris*, as they are supposed to be, in that blest region set apart for the Faithful. It was in this box that the crowning scene of "*Le petit Duc*" was enacted, which caused a great sensation at the time, The unfortunate Pacha knew nothing about it, and was frightened to death himself upon being told who the perpetrators of it were . . . I did not see it.

Most geperous, fond of society, I have been told his table was laid every day for twenty or thirty persons, these included grown-up sons, friends, and the chief officials of

his estates. He was a very sober man, but like the ex-Khédive, Ismail Pacha, a great eater, the food was always of a substantial character and ended with a "*Pilaf aux Beeffigués*," when possible, as it was his favourite dish, but none of the Europeans who lunched with him could eat as much. This pleased him immensely, and he would remark afterwards, "They are all too thin"; while the elegant Count Zichy or the powerful Baron d'Atzél would say, "How horribly fat these Turks and Egyptians are!"

A great favourite with Ismail, the Emperor of the French, and King Victor Emmanuel, the Pacha was particularly proud of his broad ribbon and the Star of the Legion of Honour, for both of which Malortie told me he showed his gratitude by right royal presents from his stud. While speaking of his horses, I may mention that upon one occasion we asked him why he disliked showing them, and if the real reason was that he feared the "evil eye." He smiled and said: "You have lived long enough amongst us to know that all Orientals believe more or less in the "evil eye." Is it not the cause of the donkey's necklace, the child's blue bead on the forehead, the carter's empty sardine box, and hare's foot tied upon the sorry beast he so cruelly ill-treats? Why then should I expose my pets to the gaze of a vulgar crowd, among whom there would certainly be some *jettatore*. But the chief reason why in years past I did not allow anyone inside my stables was this. I used to breed thoroughbreds and had some of the best Arabian blood in my mares, and among my race-horses; the fear then was more of jealous and envious knaves bent upon mischief, rather than the "evil eye" as instead of a fanciful superstition, it would have been as before a stern reality. I have had some strange experiences with so-called *connoisseurs*, who have forced their way into my paddocks, tampered with my racers, and given doubtful sugar to others. Then there is the additional reason of being so unwise as to call attention to any perfect specimen of horseflesh. You well know there are *two* beautiful things most men covet, not to mention certain people who by their insinuations and admiration could almost compel me, according to the custom of the country, to part with what I wanted to keep, and they wished to have. Now I have given up racing and breeding—my establishment is nil, although

I should never dream of selling the old stock, for they have *le pain de grace*. I almost feel it a slight to show the ruin of what was once all that the pure bred Arab ought to be. I think you will understand as the French proverb puts it: 'One cannot be, and have been.' "

Alas! what would the unfortunate Pacha have said could he have foreseen all that was to happen at his death, when the old pets were to be sold under the hammer for almost nothing. One shudders to think what may have been their fate, especially when the newspapers tell us of the monstrous and inhuman treatment of worn-out horses in England—that land of kindness to animals—but how terrible to think that in every community, among all nations of the world, there is the human fiend who *rejoices* in Cruelty. It was sad enough, years after, to see them huddled together in a corner of the auctioneer's yard, shouted at, pulled this way and that, their mouths jerked open, their eye-lids pushed back, and their ribs thumped: surely a bullet would have been a more merciful solution. At that moment when I visited the stud, any-one anticipating such a thing would indeed have been thought a prophet of evil.

Let us return to Ali Pacha Chérif and his share in public affairs. As I have already mentioned, he was rich and independent, and had never in days gone by accepted employment although repeatedly offered a seat in the Cabinet of Ismail Pacha, and the late Khédive Tewfik, but he hated any indoor occupations, especially mental work, and far more often admired a book's cover than its contents. Therefore it was with much difficulty that he was induced to accept the Presidency of the Egyptian Parliament, the Legislative Council, an office for which he seemed pre-eminently suitable as the representative of one of the most important Turko-Egyptian families. A favourite in the various European colonies, he was also esteemed by his own countrymen, and had a certain influence among the territorial magnates of his class, and Mohammedans generally, but that does not go very far unless a man is wise and astute.

Although always in his place presiding over the different Assemblies, being also "President of the General Assembly," which he conducted with all the quiet dignity of an Oriental,

and although perfectly grasping the honorary nature of his representative functions, he never lent himself to underhand intrigues or agitations, but did his best to conciliate different interests, and holding aloof from politics, endeavoured to confine the debates to such practical questions as concerned the country's needs, especially as regards agricultural development. He was, on the whole, the ideal chairman of an Eastern Parliament.

His retirement from this high office; and his rupture with all his former associates, social as well as official, was unfortunately brought about by a mistaken interpretation of the Anti-Slavery regulations. Born and accustomed to the notions and habits of a great Oriental establishment, its harem, eunuchs, slaves, and a large number of more or less useless people, the Pacha, like many other men of the same position, had taken no notice of the prohibition to import or buy new slaves. Consequently whenever there was a vacancy caused either by a marriage or a death, he made a new purchase in order to fill it, under the impression that no one would object to *his* doing so, and as he told us for the best of reasons, namely, that he could not leave the ladies of his harem without cooks or servants, and in a Mohammedan household it was impossible to engage free labour, or at least it would be attended with many difficulties.

However Col. Scheffer Bey,* Chief of the Anti-Slavery Department, was of a different opinion, and having been informed that a number of black slaves had repeatedly been smuggled into Cairo and sold to some of the leading residents, he had the people, who were suspected of acting as intermediaries, watched and caught *flagrante delicto*.

The women—four in number—had been brought from Upper Egypt nominally as the wives of their guardians, and once in Cairo were disposed of to three wealthy natives—one of them being H. E. Ali Pacha Cherif, "President of the Legislative Council." Immediately Col. Scheffer proceeded to arrest the accused, a most unusual and theatrical action; and one would think the first time a man of Ali Pacha Chérif's rank and position had been subjected to such a humiliation, but

* Married to a relative of Madame Nubar Pacha, the wife of the well-known Statesman and at one time a candidate for the Governorship of Crete.

we must remember that the law, especially in the East, is *above* both wealth and position in *the eyes of Europeans* ; still men of all nationalities—as well as natives—were surprised that the President of the Legislative Council should have appeared at a Police Station to be examined, and his doing so at once should have been a reason for treating him with all due regard to the official position he occupied. It is indeed a pity that the Pacha himself so far forgot that position as knowingly or unknowingly to break the law. However, notwithstanding his protest to Col. Scheffer, he was incarcerated and examined by one of the clerks. The aged Pacha, having appealed in vain to Scheffer Bey's superiors, turned to the Italian Agency for protection, and produced a document signed by King Victor Emmanuel, granting him the status of a naturalised Italian subject. On the strength of this paper the Italian Consul went himself to the Police Station and by order of his Government claimed the Pacha. There was much excitement at the Club over the episode, explanations, gesticulations and negotiations which lasted until the evening, when the Pacha was released—notwithstanding the fact that the Egyptian Government would not recognise the naturalisation which had been kept a secret for twenty-five years and was not registered at the Italian Consulate: neither had the Pacha complied with the duties of a naturalised subject; everyone seemed glad at a certain amount of elasticity being allowed in the matter and the President of the Legislative Council regained his freedom, but at the expense of his reputation. All Egyptians of any consequence, and certainly H. H.'s Government resented that a man occupying the high position of President of the Egyptian Parliament should have renounced his nationality, that office being incompatible with the status of an Italian subject. One might ask those who know, how many men intellectually of far more importance than Ali Pacha Chérif were *obliged* to possess such convenient documents, only hoping that it might never be necessary to use them ! *

Of course the Pacha's release did not prevent his being prosecuted with the other delinquents, and a most sensational

* It meant that not so very long ago in Egypt, life, liberty, and property, were at the mercy of any tyrant powerful enough to do mischief.

affair it was, arousing a violent polemic in the Press, and much ill-feeling among Egyptians.

The accused President of the Legislative Council, his brother-in-law and another person of less importance were found guilty of having infringed the law which had prohibited the slave trade, or the introduction of any men or women into Egypt for that purpose.

All existing slaves having been enfranchised, were permitted to claim their liberty if they wished, and also to ask for their papers of liberation ; therefore Ali Pacha Chérif and others were found guilty of evading and breaking the law.

Since his arrest the misguided Pacha had not left his bed, being distracted at the indignities to which he had been submitted, and his state of health was such that there was no question of his appearing in Court.

As had been expected, His Highness the Khédive, availing himself of his right of grace, pardoned the Pacha at once, and his two co-accused, but His Highness accepted Ali Chérif's resignation as "President of the Egyptian Parliament," and other functions.

From that moment Ali Pacha retired from the public gaze. He no longer would know Europeans, not even his friends—there was perhaps a slight exception in my favour, as I had never anything to do with men's affairs—I could not of course help hearing about them, Malortie's smoking-room being a rendezvous where all the gossip of the club and town was criticised and generally retailed for my benefit at dinner, but I never discussed what I heard ; therefore meeting my old friend one day in a beautiful garden he shook hands with me, touched his breast and his tarbouche, and sighed deeply ; I tried to make him smile over some glaring combination of mauve, blue, and red flowers, but there was not a smile left in his heart or eyes.

He would never forget the humiliations heaped upon him by Col. Scheffer's excess of zeal and want of tact. People said that in no country in the world would the President of a Parliament be dragged into a Police Court, or arrested like a common felon. It was too much for the kindly old gentleman, whose fault centered in the fact that he thought himself *above the law*—but to a mind imbued with the spirit of justice, it is a crime that any person should have such an idea.

"Slaves ! what could his household do without them ? Was he a slave-driver of the Congo ?—(or he might have added a Maker of Chocolate !) His women were all well treated, they had their presents at Bairam, silks and satins he bought himself at the best shops in Cairo and Alexandria, and now, over women *black and ugly*, only costing £25 each, he had been made to suffer unheard of indignities, while they were only too happy to have found a quiet home ! "

Was the Pacha alone in not being able to understand what such a person *had lost* ? I fear in many other countries, nay even in *religious* towns, there is the same lack of imagination and compassion. Nevertheless, one of the glories of the British Flag is, that no human being can be a *recognised slave* where that flag is exercising its beneficent and protective power.

There could be no such abomination as one law for the rich and another for the poor, therefore whoever he was, the law-breaker must pay the penalty. Notwithstanding the graciousness of H. H. the Khédive, the sympathy of Europeans and others, the blow had been a rude one ; Government officials keep a very stiff upper lip over such lapses, as there are so *many attempted*, that people never hear about.

The Pacha withdrew into his harem and was there surrounded and comforted by the loving care of his wives, their ladies and slaves, servants I should say ; he declined to receive his sons and declared he would not leave a piaster to any of his children ; moreover, he borrowed money at ruinous interest saying he would live royally inside his palace, whatever happened outside of it : but the circumstances of the case required attention, the family reluctantly appealed to the Khédive, and finally to the Courts praying for the appointment of a judicial trustee, and thus it came to pass that the once powerful Ali Pacha Chérif found himself interdicted, like a young spendthrift, with his oldest friend, the esteemed and honourable Sabet Pacha, appointed by the Khédive as his trustee.

This marked the beginning of the end—his health rapidly grew worse, and the only thing he did was to visit his half-finished houses and other buildings, truly a melancholy occupation, but he must continue it, for was not the prophecy of the old negress ever ringing in his ears,—“ When you cease to build, you will cease to live.” Therefore a shut carriage came every

morning to fetch him for the daily round, although the expenditure was necessarily restricted, he being no longer master of his own purse. Fortunately, the altered conditions of his life were not to be a long torment; the last time I saw him his appearance had greatly changed, the glossy curls were dishevelled, the stamboulina seemed loose and untidy, he lolled back in his brougham, where there were no bright flowers, as he had ceased to care, or even notice, if the people who passed him were young or old, pretty or the reverse. He must press on to his work, for a new villa absorbed his attention, and *permission* was needed in order to finish it—there appeared some difficulty, a delay in answering this humiliating request, so one morning having been thrown into a violent fit of anger, he rose quickly from his luncheon and fell back a dead man.

One may say of Ali Pacha Chérif that he was kind and good-natured, especially to the French and Italian Colony. In the years of long ago, I have heard he helped the Khédives Saïd and Ismaïl Pachas to form civilised relations with Europe and Europeans.

He had been hated and loved at different times by his various relatives—as he served their purpose—vehemently cursed, or tearfully blessed, and was among the last of that phalanx of old Egyptian Pachas who did what they liked and believed in it.

I am above the law, is what they thought, and cherished the idea. He was in his way a patriot but one of those of whom it may be said—

“Custom lies upon them with a weight,—
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.”

We were sorry when he died.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

(Concluded from our last number.)

SIR OLIVER LODGE says that the problem of reconciling absolute prediction of events with real freedom of the actors in the drama "involves a treatment of the subject of time", and "depends on a question of boundaries." There is "a subjective partition in the Universe" and "we are living on one side of a boundary" and feel "the illusion of unstimulated and unmotivated freedom of action, and the difficulty of reconciling this with the felt necessity for general determination and causation." We are not lawlessly free. We are a part of a cosmos, not a chaos. "Free will and Determinism are both true, and, in a completely known universe, would cease to be contradictions. We are free and we are controlled. We are free in so far as our sensible surroundings and immediate environments are concerned, that is, we can choose between alternatives as they present themselves. We are controlled as being intrinsic parts of an entire cosmos suffused with law and order. . . . Conscious unison with the entire scheme of existence is identical with perfect freedom. The transcendental region is not inoperative because it is unknown." This is one view. An Astronomer ensconced in his observatory sees things which we do not see. To the Timeless again what is succession to us is simultaneity. Those who meditate on Him, or on his symbol Time, may see what ordinary men cannot see.

There is another view which is set forth by Professor James. He says :

"Suppose two men before a chess-board—the one a novice, the other an expert player of the game. The expert intends to

beat. But he cannot foresee exactly what any one actual move of his adversary may be. He knows, however, all the possible moves of the latter, and he knows in advance how to meet each of them by a move of his own, which leads in the direction of victory. And the victory infallibly arrives, after no matter how devious a course, in the one predestined form of check-mate to the novice's king.

"Let now the novice stand for us finite free agents, and the expert for the infinite mind in which the universe lies." This is the Professor's argument in favour of finite free-will. May it not, to some extent, throw light on the possibility of foretelling the future, within certain given limits.

Again, what do we really know of æther, or even of thought? "There are cases" says Professor James "where faith creates its own verification", and is justified of its' children. How can we be sure that the intense faith of the Yogi is not creative in this sense?

The velocity of light differs in different transparent media. Similarly the light of spiritual truth differs in different minds. Light is simply one process in ether, electricity is another, heat a third. May there not be a fourth process of which we know very little. Again may there not be a metether? A personal equation enters into our spatial experiences. So also it must into our metetherial experiences. What again do we know of the ego? What makes it conscious of its unity and identity? What makes the consciousness of *unity in difference* the essence of its empirical knowledge? Why should we suppose that it is incapable of higher knowledge? He who has made Himself a transcendental ideal to us, He who has supreme ontological perfection may, in His regnum gratiæ, have shown the way to masters of Yoga, of completely subordinating the empirical side of Nature and realizing Unity in Variety.

Yoga is after all merely spiritual insight, raised to infinity. No one can fairly deny the existence of spiritual insight, and the only question, therefore, is if it can be raised to infinity. The

Lord who has given us self-denial, is said to have commenced with self-denial. His abnegation of self brought first the Equilibrated Prakriti into existence and the Non-equilibrated into action. With its action, came the attraction of like for unlike and the repulsion of like for like, in *evolution*, for the purpose of greater and greater differentiation of the individual ; and the attraction of like for like and the repulsion of like for unlike, in *involution*, for the purpose of greater and greater integration, and conservation of the species. The introduction of the continua in psychology has given it a great deal of symmetry, but modern psychology is still averse to the introduction of the Yogic idea of the continuity of the Ego in more lives than one, though continua of memory, presentation, representation and constructive ideation in one life are now freely spoken of.

One method of proof in mathematics is to start with certain assumptions, and prove them to be true by verifying the conclusions arrived at. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Sankhya and Yoga duality of Purush and Prakriti in *phenomena* is a mere postulate, is it not verified by the science of electricity ? Is there such verification forthcoming for any other duality explaining the phenomenal world, including the world of thought, feeling and imagination ? Yoga, however, rises above the duality, after making the fullest use of it for elucidation of phenomena, for Yoga posits a Noumenon, and even goes so far as to give rules for becoming one with it.

So long as we cannot rise above empirical thought, duality cannot be dispensed with : there must be a subject and an object. But how is it that we are able simultaneously to cognize both the subject and the object. How can the object be cognized at all by the subject, unless there is a common denominator ? What is the relation between the Akarmic and the Karmic Ego, the pure Purush and the concrete individual ? Why is Kant himself forced to assume a permanent in time ? Is not a residual Reality assumed in every ætiological or morphological explanation of Science. Truly, "Subject and Object are one thing perpetually dividing itself into two poles." Even if we take this merely as a working hypothesis, and work out the results, we find them more in harmony with fact than if any other hypothesis is adopted.

The *Apranami* Purush, according to Yoga, is to the *Pranami* Prakriti what the sun is to the earth, a source of life and light. Like the sun, the Purush is not affected by the acts or omissions, the light or darkness of, Prakriti, but, so long as He is identified with the knowing subject in conscious experience, He *appears* to be so affected. The Purush is to the working mind what the sun is to the eye, what the air is to the ear. But when all reflex processes, all refractions and polarizations cease to trouble the mind, and, it is, by long practice and detachment, ready to cognize the pure Purush, Samadhi is possible, and the habit of Samadhi (it is said) creates an inner light which neither Kant nor any of his followers has taken into account.

Bury a live cinder in ashes and you have neither heat nor light. Remove the ashes and place the live cinder in a heap of straw : there is abundance then both of light and heat. This is an illustration given in Yogic books of the burst of Yogic powers in a person who has worked hard for them in his previous life, when he is placed in favourable surroundings or when a favourable occasion occurs. Just as by means of language and reasoning, man, thanks to the Purush within, "rises out of the animal immersion in the present and is able to anticipate the future," so, by devotion and meditation and purity, a man can become superman, and the superman can raise his spiritual insight to an infinite degree. The thing in itself is never a mere "limit-concept" to the Yogi, if the Yoga Sutras are believed.

But the discipline insisted on can never make Yoga a popular study. There are very few who care to understand the self or the non-self, very few who care to even ask how they are connected with the system of things outside themselves, what makes it perceptible or intelligible, what proves its existence, what brings about its transformations and the transformations of the cognizing faculty, and what conditions are necessarily involved in any synthetic combination of the elements of experience by our consciousness. Comparison, abstraction and generalisation are great powers. The realization of the manifold of sense and the forms of perception, through what Kant called "productive imagination", is a great power. The conjunction of the manifold in time

MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER

by means of the categories of Quantity, Quality, Relation and Modality is a great power. But all these powers pale into insignificance beside the romance of the soul hungering and thirsting for its Beloved, searching for the Only Real in all polarities and antinomies, and succeeding in its quest at last through His grace. If there are few who understand how partitions between sense and perception, perception and understanding, understanding and reason, reason and the soul are got over in actual experience, if there are few who understand how the objective becomes subjective, how few must be those who understand the romance of the soul. *Verily Yoga may turn out to be the Truth.*

"Shall I not have intelligence with the earth?" asks Thoreau. "Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?" Yes certainly, dear good man. You are no "skulker," no "stoico-epicurean adiaphorist," no "ragged, sun-browned, slovenly, solemn person," no "misanthrope," as you have been described by various kindly critics. You are a true *aparigrahi*, in the Yogic sense. Your greatest skill is, as you have truly said, "to want but little." The truest estimate of your character is this:

"This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

This poet and naturalist has been systematically learning and practising self-dependence. "I am", he writes, "a school-master, a private tutor, a carpenter, a gardener, a farmer, a painter (I mean a house painter), a mason, a day-labourer, a pencil-maker, a glass paper maker, a writer, and sometimes a poetaster." His prayer is "Grant that I may not disappoint myself and that I may greatly disappoint my friends." He says that to be popular is "to go down perpendicularly." His steadiest employment is to keep himself at the top of his condition, and ready for whatever might "turn up in heaven or on earth."

"Wouldst thou escape the coming ill
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets to sour."

General Gordon quotes this from the Ring of Polycrates, in one of his letters. He was apparently of Thoreau's mind, in this respect. Let me never complain of pain or suffering. Suffering is truly a gift of the gods, "like love or death." Yoga is not possible without it.

Wealth can purchase the amusements of the field, of the road, of the mountain, of the river and the sea. It can purchase the amusements of the country and of the town. It can give me horses, carriages and automobiles. It can give me parks, pleasures and country-houses. It can give me pictures, statues, music and books, jewels, rich stuffs, the produce of Eastern and Western looms, the splendour and luxury of living, the delights of travel, the pleasures of the mind and the triumphs of society. But can it purchase His love, can it give the deep contentment of the Soul that comes to Her when she possesses Him. Can twenty per cent. dividends, or even centum per centum dividends, help me? No, not all the wealth of the Rockfellers and Carnegies, the Liptons, the Harrods, the Harrimans and the Whiteleys can do me any good. The mind conceives and the heart desires a better kind of wealth. It is Yoga.

The villain Iago enunciated a truth of the Gita, when he said, " 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens (kshetra), to which our wills are gardeners, so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop or weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills." The loafer Lucio also said truly :

" Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

Yoga requires persistent effort and perfect faith.

Are we "villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence"? Has all that is evil in us come "by a divine thrusting on"? Are the sun, moon and stars guilty of our misfor-

tunes ? Like Newton's gravitational constant, there are certain spiritual and ethical constants, but just as gravitation does not affect appreciably our freedom of locomotion, so these constants do not appreciably affect our freedom of action unless we choose to lose it. It is the royal, the divine gift of freedom which has mingled "beauty with infirmities", and "pure perfection with impure defeature" and brought about "mad mischances and much misery." The wheel of eternal justice makes us reap what we sow, but the Eternal is ever ready to help us to sow afresh and help us to be free, if we seek His help with faith and love.

Four hundred rupees' worth of Radium hardly gives an emanation of the size of a pin's head. But this infinitesimal quantity is conspicuous even if mixed with a million million times its own volume of air. What then must be the radiance of the Eternal ?

If the air in the neighbourhood of Radium becomes a conductor of electricity, why may not the air in the neighbourhood of a radiant saint become a conductor of holiness ?

If a salt of Radium—placed in a glass tube and gently heated—gives out gas which is radio-active, why may not the salt of a good man's life, placed in the crystalline mind of a disciple and heated with his love generate saintliness ? The activity of Radium is almost infinite, but its emanation decays daily until the activity is nil—decays but is converted into solid products like Helium, having a smaller volume compared with its own and ceasing to be radio-active in a few hours—while Radium goes on "brewing fresh emanations." May not His Radiance be capable of greater achievements ? The subtle, we see, becomes gross, and the gross, we see, loses the characteristics of the subtle. The All-pervasive Life is subtler than the subtlest form of matter. Should we disbelieve in it because it is invisible ?

If Radium can heal face-cancer, may not His radiance heal heart cancer ?

"The loud roaring loom of time, with all its French Revolutions or Jewish Revelations," says Carlyle, "weaves the vesture

thou seest Him by." Every biography of a man or a history of a nation, according to him," wraps in it a message out of heaven addressed to the hearing ear or not hearing", and universal history, the autobiography of mankind, is " a mighty drama enacted on the theatre of Infinitude", and is " the clouded struggling image of a God's presence." The boundless field of time is our " fair seed-field ", and " the light that enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world, a flowing light-fountain, in whose radiance all souls feel that all is well with them"—that light is still with us. Truly God is in His heaven within and without us, and " all's right with the world," though like wilful children we do not understand why we are corrected or why certain apparently delightful things are withheld from us, or why we do not at once reap what we sow.

The Timeless became Time, and the Timeless, it is said, played with Time and imposed a limitation on Himself. Then sprang forth the free ones in the reign of Time, and from the free ones came law and lawlessness, love and lovelessness, freedom and bondage. But Time is bringing good out of evil, and has a plan of its own, which those having faith in it are sure one day to understand. We have only to mark the mysteries in our own senses of perception and powers of thought and feeling and imagination, to realize that the quest for a solution of the riddle is not a purposeless task laid on us, and that as self-help has been developed, to an enormous extent, under the wise guidance of the spirit, self realisation also may be one of the ordained fruits, a fruit better than any that grew in paradise.

Is there a better world than this earth? An imaginative writer of the present day describes heaven as " a place where those we love will always be with us, and never misconceive us—a place of glorious work to do and of adequate faculties to do it—a world of solved problems, of realized ideals, of new ideas, a place where we shall learn the secrets of space, the wonders of the stars, and of the regions beyond the stars, a book of knowledge with eternal leaves, and unbounded faculties to read and understand it." The Yoga Sutras tell us of higher powers culminating in even the power and knowledge of Ishwara. The ladder is a heavenly one : let us

never lose faith, for faith may be able to bring about its own realisation, and let us never cease to love.

In the black eye and in the blue, I see Thee, Beloved. In clear complexions iridescent with roses and lilies, in lovely features, melting eyes, enchanting figures, I see Thee, Beloved, not less in the charms of plain women, in splendid large dark eyes with deep fires lighting up and glorifying a face with grievous drawbacks, with no exquisite grace, no classical outline. I see Thee in clouds of soft rich hair redeeming flaws in countenance, in rich voices, in radiant smiles of the eyes and the lips, in grace of movement, its dignity, balance and rhythm. I see Thee when a woman walks "supple as a snake, straight as a dart, and proud as a tiger lily." I see Thee in "lips that can wait, eyes that do not wander." I see Thee even in piquante changes of get-up, but I see Thee most in high-breeding, in strength of intellect, in charms of manner, subtle and complex, in force of character, in self-control, in self-effacement

Is Thy name Difficulty ? Is not also Thy name Facility. Difficulty—Facility—do Thou, my Difficulty, become my Facility.

The greyhound of deliverance is ever chasing the wolf of destruction. Love is truly the heart and the fulfilment of Law. And Faith whispers that finer and finer forces are coming into play in order to make us catch a glimpse of Perfection by the realization of Imperfection.

Aphrodite, the goddess of Beauty and Love, was also called Urania, as she was one of the daughters of Uranus after he was maimed by his own son Cronos. The Sankhya compares the conjunction of Purush and Prakriti to a maimed seeing person borne by a blind walker. The one has no legs, the other has no eyes. The seer, therefore, lends his eyes to his blind companion, and the latter enables him to move from place to place. When Time puts the first limitation on the Timeless, when Cronos maims Uranus, Urania comes forth to remind us of the Timeless. The Graces work her garments with flowers fragrant with Love, and she is so beautiful that even her inanimate representations in-

toxicate a Pygmalion. The lover of God, similarly, sees Him even in what are called inanimate objects. His faith is great, as great as his love, and the child of his faith and love is hope, hope of union.

Love makes him prudent, prudent in avoiding all distractions, all fame and name, wealth and luxury, and everything coming between him and his Beloved. His love makes him temperate, temperate in all things in order that he may not have to go for advice or aid to doctors or lawyers. His love makes him courageous, courageous in the path of Ahimsa, Bhakti and Samadhi. His love makes him just, just in appraising the value of the changeful and the changeless, the perishable and the imperishable, the corruptible and the incorruptible. In silence, he courts utter forgetfulness of self, and in forgetfulness of self he ecstatically approaches His God. He cares little for miraculous powers : He wants His God and nothing but God, the Self-Beautiful.

[THE END.]

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR.

A man of thirty-five or thereabouts was lying on the beach gazing abstractedly across the sea that leapt and flashed under the noonday sun. One solitary vessel was in sight, a schooner which approached from the South-east under a fascinating spread of canvas; but the man paid no heed. He was engaged, for possibly the thousandth time, in wondering what had happened to the steamer that twelve years ago had borne away the winsome woman he had asked to be his wife. Her farewell haunted him:

"Harold," she had said, with eyes that seemed to pierce him through and through—

"Let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain,

And we are here as on a darkling plain;

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight

Where ignorant armies clash by night."

(MATHEW ARNOLD.)

Then she had kist him. Often they two had sat together, arms entwined loverwise, the poems of Mathew Arnold on their knees, and read, and dreamed, and read and dreamed again; and of the many passages they loved, this one, for some inexplicable reason, some subtle suitability to their own individual thoughts, had impressed them the most. To-day the trees had whispered it, the birds had trilled it, as he walked the five-mile stretch to Kilman's Beach: and now the wind chanted

it psalm-like in his ear, to the strong music of the billows. He did not altogether like this strange insistence ; his face assumed a petulant expression and he tossed his head as though to throw the thought aside.

It was a handsome face enough ; a good face you'd have said after a quick examination of the lips and eyes : but faces are not read so easily as printed books, you would have been mistaken. Harold was not a good man, though he went to Church no doubt, and paid his debts sooner or later, and for the most part acted truthfully and honestly in business. Beneath this semblance of respectability and honour he led a life, which he had never striven to justify even to himself, simply because it had not struck him that it needed justification. He had accepted things as he had found them, and done as others did, and thought himself no sinner.

At last the schooner caught his eye ; she was hove-to. Away went thoughts of Isobel to the four winds. " A boat—how odd," he muttered to himself, as unmistakably a boat was lowered and presently began to move in towards the land. He watched its progress with increasing interest ; sprang up and briskly walked along the sand to where it seemed approaching. Soon he could see the face of the steersman and—surely it could not be—a woman ? Yes, a woman. He smothered his consuming curiosity and, hands in pockets, sauntered back again.

S-S-Sh ! he could hear the bows rush on the shore. Look back ? Not he ! He had some gentlemanly instincts ! But when he heard the steady clump-a-clump of the oars again, he ventured to swing round. By all the powers, the woman was marooned !

With the first chivalrous impulse of helping the deserted, he took two hasty steps in her direction : then caution overbore him. A thousand stupid thoughts swept through his brain, among them that of small-pox. He turned and thinking, " She'll call me if she wants me ; better wait," strolled along slowly and with almost ostentatious carelessness. Presently he was startled and not a little agitated to hear a swift pat-a-pat of eager feet racing along the sand. Nearer and nearer came the sound ; he could no longer hold himself in check, he turned—to hear his name, and feel soft arms around his neck, soft lips upon his cheek. A moment of bewilderment gave place to sudden understanding of the miracle, and in a tempest of emotion he clasped his long-lost

Isobel tighter and tighter in his arms and pressed his quivering lips to hers as though he'd suck her very soul from out them.

* * * * *

"How came you to land here?" he cried in wonder, after coherent thought and speech returned.

"I happened to be looking through the telescope and caught you lying on the beach. I knew you in a moment—silly boy—and asked the captain to oblige me by setting me ashore. He was dumbfounded; but I soon convinced him that I knew my way about—

"Confound it all!"

"Darling?"

"They must have seen us!"

"Very likely, what of that?—and so they landed me: you know the rest."

"But wherever have you been these weary years, sweetheart?"

"On a wee coral island—I don't believe it has a name. The "Waimataitai" foundered in a hurricane, and the lifeboat I was in was splintered on a reef. Most fortunately I was clad in a man's dress and had a cork-belt strapped round me. I must have swum to land unconsciously—there was no current—and with the dawn I woke up in the arms of a broad-chested naked savage who gazed at me most tenderly. He was the chief of a small band of natives and made me welcome in his hut. He fell in love with me: after a month or so I married him"—

"Married him?" queried Harold, starting back.

"Yes, married him—why not?"

"I thought you said you loved me still," he said.

"And so I do"

"Yes! a fine kind of love," he cried contemptuously; "a pretty kind of love that let you go and mate with squalid savages."

"A splendid fellow, Harold; taller than you, and broader; why, he could break a man like you across his knee!"

"A savage; ugh! and a lot of half-caste brats—

"Harold; you're speaking of my children; be a gentleman. You never saw such children here, I vow. The youngest is but two, the eldest ten, and looks like an English boy of fourteen or fifteen."

" Good God, woman ! — "

" What's the matter ? "

" The matter ! O ! it's inconceivable ! you, Isobel Maitland—

" Isobel Ranui."

"—the wife of a savage islander and mother of his children ! And calmly talking there as if you'd not eternally disgraced your name, yourself and— "

" And ? "

" And me ! "

She lookt at him and laught a long low musical ripple of laughter learned under warmer skies than ours, while Harold stared at her in a strange mixture of wonder and disgust.

" Sit down, you foolish boy."

He hesitated, then obeyed. She took his hand : he drew it quickly back. She stroked his hair : he tost his head impatiently. She lookt at him with the old piercing look : the farewell verses rang in his brain—out of her own mouth he'd convict her—

" Harold ", she askt him quietly, " have you been true to me ? "

" You dare to ask that question ! "

" Yes, I dare : I have kept my vows. No love has come between your life and mine. For twelve long years from dawn to dark—yes, often in my dreams have I been with you, singing dear Arnold's words—in case you should forget them."

" Darling, you were but trying me ? "

" Trying you, how ? "

" With all that awful talk of being married ? "

Again she looked him through and through holding the hands that he had hastily stretched out to her in his relief.

" Harold, I told the truth."

What should he do ? She did not seem to feel his scorn, his anger. Leave her a little to collect his thoughts ? Or leave her then and there for ever ? And all the time she lookt at him, deep down into his soul—and saw it all—

" Going ? " she asked ; and he surrendered to the spell, protesting feebly.

" I cannot understand it."

" No, dear, not yet ; but you will soon. Think of my life upon that desert island—desert of every loftier enjoyment and pursuit ; nothing to do save walk about and eat ; no working necessary, for Nature had provided for her children's wants in

countless ways ; far from all chance of being pickt up by a passing vessel—there were no passing vessels ; for our steamer had been driven from her course. My good chief—give me back your hand—”—Harold replaced in hers the hand that he had hurriedly withdrawn—“ my good chief, he who saved my life, had learned to love me. He could not understand a love that rose entirely above matters of the flesh—how many of your “ civilised ” men are able to ?—he wished to marry me, make me the mother of his babes.” Harold’s hands shook, but this time they were not withdrawn.

“ I should have died of ennui, or gone mad with naught to do ; I should have spoilt a brave man’s life—a brave man’s life, my Love ; and when I thought it over, and put you in my place and felt that you would surely take a mate among the islanders and get you sons and daughters, I told my chief that I would be his wife.

“ His only wife ? ” said Harold with a spasm. #

“ I did not say so.” .

“ Belle ? ”

“ What right had I to upset all his moral world because it was not mine. No, had he come with me to my land, I should perhaps have had the right to ask of him so great a sacrifice.”

“ We have three boys, two girls. The eldest boy—I called him Harold.”

Then was the hard heart conquered, and the man’s hot tears rolled slowly down upon the two brown hands he covered with his kisses. After a space she asked him once again :—

“ Harold, have you been true to me ? ”

He hesitated, and then said doggedly, “ I have not married.”

“ Perhaps,” she said with all the gentleness of love that sees and pities : “ perhaps it had been better if thou hadst.”

Ah, they would “ thou ” each other in the olden days, and the touch broke him up completely. He sobbed, three or four wrenching sobs, and then, grasping her hand till she could scarcely bear the pain, he told her, through clenched teeth the truth of *his* twelve years ; and begged her to forgive him and forget him.

“ Forgive ? ” she echoed, and raised his heavy head up, up, up, till he perforce must look at her and see the lovelight in her eyes, receive his absolution from her lips. “ You needed me, my Love, and I was far ; you were not strong enough to stand

alone. "Forget?" She laughed again the light low musical ripple of laughter; "you ask too hard a service, Harold."

.

They wed, these two—why not? They loved each other. Ranui was not desolate, he had his other wives; and the children of his love not hers, were his by right. He was a man, that islander, and when the wonder of his lifetime, that little trading schooner, cast anchor in his bay, and his white wife pled earnestly for liberty, he only said:—

"Go, Sea-drift, the white chief has waited long; I have thy children."

And she lost her eldest boy and went.

D. W. M. BURN.

New Zealand.

IDEALISM.

When Launcelot sweet Guinevere did bring
To kneel beside the blue-eyed Saxon king,
She whispered, 'mid the May-birds' carolling
My lord and king, I love thee to the death!

'
Then Arthur raised and kissed his Guinevere;
He pledged his trust and faith; he drew her near
And promised, in the May-time of the year,
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!

.

In me my love has conquered all my pride;
In me my faith sweeps jealousy aside
To cherish still the love that long has died;
Let come what will, I love thee to the death!

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York.

N E P E N T H E.

THERE was once a man who was afraid, and his fear was that ancient fear which lurks at the heart of every man—the fear of death. But to this man the fear was a live thing—not something to be hidden deep in one's soul, but a bedfellow for the night watches, a guest at every meal. He could not endure the thought that the living sap must leave his body, that the worm must occupy the chambers of his eyes, that the goodly white flesh, the red trickles of blood must become corruption unspeakable. His terror was of the dank mould of the tomb. Even of the survival of his soul he was not sure—might not it too, become a part of that last hideous disintegration? So the man was greatly afraid.

Now a man cannot allow such fear as this to take him by the throat; he must grip it somehow. Somehow he must keep it at arm's length. So this man cast about him for something which would bring him surcease from his terror. It was a forgetfulness he sought—a strong room of the mind in which to bolt and doublelock his fear.

First he decided that he would try whether strong liquor would help him. He experimented with the jovial ale and beer of England, the ardent spirits of Scotland and Ireland, and the warm suave wines of France. Lastly, he indulged in absinthe. He came to love the opalescent sheen, the lights that flamed, and came to have forever the taste of aniseed in his mouth, and then died; and then there came the forgetfulness he sought. Like the green fairy-folks peopled his dreams—they peopled at last his days as well. They gentled him and crooned to him, their clear, tinkling laughter always in his ears, and thicker, ever thicker, they gathered about him. He was happy. But there came a day when, with the aniseed taste strong in his mouth, the man found that his fairy-folks had vanished. (More and yet more of that liquor with the lights

to bring them back.) There came instead his old-time horrors—skulls with a faint phosphorescence about their whiteness, worms with baleful green eyes, that crawled. His spurred imagination beset him with fresh and fantastic visions of the charnel-house and behind them all there played a ghastly lambent fire, a faint illumination in green. Never for him would the colour regain its restfulness. The fairy-folks were but Lorelei, Wills-o'-the-Wisp after all. Slowly, shudderingly, with lapse and curse he drew himself away.

It happened that a woman looked upon him pityingly as he fought the fear and the drink together. There was in her eyes not the icy chastity of the immaculate, but the warm understanding of the fellow-human. Yet she was young. There hung about her still the mystic, impalpable appeal of sex. Such marks as time had left—the graver tenderness of her eyes, the sweeter lines about her mouth—had made her more desirable. The man enlisted her to help him fight, and as the alcohol cleared from his veins, there entered the more insidious fire of love. Wild ardours possessed him, he was swept by a drunkenness such as no liquor can give. Primal desire cast every other emotion from his mind and left the man, exultant in a man's passion, and again master of his soul. For in her eyes was that which drowned his fear—a yearning sympathy—love with a touch of mothering—the love of the female for her mate. She became his. Her white body was sometimes as a strange perfumed draught, an intoxicating essence which mounted to his brain, sometimes a temple, a shrine, a place of reverential adoration. Alternately he crushed and caressed her, and in those moments when with hand and lip they sought each other, it seemed well that death should not delay lest further living brought them anti-climax. Exultingly he would mock at death, daring it to do its puny worst, for, surely, life could hold no more. So love and life slipped by together.

But passion is at best ephemeral. It carries germs of its own decay. One morning the man awoke and looked at the woman. In her eyes shone that constant sympathy, her ready hand was seeking his, but gone was the glamour, the mystic appeal. For the first time he saw her as she was—but woman. The man perceived that within himself lay the change; he felt that he had been straying after another Will-o'-the-Wisp. What indeed had kept him blind? So, as he laid his perfunctory kiss

upon her lips, he was thinking that now he needs must seek another shield from his fear. Dimly he glimpsed a truth—these intoxications were but creatures of the sense, fruits of desire, and they could not be permanent. He must seek something more austere, something more purely mental. . . . Presently there came to him a thirst for fame and it was fame as a writer that he desired.

The artistic impulse, till then dormant within him, had stirred. He felt within himself the creative urge. He would be a modern alchemist, transmuting his experience and his fear into living words. And now there met him the first of the writer's difficulties. For the first time he realised how comprehensive a thing is thought and how limited in comparison is language. Ideas conceived easily and rapidly by his mind refused to clothe themselves in words, or when they did so, were so well cloaked that he could hardly recognise them himself. Very rarely could he imprison in language the thoughts which crowded through his brain. Knowing what he was endeavouring to express, he saw how tawdry and how inanimate were his words. Yet there were compensations. At times a felicitous phrase would slip easily from his pen—no struggle for birth, no striving to improve it when born. Now and then he would manage to write the exact thought of his brain and at such times as these he would feel a pleasure which seemed quite out of proportion to the little achievement. He could not understand how he did his best work. He seemed to write his finest passages almost in a state of trance, and gradually there came upon him the conviction that he was but an instrument tapping an ever-flowing, never-failing source. In common with many writers of all times he believed his best work to be inspirational. Constant practice with his pen and many attempts at fostering this inspirational side of his writing, at length brought him the fame he desired. Not that his name was ever worthy to be counted with the Immortals—he had merely a large if not too exacting following. He had the plaudits of his readers, the critics were kindly, and he could at times feel some slight pride and satisfaction with his work. Once more he lived in a fairy world, the world of his own creations. His characters were more real to him than those about him, their fears and hopes more to him than his own. Apart from this he was living in an atmosphere of flattery, alike from publishers and press and public. It was very sweet to hear his name extolled, to hear himself discussed as he

walked along the street. There came a complacent look upon his face and he learned to carry his head high. His fear was gone—drowned perhaps in sweet flattery, ousted perhaps by the fears of his characters. Yet there hung dimly at the back of his mind a doubt. Had he not been deceived twice already? How long would he be safe? It wasn't long. Perhaps the doubt itself helped to bring back his fear. Perhaps he was merely soul-tired. Certainly he was lacking in one essential of the great artist—the work for its own sake was not enough. He had fed on the adoration of the crowd. Presently the conviction began to creep upon him that fame was but a child's toy, and of little worth. Now that he was the distant idol of the crowd he craved a little more human fellowship. He was too far from his kind. In his loneliness the fear took its place at his heart again.

That was life after all. A striving and a striving and then—bitter disappointment. One grows beyond one's desires while attaining them. Wearily the man opened his desk and took out a revolver. Idly he clicked the cylinder round. Yes, that was best. In death we lose the fear of death. How cold the little circle felt against his temple. . . . His servant found him perhaps an hour later. The body lay back easily in the deep chair, and an unmistakable smile hovered round the cold lips. At last his fear was dead.

GUY N. MORRIS.

New Zealand.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PURANAS.

THE name Purana, which implies old, indicates the object of the compilation, namely, the preservation of ancient traditions. The description given by Professor Colebrooke of the contents of a Purana is taken from Sanskrit writers. The Lexicon of Amara Sinha gives as a synonym of Purana, Pancha-lakshanam, that which has five characteristic topics, and there is no difference of opinion among scholars as to what these are. 1. Primary creation or cosmogony; 2. Secondary creation or the destruction and renovation of worlds including chronology; 3. Genealogy of gods and patriarchs; 4. Reigns of the Manus or periods called Manwantaras; and 5. History or such particulars as have been preserved of the princes of the solar and lunar races and of their descendants to modern times. The different works known by the name of Purana are evidently derived from the same religious works as the Ramayana and Mahabharata or from the mytho-heroic stage of Hindu belief. They present, however, peculiarities which designate their belonging to a later period, and to an important modification in the progress of opinion. They repeat the theoretical cosmogony of the two great poems; they expand and systematise the chronological computations; and they give a more definite and connected representation of the mythological fictions and the historical traditions. But apart from these and other particulars which may be derived from an old, if not from primitive, era, they offer characteristic peculiarities of a more modern description which they assign to individual divinities, in the variety and purport of the rites and observances addressed to them, and in the invention of new legends illustrative of the power and graciousness of those deities and of the efficacy of implicit devotion to them. Siva and Vishnu are almost the sole objects that claim the homage of the Hindus in the Puranas, which thus depart from the domestic and elementary ritual of the Vedas and exhibit a sectarian fervour and exclusiveness not traceable in the Ramayana and only to a qualified extent in the Mahabharata.

No doubt many of the Puranas, as they now are, offer conformity to the view which Col. Vans Kennedy takes of their purport. "I cannot discover in them," he says, "any other object than that of religious instruction."

The description of the earth and the planetary system and the lists of royal races which occur in them he asserts to be evidently extraneous and not essential circumstances, as they are entirely omitted in some Puranas, and very meagrely dealt with in others, while, on the contrary, in all the Puranas, some or other of the principles, rites and observances of the Hindu religion are fully dwelt upon and illustrated either by suitable legends or by prescribing the ceremonies to be practised, and the prayers and invocations to be employed in the worship of different deities. Now, however accurate this description may be of the Puranas as they are, it is clear that it does not apply to what they were when they were synonymously described as Pancha-lakshanas, or treatises on five topics, not one of which five is ever specified by text or comment to be religious instruction. To the knowledge of Amar Sinha the lists of princes were not extraneous and unessential, but their being considered such by a writer so well acquainted with the contents of the Puranas as Col. Vans Kennedy, is a decisive proof that since the days of the lexicographer they have undergone some material alteration, and that we have not at present the same works in all respects that were current under the denomination of Puranas in the century prior to Christianity. Besides, there is internal evidence leading to the same conclusion, for, although the Puranas have no dates attached to them, yet circumstances are sometimes mentioned, or alluded to, or references to authorities are made, or legends are narrated, or places are particularised, of which the comparatively recent date is indisputable. At the same time, they may be acquitted of subservience to any but sectarian imposture. Their frauds were pious frauds; they never emanated from any combination, which is impossible, of the Brahmans to fabricate for the Hindu system any claims to antiquity which it cannot fully support.

A very great portion of the contents of many, some portion of the contents of all, is genuine and old. The sectarian interpretation or embellishment is always sufficiently palpable to be set aside without injuring the more authentic and primitive material, and the Puranas, although they belong especially to that stage of the Hindu religion in which faith in some one divinity was the prevailing principle, are also a valuable record of the form of Hindu belief, which came next in order to that of the Vedas which grafted hero-

worship upon the simple ritual of the latter, and which had been adopted and was extensively, perhaps universally, established in India at the time of the Greek invasion.

The pantheism of the Puranas is one of their invaluable characteristics, although the particular divinity who is all things, from whom all things proceed, and to whom all things return, is diversified according to their sectarian bias. In the Puranas the one only Supreme Being is supposed to be manifest in the person of Siva or Vishnu, and one or other of those divinities is, therefore, also the cause of all that is, is the one that exists.

The Puranas are evidently works of different ages and have been compiled under different circumstances, the precise nature of which we can but imperfectly conjecture from internal evidence and from what we know of religious opinion in India. It is highly probable that of the present popular forms of the Hindu religion, none assumed their actual state earlier than the time of Sankara-charya, the great Saiva reformer who flourished in all likelihood in the eighth or ninth century. Of the Vaishnava teachers Ramanuja flourished in the 12th century, Madhwacharya in the 13th and Vallava in the 16th, and the Puranas seem to have accompanied or followed their innovations being obviously intended to advocate the doctrines they taught.

The invariable form of the Puranas is that of a dialogue in which some person relates its contents in reply to the enquiries of another. This dialogue is interwoven with others which are related as having been held on other occasions between different individuals in consequence of similar questions being asked.

The immediate narrator is, commonly though not constantly, Lomeharshana, the disciple of Vysa, who is supposed to communicate what is imparted to him by his preceptor as he had heard it from some other sage. Vyasa is a generic title meaning an arranger or compiler.

It is in this age applied to Krishna Dwaipayana, the son of Parasara, who is said to have taught the Vedas and Puranas to various disciples, but who appears to have been the head of a college or school, under whom various learned men gave to the sacred literature the form in which it now presents itself.

The Puranas are eighteen in number, viz., 1. Brahma, 2. Padma, 3. Vaishnava, 4. Saiva, 5. Bhagavata, 6. Narada, 7. Markandeya, 8. Agnaya, 9. Bhahishya, 10. Brahma Vaivarta, 11. Linga, 12. Varaha, 13. Skanda, 14. Vamana, 15. Kaurma, 16. Matsya, 17. Garuda, and 18. Brahmanda. They are classed under three heads, *saiwika* or pure, *tamasa* or dark, *rajasa* or passionate. The

Vishnu, Narada, Bhagavata, Garuda, Padma and Varaha Puranas are of *satwa* quality or that of goodness and purity. They are Vaishnava Puranas. The Matsya, Kaurma, Linga, Saiva, Skanda and Agnaya Puranas are *tamasa*, from the prevalence of the quality of *tamas*, ignorance. They are Saiva Puranas. The third series comprising the Brahmanda, Brahma Vaivarta, Markandaya, Bhahishya, Vamana and Brahma Puranas are designated as *rajas* from the property of passion which they are supposed to represent. The Upa Puranas differ little in extent or subject from some of those to which the title of Puranas is ascribed. The Matsya enumerates but four; but the Devi Bhagavata has a more complete list and specifies eighteen. These authorities are of unquestionable weight, having in view, no doubt, the pretensions of the Devi Bhagavata to be considered as the authentic Bhagavata.

From an examination of the contents of the eighteen Puranas, it appears that they form the backbone of the existing system of Hindu religion. Hindu religion underwent a gradual change until the Vedic system was thoroughly replaced by Pauranic Hinduism. Elaborate religious rites took the place of the Vedic sacrifices and image worship was introduced. As remarked by the late Mr. R. C. Dutt in his "History of Ancient Hindu Civilisation", the essential and cardinal doctrines of both forms of Hinduism are identical. They both recognise one great God, the all-pervading breath, the universal soul—Brahma; they both maintain that the universe is an emanation from Him and will resolve into Him, they both recognise rewards and punishments in after-life or lives according to our deeds in this world, and they both insist on the final absorption of our souls in the great Deity. But while identical in essential principles, the two forms of Hinduism differ in minor doctrines and observances. The main difference in doctrine is that the Vedic religion insists on the worship of the manifestations of nature called Indra or Surjya, Agni or Varuna, and led up to the worship of the great Deity. The Puranic religion, on the other hand, worshipped the great Deity in His threefold power of creation, preservation and destruction under the names of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and legends of other gods and goddesses were added to fill the popular imagination. The Puranas are further divided into three classes, viz., those sacred to Brahma, Vishnu and Siva respectively. They are very voluminous containing about 400,000 slokas or couplets of verses. They were principally composed in the Vikramadityan age, i.e., in the two centuries and a half from 500 to 750 A.D., although they may have been largely added to in subsequent times, even after the Moham-

medan conquest. While the Puranas narrate the legends of gods and goddesses and inculcate image-worship, another class of works called the Dharma Shastras lay down rules of action for men. The principal compilers of these Shastras were Parasara and Vyasa.

At a later period were composed the Tantras, which were calculated to counteract the evil influences of the Sankhya Philosophy and the Charvake or the Atheistical school. There are now two rival classes of Pundits, namely, those belonging to the Vedic and those belonging to the Tantric Schools. Each of them considers his rivals as the exponents of a false or mistaken religion. This antagonism is highly regrettable as it is based on a misunderstanding of the true spirit of the Hindu Scriptures from the Vedas down to the Tantras. There is a substantial agreement in these religious works as to the fundamental principles of Hinduism, although there may be minor differences as to the modes of worship or rites and ceremonies. Neither nature-worship nor image-worship is idolatrous, both being intended to offer worship to One Supreme God through the medium of either nature or image. As nature-worship is worship of God in nature, so image-worship is worship of God through an image.

The Hindu does not worship the clay or stone image before him, but conceives the attributes of the Deity through the medium of an image which serves only to fix his mind. If the Hindu method of worship is idolatrous, then all systems of religion which prescribe the worship of God in a particular form are also idolatrous, for they all have their ideals, and what are idols if not the external representation of their ideals? "Idol," says Carlyle, "is eidolon, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a symbol of God. The most rigorous Puritan has his confession of Faith, and intellectual representation of Divine things and worships thereby. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious things, are in this sense eidola, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by symbols, by idols; we may say all idolatry is comparative and the worst idolatry is only more idolatrous."

The Hindu welcomes all modes of worship, the progressive stages being from image-worship to mental worship and from mental contemplation of the Deity to union with Him. So long as there are diversities in intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement in a society, there must be diverse methods of worship and various conceptions of Divinity. To adopt one uniform system for persons of different culture is practically to do away with worship altogether. Prayer is the spontaneous outburst of deep emotions towards the Deity. Sincere and fervent devotion constitutes the

essence of prayer. So long as one has a firm faith in, and profound veneration, for God, it is immaterial how he worships or prays to Him.

The Bhagavat Gita has laid down a liberal method of divine service. God is equally served and propitiated by whatever methods men may worship Him. (Chap. IV, V, 11.)

Again, the Upanishads contain a valuable and practical formula of Divine Service or prayer to God. "Our prayer to God consists in loving Him and doing what is agreeable to Him." We instinctively know what is agreeable to God. We have an intuitive knowledge of what is right and wrong. What the senses are to the outer world, conscience is to the inner or moral world. We have a moral sense making us cognisant of our internal nature and physical organs revealing to us the external nature. Both soul and nature are the objects of our contemplation and observation. Such mental processes inevitably lead to the idea of the Creator of the soul and the author of nature. Science facilitates our knowledge of the Divine essence forming a sound groundwork of our faith. Karma or the performance of our duties perfects such knowledge and develops humanity. Thus a union of the three elements—a true knowledge of the Divine Nature leading to rational faith and fructified into practical holiness—is necessary to accomplish the end of life. But they must go hand in hand. Faith without knowledge is liable to become blind; without work it is barren of any useful results. Work without a knowledge of our duties is liable to become misdirected and aimless; without faith it has a material tendency. Knowledge without faith has an atheistical and immoral tendency; without practice it is worth nothing. Thus we see there is an interdependence between *jnan*, *karma* and *bhakti*—knowledge, work and faith—on the strict observance of which depends the perfection of humanity.

The firm faith in Vishnu has been beautifully illustrated in the portraiture of two characters, Druva and Prahlada, fully developed in the Vishnu Purana, which may be pointed out as the best type for exhibiting the rational and primary object of the Puranas.

Druva and Uttama were the two sons of Uttampada, the former by his wife Suniti, the latter by his favourite wife Suruchi. Stung by the reproaches of his step-mother for desiring to sit on his father's lap with his brother, Druva quitted his father's place, consoling his mother with the assurance that he would exert himself to obtain such elevated rank that it should be revered by the whole world. He went to some Rishis and asked of them advice how to attain to such elevated position. The instructions of the

Rishis amount to the performance of *Joga*. External impressions are first to be obviated by particular positions, modes of breathing, &c. The mind must then be fixed in the object of meditation; this is *Dharana*; next comes the meditation or *Dhan*; and then the *Japa* or inaudible repetition of a Mantra or short prayer. Alarmed by the child's fixed devotion to *joga*, the gods conspired to throw various obstacles in his way, but they failed. Propitiated by his devotion, Vishnu rewarded Druva with the exalted position he prayed for, giving him precedence before the gods. The life of Druva teaches this golden lesson: God helps those who help themselves. A dogged determination to accomplish what one has set his heart upon, undaunted by difficulties and obstacles, is sure to be crowned with success. Inconsiderate indulgence spoils children instead of promoting their true welfare. A sense of security that one has nothing to want for and a consequent love of ease and luxury are sure to undermine the vital energies essential to success in life. Uttampada blinded by his luxuriousness could not discern nor had the moral courage to acknowledge true manliness in Druva. In fact, Druva was the offspring of good conduct (Suniti) and Uttama of nice desires (Suruchi). The legend of Prahlada is equally interesting and edifying. Hiranyakashipa, the King of the Daityas, was an atheist or disbeliever in Vishnu. Enraged with his son Prahlada, who on no account changed his firm faith in Vishnu, the King devised various expedients to kill the child but signally failed. Him, through God's mercy, fire would not burn, nor weapons pierce nor serpents bite; Him the pestilential gale could not blast nor poison nor magic spirits nor incantations destroy; he fell from the loftiest heights unhurt, foiled the attempts of the elephants to destroy him, or the waves of the sea to swallow him up. These events in the life of Prahlada may be considered impossible or miraculous, but they are quite consistent and reconcilable with the teachings of Christ. "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto, this mountain, remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—*St. Mathew* XVII, 20. But whether considered possible or impossible, the story is calculated to stultify atheism and show the sovereign efficacy of faith.

The adventures of Krishna recorded in the 4th book of the Vishnu Purana look like miracles similar to those recorded to have been wrought by Christ. If tradition and history can be relied on in establishing the truth of the Biblical miracles, there are similar good grounds for believing the authenticity of the Pauranik miracles. If Christ is an Incarnation of the Deity, Krishna is also such an incar-

nation. What is extraordinary or miraculous to a human being with limited powers, is possible to an Omnipotent Being. Divine attribute or force by superadding to itself human faculties does not become divested of its super-human potency. And if Incarnation means the highest development of human perfection, that is to say, when such perfection makes a near approach to the Divine essence, there is no reason to believe that the super-human power is affected by or deteriorates itself in the transformation. God does not cease to be as such by becoming a Man-God nor does man remain as such by being a God-Man. In the one case there is retention, in the other there is acquisition of superhuman power.

Spiritual truths are not easy of comprehension to men of ordinary intellect. The policy of our Shastric writers in the Puranic times was to give those truths an anthropomorphic character so as to attract ordinary minds and to leave to really cultured people, by process of rational dissection, to get at the esoteric reality. The whole of the Puranas bristles with stories and fables containing valuable truths in allegorical forms. It should be our prime business not to treat such fables as cock-and-bull stories and grand-mother's tales but try to understand their true import or spiritual significance.

Thus Krishna denotes the great power which tills up our psychic soil. It comes from the same Sanskrit root from which *Karshana* (cultivation) is derived. *Radha* is the abbreviation of *aradha* (prayerfulness). She wants communion and companionship with the lord of her heart. She is the initial *prakriti*, the spiritual force of Krishna and the mistress of cosmos. In its gross sense *Radha* is *prikriti* (desire) personified. When allied to Krishna or *nibritti* (soul's attributes), she becomes *nibritti* herself. *Gopi* signifies a natural force which sustains and preserves the cosmos. It comes from the Sanskrit root *gup* to sustain or preserve. We read in the Puranas that Krishna was the lord of 16,000 gopies or master of innumerable natural forces. Krishna is appropriately equipped with a *sankah* (conch-shell), a *Chakra* (disc), *gada* (club), and *padma* (lotus). By the medium of the first he proclaims the true dharma (duty) to man. The disc represents the mystery of Divine government, while the *gada* the judge's rod of punishment for the wicked, and the lotus the reward for the good. The esoteric significance of the Rasalila is nothing more than the bringing about of a spiritual unification or *Moksha* with the Supreme Lover through the medium of primal love.

This discourse cannot be better concluded than with the following exhortation. When the sacred Vedas revivify our spiritual life, when the sublime doctrines of the Upanishads will dispel the mists

of superstition and ignorance, when the liberal teachings of the Gita will purify the soul and enlighten the intellect, when the practical lessons of the Puranas and the Tantras will teach us the best methods of preserving our status as Hindus and improving our morals by duly performing the hourly, daily and periodical duties of Divine Worship, benevolence and paternal reverence,—then only shall we succeed in preserving the purity and strengthening the bonds of our society.

K. C. KANJILAL.

Calcutta.

THE BRITISH INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

THE LABOUR PARTY IN PARLIAMENT.

EVEN more significant, in some respects, is the story of the party's triumphs in the purely political sphere. Not by flank attacks have the Parliamentary victories been won. Every step forward has been taken in the face of the bitterest hostility of Liberals and Conservatives alike. Not infrequently, the handful of pioneers, received sharp set-backs which would have shaken the faith and shattered the courage of less far-seeing and resolute men. At the General Election of 1892, as I have said, Mr. J. Keir Hardie was the only representative of Independent Labour returned to Parliament. It is true that Mr. John Burns successfully contested Battersea as Labour candidate, and that Mr. J. H. Wilson topped the poll in a three-cornered contest at Middlesborough, but there was a sharp cleavage of opinion between these two new members and the I. L. P. representative. Mr. Burns was already gravitating towards official Liberalism, and Mr. J. H. Wilson had far more in common with the Liberal Labour Committee than with Mr. Keir Hardie.

THE LABOUR REPRESENTATION COMMITTEE.

The formation of the I. L. P. on national lines in 1893 gave a fresh impetus to the movement for labour representation in Parliament. The leaders of the new party did not allow the grass to grow under their feet. In two years' time the General Election came, and the party put no fewer than 28 candidates into the field. But alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Every one of the I. L. P.

candidates was defeated, even Mr. Keir Hardie himself losing his seat at South West Ham. Even that series of reverses in no wise daunted the members of the I. L. P. Their propaganda work at the street corners and in the lecture hall was continued more strenuously than before, and a movement to secure a better understanding and more friendly co-operation with the trade unionists of the country was set on foot. That movement was destined to have far-reaching effects on the political life of the country. The leaders of the I. L. P. realised that success was impossible unless they could receive the confidence of the working classes.

Meanwhile, in the Trade Union Congress, the trend of opinion was advancing steadily in a socialist direction. Most of the younger trade union leaders were in sympathy with the ideals of the I. L. P. and at the annual "Parliament of Labour," the world-old conflict between the old and the new had been fought out year after year. Victory eventually rested with the representatives of the new movement, and in 1899 the congress resolved that a conference to which all trade union and socialist bodies were to be invited, should be held to discuss the possibility of union for political purposes. That conference, which was attended by 129 delegates, was held in London in due course and the foundations were laid of the Labour Representation Committee—now the Labour Party. Unlike the I. L. P. that Party is not definitely socialist. It is, as Mr. J. R. MacDonald, the first secretary of the party, puts it, "a union of socialist and trade union bodies for political work." It is a federation composed of trade unions, trades councils, socialist societies, and co-operative societies willing to join and considered eligible for membership. In the original constitution of the committee, its independent attitude was clearly and explicitly expressed. Its object, it was stated, was:—

"To secure by united action the election to Parliament of candidates promoted, in the first instance, by an affiliated society or societies in the constituencies who undertake to form or join a distinct group in Parliament with its own whips and its own policy on labour questions; to abstain strictly from identifying themselves with or promoting the interests of, any section of the Liberal or Conservative parties and not to oppose any other candidates recognised by this committee.

All such candidates shall pledge* themselves to accept this constitution, to abide by the decision of the group, and to appear before their constituencies under the title of Labour candidates only."

With the continued success of the Labour candidates at the polls, a revision of the objects of the Labour Representation Committee became necessary. The "L. R. C." as it was termed, was re-christened, and became the Labour Party, but—apart from the abolition of "the pledge"—the sentences I have quoted still express quite adequately its objects and policy.

It is under the auspices of this organisation that the great political triumphs have been won. At the General Election in 1900—just a few months after the "L. R. C." had been formed—the country was plunged unexpectedly into the turmoil of a General Election. For the Labour Party—indeed for all progressive bodies—the omens were all unfavourable. It was one of the darkest hours in the history of the Liberal Party. The war-fever was at its height, a wave of reaction, it seemed, was sweeping over the country, and the khaki election was fought with all the dice loaded against the forces of progress. In spite of that, fifteen candidates were put forward by the L. R. C. and succeeded in polling 62,698 votes out of a total of over 177,000 cast in their constituencies. Even in constituencies where they were unsuccessful, the Labour candidates improved their position enormously—in many cases by as much as from 100 to 500 per cent. Mr. Hardie was once more returned—this time for the progressive Welsh constituency of Merthyr Tydfil—and Mr. Richard Bell, another of the Committee's candidates, topped the poll at Derby. It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Bell occasionally looked back with rueful gaze on the flesh-pots of Liberalism. Be that as it may, the Independent Labour Party had once more won a place in the House of Commons and behind it were the growing and united forces of trade unionism and socialism.

TAFF VALE JUDGMENT AND ITS SEQUEL.

In the self-same year in which the Tories were returned to power by an overwhelming majority, the new movement for independent working class representation received an impetus

* This pledge was abolished at the annual Conference of the Labour Party in 1911.

from quite an unexpected quarter. Although the notorious Taff Vale decision came as a veritable bombshell to the trade union movements, it had one satisfactory result. It put the trade unionists on their mettle, and roused the fighting spirit of the more enlightened section of the working classes. By this decision the accumulated funds of the British trade unions were practically placed at the mercy of every unscrupulous organisation of employers, and in the course of a few months thousands of pounds were swallowed up in fruitless litigation. The trade unionists began to realise that an attack of this nature could be dealt with effectively only inside the House of Commons. A scheme for a systematic levy for political purposes was prepared, and eventually it was decided that Societies affiliated to the L. R. C.—as it still was at the time—should pay a contribution to the political fund at the rate of one penny per member per annum. The sum thus received from each individual trade unionist was trifling, but even by the time the membership of the affiliated societies had reached 1,000,000, the Committee had at its disposal a substantial fighting fund. By-election after by-election was contested, and slowly the little band of Labour M. P's. increased in number. Then came the memorable General Election of 1906. By this time the forces of the Labour Party in the constituencies had been strengthened and consolidated. Ten years of Tory rule and class legislation had taught progressive forces of the country one or two valuable lessons, and when the hurly-burly was over, the Labour Party returned to the House of Commons 29 strong. The total Labour and Socialist vote—exclusive of the Liberal Labour polls—reached the substantial figure of 448,808. The triumph of the Labour Party came as a bolt from the blue for the orthodox politicians who were but vaguely aware of the strenuous propaganda work that had been carried on all over the country, or of the splendidly-equipped organisation which had been established with some of the best brains and most trusted leaders of the Labour movement at its head. Even the most crusted of Conservatives was compelled to realise that a new force—a new and growing party—had sprung up in the political world. “The feeble band and few” who had laboured so earnestly and devotedly in the pioneer days saw that success, long deferred, was at last beginning to crown their efforts. Com-

menting at the time on the results of the memorable election Mr. G. N. Barnes, Labour Member for the Blackfriars division of Glasgow, and at the time General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, said :

" Labour representation must justify itself by a policy of straightforward and manly work, always pressing Labour's claims, but at the same time always helping in the realisation of anything tending to the common good. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has appealed to the heart and conscience of the nation, and we feel sure that however wavering some of its own men may be, the Labour Party will always be on the right side in any effort made to add the deed to the spoken word. Labour, while being independent, will not be sectarian or narrow : it will be catholic and broad in its Parliamentary policy as it has been in its outside propaganda. It has put carpenters and engineers, shipwrights and joiners, printers and common day-labourers in the seats of authority. It has helped in ridding the country of the Tory jobbers and muddlers of the last ten years, and will now, we feel sure, be ready and willing to help in setting up a better régime in all branches of legislation and administration "

Such was the enlightened and progressive spirit in which the first group of Independent Labour members took up the important political task which had been entrusted to them, and of the nine and twenty members who, with commendable loyalty, selected Mr. J. Keir Hardie as their leader, 21 were Socialists, seven of them being active workers in the I. L. P. The first task to which the Labour members directed their attention was, naturally and rightly, that of securing full legal protection for the funds of the trade unions which had been endangered by the Taff Vale and similar decisions. The story of how the Trade Disputes Act was placed on the statute book, in spite of the bitter hostility of the employing classes, is one of the most instructive and significant in recent political history. For the first time in the annals of the British Parliament, the organised working classes of the country made their influence felt *inside* the House of Commons. It was the solid Labour group in Parliament supported by enlightened public opinion outside the House, that made that historic victory possible. The organised forces of capitalism—represented by the chambers of commerce, shipping federations, and the like—have not yet forgiven the Labour Party for that successful

campaign. But the energies of the Labour members were by no means confined to one phase of reform. It is no exaggeration to say that not a single measure has been placed on the statute book during the past eight years which has not been improved and amended as the result of Labour criticism and Labour votes. The Old Age Pensions Act, the Insurance Act (not a perfect measure by any means), the Scottish Small Holding's Act—these and a host of other measures all bear the unmistakable imprint of the Labour Party.

In 1909 the Miners' Federation came into line with the rest of the trade union movement, and the result was that after the General Election in January 1910, the Labour Party returned to the House of Commons 40 strong. At the General Election in December of the same year the number was further augmented to 42. Since that time, however, two seats have been lost to the Liberals at by-elections, so that the number of Labour members in the House of Commons to-day still stands at 40. The progress of the movement for Independent Labour representation during the 21 years which the I. L. P. has been in existence will be readily gathered from the following table giving the number of working class M. Ps. in the House of Commons after the famous General Election and before the dissolution of 1906 :—

LABOUR REPRESENTATION IN 1892.

Independent Labour.	Liberal-Labour.	Miners.
1	8	6
	1895	
0	7	5
	1900	
1	4	5
	Before dissolution in 1906	
5	4	5
	After 1906 General Election.	
29	11	14
	1910 January General Election.	
40	—	—
	1910 January General Election.	
42	—	—

The foregoing table, while it shows in striking fashion the gradual rise of the Labour party as distinct from the Liberal-Labour

and Miners' groups, requires a word of explanation. Even prior to 1906 it was difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the Miners' group and the Liberal-Labour members. Men like Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick for example, while nominally belonging to the Miners' group, could scarcely be regarded as other than official Liberals—Liberals all the same of the best and highest type. Similarly, it is only by a stretch of the imagination that one can regard Mr. John Burns even as a Liberal-Labour member after the formation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's first Government in 1895. With the affiliation of the Miners' Federation to the Labour Party in 1909, the Miners, as a separate group, disappeared. Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick, it is true, refused to associate themselves with the Labour Party, but after 1910 the Liberal-Labour group may be said to have ceased to exist. Those who still stood aloof from the Labour Party merged their dwindling forces with official Liberalism.

MEN WHO MADE THE PARTY.

No account of the work of the Labour Party in Parliament would be complete without a reference, however brief, to the men who have made the success of the movement possible. More, perhaps, than any other man, Mr. J. Keir Hardie may be regarded as the "Father" of the Labour Party in Britain. He was the first chairman of the I. L. P., when it was formed in Bradford in 1893, and the first chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party when the great victories were won in 1906. In the early years he bore the brunt of the attack when the enemies of Labour vainly imagined that they could kill the movement with ridicule and misrepresentation. He has seen the I. L. P. grow from a feeble band to a strong and well-organised force—a party respected even by its bitterest opponents. Mr. Hardie's life has been one of continual struggle. He was born of poor parents in Lanarkshire in 1856, and, at the early age of seven, he started work at the pit-head. Of education in the ordinary sense he received but little, but even during the seventeen years he worked at the mine he was a diligent student and succeeded in equipping himself in a remarkable degree for the wider battle of life. Burns, Carlyle and Ruskin were among his favourite authors, and he was, even in those early days, a keen student of labour and social questions. As Trade Union secretary he rendered yeoman service in organising the Scottish miners. From Radicalism

he drifted gradually into Socialism, and in 1888 he contested Mid-Lanark as an independent candidate. He was unsuccessful, it is true, but the contest is significant as the first attempt to form an Independent Labour Party in Britain. From this time onward his whole career has been bound up with the fortunes of the I. L. P. and the Parliamentary Labour Party. "The most remarkable man the British democracy has produced during the past fifty years", is the generous tribute of his friend and colleague Mr. Philip Snowden, Labour M. P. for Blackburn.

Mr. James Ramsay Macdonald, the present chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, is, like Mr. Hardie, a Scotchman. His parents were farm labourers, and in his early years the Labour member for Leicester spent a short time at the same arduous occupation. He had the good fortune, however, to come under the influence of an old-fashioned Scottish school-master who awakened in his young pupil's mind aspirations towards a higher calling. He was appointed a pupil teacher, but for various reasons had eventually to abandon all thoughts of a University career. Not for him were the advantages offered by King's College or Marischal College in Aberdeen. He entered instead for a sterner and more vigorous training in the great University of Life. In 1885 he took the decisive plunge and set out for London, determined to earn his living by whatever occupation he could turn his hands to, while he fitted himself for other and more remunerative work. In that vast wilderness of humanity the young Scotch lad was absolutely friendless. It was a hard and trying time, but young James Ramsay Macdonald scorned no work, however menial, so long as it helped him nearer his goal. Now addressing envelopes at a meagre pittance, now performing the commonest of manual work in a warehouse, he struggled on, ultimately obtaining a not particularly remunerative post as clerk. All this time he was hard at work in the evening as a student at Birkbeck College and similar institutions. A post as private secretary to Mr. Thomas Lough, then an aspiring candidate for Parliamentary honours, was the next step up the ladder. He remained with Mr. Lough for four years, becoming during that time a frequent contributor to the press. He joined the Fabian Society and the I. L. P., taking an active part in the propaganda work of both organisations. He was deeply interested, too, in social reform work, particularly in the East-End of London. Such is the

man who in 1906 was returned as Labour member for Leicester, who acted as secretary of the Labour Representation Committee and to-day, as chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, is one of the ablest and most influential members of the British House of Commons. He is a man who possesses some of the highest qualities of a statesman. It was largely to his untiring energy and zeal that the success of the L. R. C. campaign was due. It is an open secret that if he had cared to sacrifice his principles and abandon the party which he helped to form, he might by this time have filled an important post in a Liberal Cabinet. Mr. Macdonald's book on "Socialism and Society" is one of the ablest contributions to Socialist literature that has been published in England in recent years. Like Mr. Keir Hardie, he takes a warm and sympathetic interest in the people of India and the problems associated with the great Eastern Dependency. He has twice visited India recently as a member of the Civil Service Commission.

Mr. G. N. Barnes, Glasgow's only Labour M. P., was for many years secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Mr. A. H. Gill is an old newspaper-boy. Mr. Will Thorne started life as a boy labourer in a brickfield. He is general secretary of the National Union of Gas-workers and General Labourers. Mr. G. Wardle is a railwayman who dabbles in verse, and has published a small volume of poems of more than common merit. Mr. Will Crooks, whose jolly and genial disposition has made him a warm favourite with all parties in the House, was a cooper. Mr. Alexander Wilkie of Dundee was a ship's carpenter. Mr. Philip Snowden, one of the most eloquent speakers in the House of Commons, is an ex-civil servant.

Practically every section of the working classes is thus represented in the British House of Commons. For these Labour triumphs a generous measure of credit must be given to the I. L. P., which this year celebrates its "coming of age". In practically every constituency where Labour has triumphed at the poll, the pioneer work—the spade work—has been done by the I. L. P., and the members of that party have been the leaders in many a hard-fought contest. The members of the Labour Party in Parliament, on the Town Councils and on School Boards, have rendered splendid services to the cause of progress, but even greater work is waiting to be accomplished. Unless all the signs of the times are

misleading, the Labour Party is the Party of the Future as well as the Party of the Present.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

WILLIAM DIACK.

SONNET.

What melody floats on the Summer night—
From one small throat beneath yon leafy spray
Thrilling the silence with a vague delight
That trembles through each bud—then dies away
As though it had not been : the woods are still,
In fairy robes the dew has veiled the grass,
While in deep shadow broods that haunting trill,
A living something—where no moonbeams pass.
Immortal Spirit wandering in song,—
Thou hast no mate !, Thou art beyond the spell
Of Spring's enchantment, so perhaps belong
To what the Angels are, and where they dwell.
Divinest love through pain, whose music fills
With ecstasy and prayer the quiet hills.

Oxford.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

A PLEA FOR THE "PARASITE" WOMAN.

REGARDING the long, feminine war in England there is perhaps some excuse for the notion that women are fighting to come out of something, that they are seeking a wider, fuller life and are inspired by a spirit of adventure to their enterprises both legitimate and illegitimate. That is the usual conception about the ultra modern woman. But to those who have been near the seat of war, it is not so. Mrs. Pettrick Laurence somewhat explains the inner meaning of it when she speaks of the "mother creature at bay." It is really what one might call the spirit of tameness that is actuating the fighters. It is because they want to get into a routine permanently, that they are getting out of it temporarily. They go out on the adventure that they may cease to be (in a perfectly moral sense) the adventuress which the curious changes of modern life have caused almost every woman to be.

We see this when we compare woman's lot with man's. Woman, says the French satirist, will be the last creature to be civilised by man. But man has not given her civilised surroundings. It is not that he has deprived her of every chance as some suffragists wrongly allege; on the contrary man has no such chances as woman has, for good and for evil, for ambition as for social annihilation. Where man walks through life as over a plain, she walks it up mountains and down crevices—not to mention a wayside morass or so. Some time ago theatre goers were watching Oscar Asche in *Kismet* as Hadj the beggar, who in one day is nearly executed, raised to civic dignity, exalted by the Sultan, and then depressed to beggarhood once more. Hadj really represents Woman. In the west the eastern atmosphere has been preserved for woman, not in its seclusion and dulness as is so often alleged, but rather in its wildness and adventure. The European woman is in fact the Asiatic man. She has the same chances of extreme good and extreme ill. Not every man may be a duke, but there

is a possibility that any woman may be a duchess. On the other hand if there be truth in the sad novel "Where are you going to?" then a mere turn down the wrong street may make her a denizen of such an underworld as no man can really know. It has usually been the complaint of women that they must follow the lead laid down for them, that they are more tied down by class and class tradition than men. Perhaps in this as in other respects woman feels mysteriously compelled to complain of treatment the exact opposite of what she receives.

As a matter of fact she has far more chance of making or marring herself than man. If our friends, the theosophists speak truth and we have the opportunity (wandering on the astral plane) of choosing our sex for the next incarnation, I can imagine the more impatient and ardent spirits protesting, "Do not make me a man, the existence is too crabbed, too sheltered, too parasitical. Let me be a sturdy oak? let me be a woman."

In the "Indian Eye on English Life" the late Mr. Malabari describes what strikes him most in the woman's life of England. Curiously enough he is not so much offended by "the mixed dancing" as one might expect. The Oriental by the way often forgets that as regards this pastime many an English eye is Indian, and that all England was rather oriental till about a hundred years ago when even Byron was shocked at the introduction of the waltz. The Indian visitor, however, does not condemn the dance, though curiously enough he is rather against something which one would have fancied an oriental observer would have thought seemly, namely male grooms for lady riders. He would have liked maid attendants, ignoring the idea of the men as a kind of guard. What impresses him most, however, is the "sight more striking than attractive....the crowds of women in the street....all intent on business and pleasure...." He notes the pathetic sight of the less successful business girl, the anaemic and consumptive victim of overwork "exhausted by the effort to creep on the platform, and going directly to sleep in the carriage with the delicate little mouth half open, as if to allow the breath of life to ebb out without a struggle." It is a very true vignette, of the result of that daily morning rush of suburban girls Londonwards to take their place in the work of the world; but they are doing it in the hope of having their part later in the still more desirable leisure of the world.

EAST & WEST

They are not fighting to escape from soft and sheltered homes, but to escape into soft and sheltered billets. Chesterton has some inkling of this when he ascribes the inner meaning of this war movement to the fact that woman feels that she is still undergoing her mortal combat while man has escaped from his. But the women's contest is no wild, foolish quarrel with nature, but with changeable, man-made facts. What soft billets men have ! It is now only the very old-fashioned of the home women who believe very much in man as a worker. The " clerkess " at the office is often more a wife so far as understanding her employer's life than is the wife herself. The " clerkess " knows his ability to make what landladies call a " home from home " of any place he happens to be in. He returns to his real home sometimes to rest from resting. The whole conception of the average man as going through nerve-racking toil is, according to what these innocent spies, the girl typists inform us, somewhat of an exaggeration. This is noticeable even in the so-called toil-driven Home country. The idleness of the sex which was told to labour in the sweat of its brow ! Putting aside that vast body of upper class men that exist merely for pleasure, what about the numbers of the middle classes whose daily work it would be perhaps unfair to call a rest cure, but which certainly is not too far removed from it. What armies of inspectors, school, sanitary, tram, etc., what legions of gate keepers, custodians, guardians of this or that, idle members of Parliament, idle clerks, sleeping partners, " guinea pigs " and so forth ! If the men who take substantial pay for very shadowy work—the real parasites of society—were grouped together in one part of England, how much area would they occupy ? Women of course have some share in this grand over-payment, which is so much more enjoyable than having a fortune without doing anything for it at all ; but their share even in these modern days is very slight (during the last decade it has been noticed that there has been a slight reaction against them) ; and not having learnt to be parasitical, they often do their work with unmanly strenuousness. But it is on the life of glorified idleness just tintured with work that the newcomers are now setting their ambitions. They are not striving to give a keener edge to life ; their lives are too keen, too " manly " as it is. Nor do they want the big things of life. Already they have at least as much chance as men have. They want the small things of life, the ambling pace, the tit-bits.

They want not to dig or to sow but to glean like Ruth; and at present the men are the Ruths. When women ask to be allowed to share in the work of the world, it of course means, as anyone ought to guess, that they want to share in the idleness of the world.

As yet this idleness is far from them. All working women work, which is more than can be said of all men workers; and at forty they are worse off than men. As already mentioned when you look on this woman worker you look on a quite possible might-have-been peeress, but you also look on someone who could not possibly have become head teacher, a chief of the business in which her one-time fellow clerk, a man, now rules. Custom is stronger than law, and still forbids. Is it to be wondered that thousands of women are asking "Is it worth it"? Would it not be better to return to parasitism instead of making the employer a parasite as undoubtedly he now is, as surely as if he accepted poor relief when he takes the English woman clerk's work partly as a gift. Bernard Shaw once humorously describes his conduct as a young man when to retrieve the family fortunes he "sent his aged mother out into the world." The clerk woman feels this about her employer. This home bird must be torn from his nest; he must learn to make his own way in the world. He must cease to be feminine and a mere office decoration!

The need for the so-called parasite woman would not require to be revived. A Canadian writer gives it as his opinion that his colony requires not the rough-and-ready type of woman, as is so often imagined, but the woman of culture and refinement. The truth perhaps is this that there is really no such thing as a parasite woman; it is easy for a man to be parasitical, but very difficult for a woman. She may seem so, yet be nothing of the kind. Parasitical surroundings do not in her case create parasitism. There are no surroundings, according to our ideas, more parasitical than those of a Turkish harem, yet, according to the gifted author of "Said the Fisherman" an Englishwoman may find more personal independence and political power in a Turkish harem than she would in an English polling booth. In the "Veiled Women" lately published by that author, the heroine, a one-time English governess, finds that as one of the wives of a Turkish official she meets women as brilliant and stimulating as any in England. In fact they are too stimulating for her, and it is rather humiliating to leave her to the contempt of the more superior

inmates gravitating towards the society of the inferior women in the establishment. We talk of the Turkish woman as kept out of society, but we forget that even as wherever Macgregor sits is the head of the table, wherever the women are there is the society of the country. It would seem that in all "Veiled Women" countries it is the man who is kept out of society, it is he who is really secluded. For the woman it is not the man but the other woman that matters. When a young bride revisits her home, she is pictured speaking, not of the bridegroom but of the pleasant society of the other women of the house, their kindness and cleverness. A new ideal of woman's friendship is formed; and perhaps this may explain the astonishment of the Eastern visitor at a certain deficiency in the English character. Mr. Malabari alludes to it—the absence of real friendship between men and men, and, as perhaps he might add, had he opportunities of knowing, between women and women. "An Englishman's friendship is as fickle as his weather, the Englishman in London seems to have no time to dive after a drowning friend, in fact he is angry at any friend of his happening to sink." This last phrase hits off the English character very well. Now, putting aside as a reason the somewhat exaggerated "overwork" of the Englishman, may there not be a subtler cause for this defect? May it not be that the great mingling together of men and women in society really spoils friendship without giving in exchange that greater comradeship between man and woman that it is supposed to give? "We are not man's companions," said the Turkish woman bluntly in Mr. Pickthall's novel, "our souls are different." Does not this difference of soul prevent conversation in mixed society, however pleasant and in some cases exciting it may be, from reaching that absolutely intellectual standard and acquiring that absolute sincerity that comes from an utter absence of self-consciousness that is attained when either sex is alone. Assuredly, the Indian eye is possessed by some Englishmen. In our middle and lower classes there is often a mental purdah, the men talking science or politics, the women keeping to gossip. Many an English youth like the Indian keeps modestly in the back ground when he sees ladies in the parlour, but this not in obedience to stern etiquette but because of his tastes. Even to this day there are thousands of Englishmen who care nothing for the

society of woman except as sweethearts, who keep to a *selamlık* of their own as far as English custom will permit them.

It may be therefore that this feminine unrest in England will eventually bring about not a greater amalgamation between men and women but between women and women. It will bring about besides material advantages, something of that old ideal of friendship, something of that truth and sincerity in outlook upon life which, among various defects, Eastern countries seem in the main to possess.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

New Zealand.

PERPETUAL WIDOWHOOD vs. REMARRIAGE OF HINDU WIDOWS.*

ABOUT fifty-five years ago the Hindu society was convulsed by the agitation set on foot by the well-known philanthropist Pundit Iswarchandra Vidyasagar, of Calcutta, in favour of widow marriage, supported by his ingenious exegesis of the *Shastric* texts and logical acumen and powerful pen. By his strong advocacy and influence with the then Government of India, consisting, as it did, of Englishmen who were too prone, by their early association and education, to lend an indulgent ear to the representation against a practice which appeared to them irrational and cruel to women, as begotten of superstition and selfishness, he got the Hindu widow marriage law enacted. It, however, proved a dead letter. The Hindu society no more recked about it and recovered its even tenour. The newly-organized society of protestant Hindus, I mean the Brahmos, next took the field and measured its strength against the hoary Hindu practice of perpetual widowhood. But as they had cut themselves off entirely from the parent society and formed a new sect, their preachings made no impression on the Hindus, who continued stolidly indifferent to their outcry. Latterly, the Social Conference, held annually in connection with the National Congress, have passed year after year infructuous resolutions, inveighing against perpetual widowhood and advocating remarriage. But so far they have produced no impression on the people, whose composure has not been ruffled by them. The recent celebration of one Hindu widow remarriage in a rich and respectable Kayastha family and another in a high and well-placed Brahman family, both of Calcutta, to the latter of which many lay Brahmans and Pandits were invited, have taken the Hindu society rather by surprise and revived the controversy. Many Hindu meetings were convened in Calcutta under able and influential leadership to protest against the heterodoxy and to boycott the offending parties, and

* See note under "The Month." Ed. E. & W.

there were angry discussions in the public press against their act. So it appears to me not out of place to reconsider here the position of the orthodox party with reference to this question, and to see if their opposition is founded on reason or is the result of mere bigotry and prejudice. Referring to my paper on the subject entitled, "Remarriage of Hindu Widows" in the *Calcutta Review* of 1889, I find little to modify the views expressed by me therein, but considering the militant attitude of the opponents, I think it desirable to re-state and re-assert them so that the case may not go against orthodoxy by default.

To this silly war against the Hindu institution of perpetual widowhood, the Indian enthusiasts are egged on by their confreres from the Western countries. The method adopted both by the Indian and Western reformers is to paint a lurid picture with a heavy brush of the miseries and despondency of the young Hindu widows and, presenting it before their audience, work on their sympathy and win their approval, and thus score an easy victory. Appeal to emotion is no doubt an effective instrument for the persuasion of the mob, but the thoughtful cannot be taken in by such a bait. What do these reformers mean to insinuate by constantly harping on the sufferings of the young widows among the Hindus? Were the Hindu law-givers in whom the sentiment of refined humanity was so highly developed that they could discard carnivorous food out of commiseration to the sufferings of the brute creation, so insensate, hard-hearted and inhuman creatures, hide-bound in their bigotry, as not to perceive or feel for the trying and desolate life of their young widows, who were their kith and kin? It has been the fashion nowadays to attribute to their precepts the ulterior motive of power, privilege or pelf. It is indeed a curious commentary on their avarice, to make it a sin and crime for the Brahmans to acquire wealth in any shape or on their love for privilege, to impose first and foremost on their own daughters and sisters the injunction of perpetual widowhood, leaving other castes to follow as much as possible this noble and spiritual ideal. Fully cognisant of the trials and tribulations of perpetual widowhood, when they enjoined it on their nearest and dearest, there must have been some strong reason for it. The value and importance of perpetual widowhood in developing purer and nobler ideals of marriage realized by the Hindu philosophers from time immemorial, it has taken nineteen centuries for the European thinkers to re-discover. Some of the soundest and best of modern reflections on Matrimony will be found in the chapters on marriage in the positive philosophy of August Comte: they bear invaluable testimony to the penetration of the Hindu sages of yore.

To this I will advert later on in its place for detailed consideration.

Polygamy with not a tithe of the agitation in its favour, as that on behalf of Hindu widow marriage, has disappeared from our society within the last twenty-five years or so. Public opinion has been so strong against it that no educated man ventures to take a second wife in the lifetime of his first consort or confess it before his friends if he chances to be guilty of such a conduct. Early marriage has been meeting with the same fate. It will probably be a thing of the past with the higher castes of Hindus in a decade or so. Already the minimum age of marriage for girls has reached to 13 or 14 years, and for boys, to 21 or 22. The so-called child-widows are now rare. The fiction of this epithet has been kept up by interested parties to make a case against perpetual widowhood. The sea-voyage problem has nearly solved itself, for Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore, Madras and for the matter of that for smaller moffusil towns as well, by the despatch of young men of all castes to sojourn by sea to Europe, America and Japan in ever increasing numbers year after year. The majority of educated Hindus were convinced of the necessity and utility of the annulment of the first two practices and the adoption of the last, and the reforms came to be adopted without much ado.

But why, notwithstanding all the strenuous agitation in favour of the abolition of perpetual widowhood among the higher castes, the Hindus in general cling to it and set their face against its abrogation? The fact is that the bulk of educated Hindus, Conservative, Liberal, or barring the few who have lost their status in Hindu society or are out-and-out admirers and imitators of the Western civilization, or who are too emotional in their nature, are not convinced of the expediency of doing away with the ideal of perpetual widowhood. It is the distinctive characteristic of Hinduism: it cannot go unless Hinduism ceases to be. The cult of widow remarriage is against the genius of Hinduism, it cannot take root in it without compulsion—not social, but political.

Widow remarriage cannot be imposed bodily on Hindu Society: its introduction cannot but radically modify all the distinctive characteristics of the Hindus, till at last all the landmarks of Hinduism are removed for ever. Presently I will address myself to make good the position taken up by me.

The present is pre-eminently the age of reason. Whatever outward respect be shewn to tradition and authority, they will not carry weight with the educated unless they are conformable to reasoned argument. I will not take my stand on the texts of the *shastras* or on their in-

terpretation. Reason alone will be my guide in the discussion. To determine the adoption of the practice of widow remarriage of the West into our midst, the matter will have to be considered from the moral, social, economic and religious point of view. If its superiority comes out unscathed from the forge of logic, it will have to be welcomed, but if the disadvantages far outweigh the apparent advantages, we shall have to bid adieu to it. The different considerations so closely hang together that it is rather difficult to follow the order in which they are mentioned above, in the treatment of them. I would rather take them up pell-mell in investigating them, so as to better maintain their logical sequence.

Marriage is the growth of a rather advanced state of society. It is originally founded on the divergence of sex. In the early state the females were looked upon as possessions, and the males appropriated as many of them to their exclusive use as their prowess could get hold of and maintain against all rival comers. The apes who come next to men in intelligence are polygamous. The male ape surrounds himself with as many wives as he can bring under his control and protection, and shelter them against the inroads of his rival. The savage chiefs were or are not much removed in this respect from their ancient forbears—the apes. These chiefs used to go out on female hunting expeditions and brought with them as many female captives as they could take away. Even Sri Krishna of the *Srimat-bhāgavat*, after the conquest of ancient Assam (*Pragjyotish*), carried away sixteen thousand women from the seraglio of that country's king. Then communal enjoyment of women became the practice, the females being considered as valuable property belonging to the whole community, to be protected jointly by the might of the community and to be set apart for their joint gratification to the exclusion of other communities. The first germs of the institution of a loose form of marriage appeared in polyandry and thence it rose by degrees to polygamy, thence to civil contract form of monogamy and ultimately to the sacrament of holy wedlock. That originally marriage was founded on the mating of the male and female for the satisfaction of one of the most exacting instincts of animal nature, nobody can gainsay, and in spite of the poetry and sentiment that have gathered round it to conceal its carnal origin, when ruffled a little, it betrays its feet of clay at once.

Since the emergence of the institution of marriage from its crudity and the organization of it in a more rational form, it has ever been the aim of the social philosophers to purify it and infuse ideality into it, by throwing far into the background its selfish origin

under masses of sentiments, poetry and holy rites. Nothing would be a more powerful auxiliary for the attainment of the object in view, nothing would better and more effectively invest marriage with an air of unselfishness than perpetual widowhood—the living monument of self-sacrifice at the altar of holy wedlock. It was due to the insight of the Hindu philosophers of old to discover it. Hence it was that they enjoined this practice of perpetual widowhood on the widows of the higher caste of Hindus by preference, on their own nearest and dearest—the Brahman widows. In Sanskrit the equivalent word for wife is *sahadharmini* or help-mate for doing one's duties, which excludes from it all idea of sensuality. The much maligned *sutti* was not the engine of cruelty and oppression invented by the diabolical brain of the Brahamans, but this outward manifestation had loyalty and unselfish devotion to the marriage tie for its underlying principle. Is it possible not to admire the sentiment originating this practice? All these were devices for purging matrimony of its original taint of sensuality. That perpetual widowhood was not begotten of the malevolence of the Hindu lawgivers, but proceeded from the noble motive of sanctifying the matrimonial union, it requires no arguments from me to commend or establish. The following extracts, from the philosophical disquisition on marriage by M. Comte, will at once make the point clear. "Widowhood can alone give," he says, "woman's influence its main efficacy. For, during objective life, the sexual relation impairs to a great extent the sympathetic influence of the wife, by mixing it with something coarsely personal. But when the subjective existence has purified the higher intimacy, which distinguishes the wife, she definitely becomes our higher moral providence. . . . Thus without the subjective union, which is a consequence of widowhood, the moral influence of the woman on the man would be extinguished at the very moment, when its main results should become visible, perfected as it is and purified by death." Further again he observes that unless completed by eternal widowhood "monogamy becomes illusory, for the new marriage always creates a subjective polygamy, unless the first wife (or husband) is forgotten which can be but a small comfort to the second. The mere thought of such a change is enough greatly to impair the existing union, as the event of death is always possible. . . . It is only by the assurance of an unchangeable permanence that the ties of intimacy can acquire the consistence and completeness which are indispensable for their moral effect. Between two beings so complex and so different as man and woman, the whole life is not too long to know each other fully and to love each other worthily." *Mutatis mutandis* these observations are meant to be applicable to the widowhood of both the

males and females. In the face of this verdict of philosophy, the agitation against perpetual widowhood can take in only the unwary and uninformed, and not the intelligent and educated.

Next the question arises, that if eternal widowhood is the goal to be attained, why should it be enjoined on the widows of the higher castes alone, to the exclusion of the lower? Through the whole of the Hindu polity the policy of *Adhikarabheda* or distinction, according to the capacity of the parties concerned, is the recognized principle of the five* grounds on which claims for superiority and respect may be founded. The Hindu lawgivers attached pre-eminence to education and learnings and the lowest place on the list was accorded to possession of wealth. It is evident that mammon worship was not rampant then in India as is the case with the Western people now. Their laws and injunction, were not for universal application, but they were different for the different classes, tempered according to their capacity and intelligence. The penalties and penances were graduated as well according to the degree of intellectual advancement of the parties concerned, the highest being reserved for the cultured Brahmans, who stood at the top for their erudition and general intelligence, and lowest for the illiterate Sudras. The ill-informed carping critic of the Brahmans, who scoffs at their selfishness in all the Hindu institutions, may here find something creditable in their absolute justice, impartiality and far-seeing wisdom. The higher classes were alone fitted by their education and training to appraise sensual pleasures at their worth, to whom they were not the be-all and end-all of life, and they could alone rise superior to them by their susceptibility to refined enjoyments. The experiment of perpetual widowhood, which presupposed so much self-abnegation and self-control, could have chance of success only among them, and accordingly it was enjoined on their widows to the exclusion of the uncultured classes, and in this calculation the Indian Rishis proved correct beyond measure. Perpetual widowhood has taken such a firm hold of them, that amidst all the countless revolutions of the Hindu Society, it has stood firm like a rock.

The chief objection of its antagonists against perpetual widowhood is the risk to sexual morality, to which it exposes the young widows and consequently the whole society. The frailty of human nature cannot be wholly overcome. There may be black sheep among the Hindu widows, but for all that, does the sexual morality, on the whole, of the womenfolk of the higher caste Hindus who observe perpetual widowhood, compare unfavourably with that of the lower castes of womenkind with their wholesale widow remarriage?

* (1) Learning, (2) Deeds, (3) Age, (4) Associates, (5) Wealth, arranged in the descending scale of their importance.

Common observation will suggest the right answer, though there are no recorded statistics for the proposed comparison. No trace, in fact, is visible of the practice of perpetual widowhood by the higher caste widows affecting the morals of their society for the worse nor that of the elevation of the moral tone among the lower castes for the adoption of widow marriage by their widows. Let us, however, turn our attention to the Western countries, where there is unrestricted widow marriage, and where the women are educated. Here we tread on surer ground as we have recorded statistics to go by. The most recent statistics of some of the European countries are quoted below :—In Vienna 33·05 per cent. of the children annually born are illegitimate and 4,000 children are yearly legitimized by the subsequent marriage of their parents. In Germany 9 per cent. of the annually born children are illegitimate, in Scotland 8·46 per cent., in Italy 6·4 per cent., France 7·4 per cent., England 4·0 per cent. in Austria 16·4 per cent. In Italy the *ronta* or foundling-wheel still exists in 1222 communes. . . . It has been abolished in 400 communes during the last twenty years. Nor has the abolition been attended with that increase of infanticide which is observed in France, the Italian law being much less rigid than the French in regard to illegitimate parentage." * For each case of illegitimate birth, if at least two cases of infanticide or forced miscarriage (which are not an over-estimate considering the laxity of the law regarding illegitimate births in the European countries) were assumed, it will be seen how the European countries are deluged with sexual immorality. Is not the Indian Hindu society, notwithstanding its perpetual widowhood in the higher ranks, purify itself by the side of the Western countries? Widow remarriage, instead of proving a check, has become, together with late marriage and forced celibacy, the contributory cause to this looseness of sexual morality in Europe. Abolition of perpetual widowhood and its inevitable consequents of late marriage, and increasing number of spinsters, will reproduce the European society in India. We tremble to think of such a fate befalling the Indian society!

The population of every country consists of almost an equal proportion of males and females. So every female has the chance of getting one husband on an average. If one woman appropriates to herself two or three husbands in succession, as in the European countries, she deprives the corresponding number of her sisters of the chance of entering into wedlock. Add to this the fact that, owing to the increased struggle for existence and modern luxurious mode of living, the young men in all civilized countries are growing averse to incur the responsibilities of married life. Under the circum-

* Encyclopædia Britannica, 10th Edition, Vol. 13, p. 449.

stances a very large proportion of women go without husbands in the Western countries. This is a grave danger to society. This social disorder will overtake India, if widow remarriage is adopted. Nay, the matter would be worse still for the Hindus, complicated and handicapped as the Hindu marriage system is by financial considerations. Every Hindu *pater familias* knows to his bitter cost how difficult it is in these days to secure a suitable match for his daughters, and what outlay he has to incur in the shape of dowry. With the introduction of widow remarriage, he may have to marry some of his girls more than once. It will either spell financial ruin to the father or entail forced spinsterhood on some of the girls. Is it better for society to have some women marrying twice or thrice, while others, not getting a single chance of securing a husband, are to be condemned to the perpetual celibacy? Is not the Hindu society better constituted, where every woman has the chance of becoming a wife, though for some, unfortunately, the married state may be of short duration through death?

As matters stand now, the giving away of daughters in remarriage has been proving a sore trial to the Hindu parents. The difficulties will be multiplied a hundredfold with the advent of widow marriage amongst them. In this materialistic age poverty is looked upon as a sin. No parent will submit to a poor match for his daughter, as it is inexpedient in these days of dear and selfish living. The desirable bridegrooms not being available within the narrow area of a caste, the father of a bride will be compelled to look for them outside his own caste. Inter-marriage will thus be an inevitable consequence of widow remarriage. Thus the distinctive characteristic of Hinduism, I mean marriage within caste, will disappear.

From a combination of causes the marriageable age of the Hindu girls in the higher classes has risen to 13 or 14. With widows to compete with for husbands, the age of marriage for girls may go still higher. The outlandish weddings, which would be brought into vogue under the altered condition, not being contemplated by the Hindu Shastras, could not be performed according to the prescribed rites, and marriage as civil contract under the Civil Marriage Act, will have to be substituted for the holy sacrament of marriage observed by the Hindus.

If widow remarriage becomes general among the Hindus, the attempt at confining it to the young or childless widows, as that suggested by Vidyasagar, and limiting it to the virgin widows, will prove abortive. All widows, young or old, childless or with children, whoever will be able to attract suitors, will tie fresh nuptial knots. A new set of heirs coming into being, viz., the children of one's wife

by her pre-deceased husband or different sets of daughter's children (*Dauhitras*) by her different husbands, perhaps of varying castes, un-
contemplated and hence unprovided for by the Hindu law-givers, the Hindu Law of Succession will have to be radically modified. The Schools of *Dayabhaga*, *Jimutavahan* and *Mitakshara* will have to make room for a Succession Act after the British pattern. The Hindu system of family organization and life cannot withstand such powerful shocks without being radically altered.

One cannot rise from the study of the problem of widow remarriage among the Hindus without being impressed with its complexity. It cannot be brought in by itself without entirely transforming the Hindu society. It will be the parent of revolutionary changes, which are to sweep off the very name "Hindu" from the earth. Is there any Hindu worth the name, who does not grow nervous at the prospect of such a cataclysm befalling the Hindu Society? If there be such, let him advocate the abolition of perpetual widowhood among the Hindus and consign Hinduism to the department of antiquarian researches. The *Brahmo Samajists* have adopted widow remarriage and its consequent auxiliaries of inter-marriage and late marriage of girls. It is deserving of enquiry as to how far these institutions have contributed to the moral purity, happiness and contentment of the infant society and created facilities for the disposal of their marriageable girls or widows, before launching in the proposal of abrogation of perpetual widowhood among the vast multitude of Hindus.

Now as to the opponents of perpetual widowhood, whose objection to its maintenance intact is based on sentimental grounds, the immutable laws of nature are inexorable in their incidence. They are no respecters of age or sex. However wisely the life is planned and ordered, there can be no escape from the positive evils of nature, I mean death and bereavements. There is no room in life to give free scope to one's emotions. They must be checked by reason and replaced by resignation. In widowhood two parties are concerned, on the one hand the parents of the husband dead, and on the other, the parents of the girl widowed. The loss on both the sides may be assumed to be on a par, though the scale on the side of the loser of the son may in many cases be heavier, the son being the mainstay or an important earning member of the family. How is the bereavement of the son borne by his father and mother? They recognize it as irremediable and unavoidable and reconcile themselves to it by resignation. Is not such a course practicable for the parents of the girl widowed for the good of the society? What could the latter do, if instead of the son-in-law they lost their own son?

Can they, by securing a second husband for their girl, insure her against future widowhood? What would be done in the case of a second mishap? Considering the sum-total of the miseries and sufferings of life, what an infinitesimal portion of them can be lightened by the remarriage of a widowed daughter? Nor can widowhood be obliterated entirely by such a course. Why should not the widowed daughter be then trained to reconcile herself to her inscrutable lot as her allotted portion, as in the case of the demise of her own parents her or own children if she is a mother, instead of encouraging her to seek reparation for it by dragging herself down from the moral and spiritual altitude of perpetual widowhood? There are men, however, of too sensitive a nature, who would pay anything rather than see their daughter in widow's weeds, who lose control over themselves at such a sight and cannot pause to think of the interest of society in casting about the means for repairing the loss, as it appears to them repairable at first sight. Such people must marry their widowed daughter. But in doing this un-Hindu act against the general interests of the society, they should not perpetrate any outrage on it by posing as reformers or martyrs in the cause of widow remarriage. They are not performing a meritorious act nor setting up a high ideal for the benefit of the society in general. They should avoid involving others in this unholy deed by inducing them by hook or by crook to join in it, and thereby rousing general indignation. The widows can be married quietly under Act III of 1872. What is the good of having recourse to the Hindu rites, when the Hindu shastras and Hindu public opinion are against such marriages, and when a wider recognition of them cannot be obtained? If the parents of the widow thus remarried wish to be in the Hindu fold, they should break away from their girl after the wedding, and the Hindus are tolerant enough to forgive their peccancy and retain them within their pale. In all such marriages, however, the girl's opinion should be ascertained previously, and if she is against remarriage, it should on no account be insisted upon for the mere glorification of the father.

The arrangement smacks of partiality, that when perpetual widowhood should be compulsory for women, it should be optional for men. Let us consider the point a little in detail. The women are emotional, impulsive, resourceless, uncultured and lacking in robust power of reasoning. An injunction to have a binding effect on them should be like mandates, till sentiments are created in its favour, or it will be violated at pleasure. Their helplessness alone will persuade them against their better instincts to place themselves under the shelter of men as soon as they are deprived of it. Hence it was that

the Hindu law-givers were so stringent with them. Men are the bread-winners and on them rest the responsibilities of the family. They are comparatively educated and able to discriminate between the expedient and the inexpedient, the prudent and imprudent conduct. So it was to their good sense that the question of observing perpetual widowhood was left. In the eye of religion the marriage of a widower is, however, not a sacrament, and public opinion condemns it. These two influences and his own sense of prudence prove in most cases insurmountable barriers to a widower's taking a wife after the decease of his first consort. A little enquiry amongst one's friends and acquaintances will satisfy one as to the sufficiency of these checks in restraining the widowers from a second marriage. It is not that there are no offenders among them, but they are few and far between. And it is not sound logic that because a few inconsiderate and selfish fellows sin against their sense of propriety and prudence, and the high ideal of married state, the women should be retrograded from the high pedestal they have attained, and encouraged to set at nought the injunction of perpetual widowhood, which has grown into an instinct with them. The right remedy lies in the other direction. Whenever a middle-aged or old widower contracts a marriage alliance, there is always a hue and cry raised in society, and often it is made too hot for him. It proves indeed a warning to others not to walk in the same path. If it is not considered sufficient enough, let the public opinion against the violation of perpetual widowhood by men be made stronger, so as to render it a more effectual deterrent, without interfering at all with the advancement made in matter by women owing to tradition and teaching. May thus the purer and more unselfish conception of holy wedlock grow stronger and stronger with each generation!

The Indian Daily News, of Calcutta, in a leaderette in its issue of March 10th, 1913, makes the following observations on the woman question in England and confirms my reading of the case. It says:—"With an enormous excess of women population our social system has met with a condition of affairs, which it did not contemplate and which it is totally unprepared to meet. Hence the Suffragette and the war of the sexes. The Hindus faced this problem centuries ago by giving every woman a chance, making marriage a right of the humblest, and forbidding the remarriage of widows. The Mahomedans remedied it by polygamy. It is probable that in the near future the whole question of monogamy will be raised, and though incredible and strange, firmer things have been challenged." The fact is that the woman question is far from solution in England, and is growing more acute daily. From this our go-ahead Indian reformers,

who look upon the English social system, as regards marriage, as the *ne plus ultra* of the matter, should take lesson and pause in their mad course for reproducing it in our midst.

I have tried to put down my arguments as briefly and tersely as I could. There is no attempt at slurring over the difficulties or concealing the weak points in my armour in the cloud of words. Till the difficulties pointed out are satisfactorily met, and a way out of them is discovered, no true Hindu with any respect for his society can prove a traitor to its best interests of morality and purity by being a party to the abolition of perpetual widowhood. The ideal before us should be high and noble, as it is said in the Sanskrit verse :—

Yádrishi bhávaná yasy síddhirbhavati tádrishi.

TRIPURA CHARAN BANERJEA.

Calcutta.

LORD CURZON'S VIGILANCE.

MOST European administrators in India, when they retire, assure us that they will take continued interest in the affairs of this great dependency, and no ex-Viceroy has kept his promise more scrupulously and whole-heartedly than Lord Curzon. He had travelled in the East, written about Eastern countries, and formed opinions on Eastern politics before he became an Indian administrator, and in the debates which he so often opens in the House of Lords, he only evinces his faithfulness to his early love. Unfortunately, some of the discussions, which he introduces, remind one of his own Viceroyalty and an unpleasant contrast between the different lines of policy that have commended themselves to different rulers and statesmen in recent years. The personal note, which if the speaker avoids, the hearer will not forget, distracts our attention, and we are apt to read the debates through a coloured medium. A new era has dawned upon India since Lord Curzon laid down the reins of his office. The busy period, during which he was occupied with one reform after another, marked a transition; and the very spirit of reform and discontent with things as they were, which he infused into the administration, taught his successors to ask themselves whether the existing order of things did not call for improvement in spheres towards which he had not directed his energy. Man is by nature so conservative that the most daring reformer halts at a certain stage and looks upon further advance with alarm and resists it. It is said that earnest men usually lack imagination and humour. If the ex-Viceroy had added a little imagination to his zeal, he would have perceived that the apparent reversal of his policy in certain respects was only its fulfilment. No great mission has ever been fulfilled in exactly the same manner that appeared likely or possible to the earliest workers

in the field. The present, when it seeks to modify the past, produces a future which may not be contemplated by the advocates of change. Those who forget this "philosophy of change" talk of reversal or retrogression when they perceive fusion or change of direction. Lord Curzon set the ball rolling by an attempt to overhaul the administration, and the vigorous kick imparted by him has sent the ball bounding to a greater distance than he might have contemplated. Other legs have repeated the performance and we may be sure that we have not seen the last of the movement which he initiated. But he is himself alarmed, and is disposed to quarrel with his successors.

The great fault that he has to find with the measures announced at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi is that they are costly. That criticism is obvious and admits of no denial. The ex-Viceroy is reported to have stated in the House of Lords that irrigation and railways are starved, and agricultural improvement does not receive sufficient attention, because funds have been diverted from these useful and necessary purposes to the construction of a new capital and the creation of a new province with a Council. It is no reply to him merely to deny the starving of certain departments, as alleged. If the expenditure to which he objects be unnecessary, the capacity of the country to provide funds for other approved purposes would not justify it. The question is whether it is waste. No rigid tests can be applied in such cases. The critics of Lord Curzon's own administration maintained that the Delhi Durbar of his time was a financial blunder. The cost of the Tibet expedition was similarly condemned, and the partition of Bengal was certainly not a means of reducing the cost of administering that province. The fact is that political advantages cannot be appraised in pounds sterling, and no unanimity can be expected on the balancing of a political measure against its cost. As the cost is paid by the tax-payers, where public opinion supports or demands a measure notwithstanding the financial burden which it may impose, and where it does not seriously interfere with the expenditure which the Government finds indispensable from its own standpoint, it is scarcely worth the while of one Viceroy to criticise another for sanctioning it, merely on grounds of economy. Whether public opinion is intelligent, is another question. It may be worth one's while to instruct it. Educated Indians expect much good

out of Council Governments, and until they modify that opinion, the luxury may be pronounced worthy of the price that the people are willing to pay. One has to admit that the transfer of the capital of India to Delhi was demanded by nobody, and that it will prove a very costly undertaking. It may also be conceded that Indians have acquiesced in it, because it was announced by H. I. M. the King-Emperor, and it was recommended with the best of intentions by a Viceroy, who has shown his sympathy with the people in so many other ways ; and further, that if the proposal had been placed before the public before adopting it, no one would have discussed it seriously on account of the cost, the opposition of Bengal, and the very boldness and originality of the scheme. The public are always suspicious of originality in politics, and it speaks volumes for the merits of this proposal that the Indian public have not taken the Viceroy to task for it, though a few Bengalis have regretted Calcutta's loss of importance. Though they have not yet acclaimed the measure as a feat of statesmanship, they are willing to be convinced of the soundness and wisdom of the policy in future years. To grant a patient trial is itself a recognition of the possible wisdom of a momentous and original scheme. It may take ten years to complete the Government buildings, and perhaps another ten years before important private institutions grow up in the city. For a generation to come, Delhi may remain a ceremonial capital. Such it remained under the Moghuls for a long time, when the Emperors divided most of their time between Agra and Lahore. But why should the Government of India require a different kind of capital? What did the Government or the country gain by locating the capital at Calcutta? Most members of the Government can boast of ripe experience acquired in the various provinces, and the Viceroy tours and receives perhaps more visitors than he has time to talk to both at Delhi and at Simla. On the other hand, it is in every way appropriate that the Central Government should not be identified with the interests of any particular province, and should not lay itself open to influence from any favoured quarter. It is a great political and moral gain that the world will not hereafter confound India with Bengal, or any other province. It is almost certain that, if the very same measure had been recommended by Lord Curzon, his Indian critics would not have found words strong enough to condemn

his recklessness and his "divide and rule" policy. But the whims and tendencies of public criticism do not always furnish a safe criterion of the soundness of a measure. The anticipated political advantages, some of which are already realised, are worth the price that has to be paid for them. It is desirable that each province should try to solve its own difficulties, and the Government of India should not in the eyes of the world stand in the focus of the collected discontent of the whole dependency. In one of his farewell speeches Lord Curzon described the tremendous responsibilities of a Viceroy, who is held accountable for every little thing that goes wrong, though he may have no knowledge of it. Such concentration of responsibility on the one hand, and of discontent on the other, is a mistake. The ex-Viceroy cannot expect a reversal of the measures, which he loses no opportunity of criticising. If he is not vain enough to cherish such expectations, he may wish only to anticipate the verdict of history. He seems to have spoken more as a historian than as a statesman last month in the House of Lords. Contemporary judgments are seldom correct on great questions of policy. It may take at least a quarter of a century more before the historian is able to pass a sound and impartial judgment on the events of the last twelve years in India.

‘SENTINEL.’

THE MONTH.

Ulster is freely importing arms and is preparing for a civil war. Many Liberals themselves feel that such defiance of the law is a scandal, and they are said to

Ulster and the Empire. have formally asked the Prime Minister to stop it.

The Home Rulers in Ireland consider it impolitic to provoke Ulster, but the volunteers of the southern counties are expected to emulate their northern brethren and to hold a great demonstration at Dublin on the day the Bill is passed by the Commons. Meanwhile Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill, if not also others in the Cabinet, are in favour of making further concessions to Ulster, and Mr. Redmond holds himself free to change his attitude towards the Government if the amending Bill makes concessions not acceptable to him. What will appear remarkable to the outlying members of the Empire is Ulster's successful and uninterrupted preparation for war. Statutes must be in force in the United Kingdom making military drill and preparation for war by private persons illegal. Such conduct would not for a day be tolerated in India. But Sir E. Carson is a great lawyer, and if the Unionists come into power, he may hold a high office under the Crown. Mr. Asquith also is an eminent lawyer: evidently he does not consider it worth while breaking a lance with Sir Edward in a legal tournament. Perhaps the ministry is in a dilemma. Ulstermen cannot be credited with any intention to wage war unless Home Rule is forced upon them, and the Prime Minister is unwilling to admit that coercion will be resorted to. In the absence of coercion, civil war cannot be expected. When civil war is not within the bounds of probability, the preparation therefor may well be treated as unnecessary antics. Such seems to be the attitude of the ministers. The army does not seem to be in a mood to fight Ulster, and

why should the police be denied the liberty which is conceded to the army? What then is to become of the Home Rule Bill? Meanwhile Mr. Asquith is ready to deal with the House of Lords. H. M. the King is said to have held an hour's consultation with the Lord Chancellor. From a constitutional point of view the Empire is passing through a period which will ever be remembered in history.

WE commonly hear it said that India stands outside the party politics of England, and that continuity of policy is the greatest safeguard of prestige in India. Somehow parties seem to be inevitable in politics. They may be occasional and may disappear with the dispute which gives rise to them. Yet they may be alive for a considerable time. The dispute between the Calcutta party and the Delhi party has not yet ended, though none expects now that the decision to make Delhi the capital of India will be abandoned. Perhaps Lord Curzon and the Calcutta party hope to curtail the expenditure on the new capital and shear it of some of the glory with which the Delhi party seek to invest it. We are not told how exactly that can be done. Lord Lansdowne declared in the House of Lords that he would do nothing to interfere with the success of the measures announced by H. M. the King-Emperor himself, and the building of the new capital is not likely to be arrested even if the Conservatives are returned to power within the next few years. Whatever the future of the capital may be, imperialists cannot ignore that at the moment when the change was announced, it threw into the shade the revision of the partition of Bengal, which would otherwise have appeared to humiliate the authors of the original partition.

FOR some years past the proceedings of the National Congress have not been characterised by much enthusiasm. One reason may be that the movement has lost its novelty; another reason assigned is that the old leaders have lost their energy, and their mantle has not fallen on equally great successors; a third reason suggested

is that in the enlarged legislative Councils the work of the Congress is done more effectively, and the Congress has practically no work left for it to do. But evidently the functions of the legislative Councils being limited by law, the Congress can undertake more duties. It can, for example, despatch a deputation to England and press its views in more influential quarters than the Government of India. The Secretary of State does not recognise every deputation ; he would not receive a certain Musalman deputation. What exactly the Congress deputation is to urge will perhaps be decided in England. It appears that the most urgent question on which the services of the spokesmen of the Congress were needed was the reconstruction of the Secretary of State's Council, and on that subject the delegates who have already reached England are said to have been informally heard. The work done by the Congress representatives in public will have to be noticed in future months.

MUCH of the criticism of Government arises from want of knowledge. The information that lies hidden in blue-books cannot be easily unearthed, and no private agency can afford to bestow upon the heavy and not uniformly interesting records the labour required to separate the metal from the ore and present it in attractive light. The Press notes are better appreciated ; they furnish up-to-date information, and they are brief and to the point. These notes, however, are forgotten soon after they are read in the newspapers, and even members of Legislative Councils, who are expected to make a systematic study of the public questions in which they are interested, often seek through interpellations information which has already been supplied to the public through the Press and which is contained in the blue-books. The Bombay Government has decided, as an experimental measure, to publish a *Blue Book Quarterly*, in which the reports and Press notes placed at the disposal of the public during every quarter are catalogued and their contents indicated. It ought to prove very useful to the diligent student of public affairs, and it may be made more interesting by calling special attention to facts, which the public consider worth knowing and remembering.

MEXICO seems to cause as much anxiety to President Wilson as Ireland causes to Mr. Asquith. For a long time the wire has been employed almost daily in communicating to different parts of the world news of President Huerta's doings on the one hand and Sir E. Carson's doings on the other. Both are equally defiant and equally immune from the consequences that would ordinarily overtake such defiance. Huerta feels that the President of the United States looks upon him as a usurper, but does not know how to express his resentment openly. President Wilson would apparently be glad if he could teach the alleged adventurer a lesson, but he must find a valid excuse and a war must be worth the cost. Excuse, valid or imaginary, was found in an alleged affront to the flag of the great American Power. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Southern States offered to mediate, and how could the offer be rejected? The mediators will meet at Niagara. Meanwhile the rebels in Mexico have scored a decided victory against the President's forces, and the resignation of his foreign minister shows perhaps that the ship is about to sink. Huerta himself, it appears, is willing to resign if his exit will settle the dispute with the United States smoothly. At the time of writing it seems probable that Huerta's days as President are numbered. What is to follow?

SIR R. CRADDOCK's Bill for the better protection of minor girls has once more been referred to Local Governments in view of the changes introduced in it by the Select Committee. What the Government of India specially wants to know seems to be whether the rescue clauses will be effective if the rescued girls are to be handed over only to the professors of their own religion, for in that case very few persons and institutions would be available to take charge of them. The delay in passing the measure has enabled social reformers once more to press the desirability of raising the age of consent as against strangers to a figure higher than twelve. The Poona Social Conference last month suggested eighteen—the age of majority under the Act of 1875. If the prosecution is to be undertaken by the

police, it will be difficult to secure convictions, and the law will provide much room for oppression. But it is proposed that action under the rescue clauses ought to be taken on information supplied by some person other than a police officer. The raising of the age of consent will cause no hardship if only the caretakers of the minor are to take action. Social legislation does not always arouse popular discontent, and it is fairly effective if properly devised. A Madras judge said at a public meeting some time ago that the law had practically put an end to the practice of dedicating minor girls to temples in the south. Vigorous measures in this presidency have produced salutary results in checking the custom, and it does not prevail outside the two presidencies.

THE report of the Indian Grievances Commission in South Africa was sent to the Government of India, and
Indians in it was published in this country. General satisfaction has been expressed with the recommendations of the Commission, and General Smuts has
America. already announced his intention of introducing a Bill on the lines recommended. It appears that a much larger number than the usual proportion of emigrants will return to India this year after the expiry of their indentures. The precise reason is not yet known. Perhaps life in South Africa has lost some of its former attractions, and wages having risen in India, the inducement to leave the motherland is growing less. Meanwhile the Indians in Canada are determined to fight out their battle to the utmost limits allowed by the law. A Japanese steamer has carried 500 Indians from Calcutta to Canada without landing the passengers at any port on the way, and thus the "through ticket" condition is complied with. At the time of writing it appears that instructions have been issued to prevent the landing of artisans and labourers under some other provision of the colonial law. "We are promised a long legal war, for the validity of the colonial law is to be challenged. Attempts have been made, but so far without success, to exclude Indian labour from the United States. Indian thought cannot be kept out. California boasts of a Rājayoga College, conducted by Katherine Tingley.

Responsibility of Leaders. THE pendency of one trial or another for a political crime during every part of the year has been a remarkable feature of the recent criminal history of Bengal. Emissaries from that province have been busy in the Punjab, and fears are naturally entertained that if the anarchical movement takes root among the warlike races, the situation will be more serious than it has been in the eastern province. The accused in one conspiracy case at Delhi have been committed for trial. The evidence adduced in some of recent investigations shows that the outrage on the Viceroy was the outcome of an organised movement and not the isolated act of a stray lunatic. It may be that such movements are not unknown in Europe, as Mr. Montagu once said in Parliament. But how do they grow, why do they flourish, and how can they be eradicated? The usual theory is that a plant cannot grow long in an uncongenial soil, and it must die in hostile surroundings. Who creates the surroundings, and who has control over the forces that produce public opinion? Both the rulers of Bengal and the Punjab have publicly asked their respective Legislative Councils whether the accredited leaders of the Indian communities are powerless to mould public opinion and create surroundings in which sedition shall not thrive. It is a serious question worth the deepest reflection.

Royalty and the Empire. WHILE a constitutional Sovereign cannot act independently of the advice of the ministers, Queen Victoria demonstrated the potent influence which the personality of the Sovereign could exercise on current politics. King Edward VII showed how that influence could be extended to international politics. King George V is treading in the footsteps of his august father, and His Majesty's recent visit to France is believed to have cemented the friendship of the two countries more closely than ever. It was at one time thought that Russian interests were antagonistic to the British in Asia. At the present moment England, France, and Russia are credited with a common intention to form a tripartite coalition, and whatever its effect may be on European politics, it will dispel the Russian scare, once so frequent in this country. During the present reign the experiment of appoint-

ing Royal personages to govern the British Dominions beyond the Seas has been introduced in addition to the Royal tours. In Canada H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is to be succeeded by another Royalty. It has been objected to the proposal to appoint a Royal Viceroy in India that the demand for such Viceroys could not be supplied. The Canadian precedent seems to show that with some modification the proposal is not impracticable.

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ELSEWHERE we publish an article which represents the orthodox high caste Hindu reasoning on the subject **Remarriage of Widows**, centuries prohibited. The opportunity which the writer seeks to ventilate his views is also the reformer's opportunity to expound his, and we do deny it to neither. Mr. Banerjea admits that if a compassionate father cannot endure the heart-rending sight of a young widowed daughter, he may secure another husband for her. If so, orthodoxy is half conquered. The critic objects to the glorification of widow-marriages, and to the celebration of them according to Hindu rites ; and he also dreads the consequences of the custom being generally adopted. At the same time he is convinced that Hindu society will not generally adopt it. Widow marriages are not glorified in communities that allow it ; where the orthodox persecute the couple and make martyrs of them, it is the assertion of liberty that is advertised, and not the distinction of having yielded to an instinct. Hindu rites are nobody's monopoly, and although enforced widowhood may be bound up with the orthodoxy of some people, it is not bound up with Hinduism. It is unnecessary to discuss whether the ancient Hindus were hard-hearted, and why they permitted widows to be roasted alive. We may be content to deal with the living generation. Kind-hearted relatives are found in abundance, and the once prohibited custom, outside Bengal at least, is being adopted with a rapidity which would have surprised Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar himself. More than a hundred widow-marriages have taken place under the auspices of a single reformer in southern India ; as many were brought about by another reformer in the United Provinces. In the punjab and in Western India they are frequently reported in

the newspapers. If the Bengalis are still engaged in admiring the heroism of suicide, and if they cannot trust their maidens to compete successfully with widows, the rest of India will not wait until they learn better. In western Europe females are slightly in excess of males, but in most countries they are not. In India they are not, and no community which allows widow-marriages either in Asia or in Europe has found that the interest of unmarried girls suffer through the competition of widows. Individual maidens may have, here and there, been robbed of their intended prizes by individual widows; they must seek other prizes. In small communities which insist upon remaining separate from others, the competition may inconvenience the unmarried girls. But the abolition of enforced widowhood is only part of a larger scheme of reform, which aims at breaking down caste barriers and enlarging the matrimonial field. The increasing number of old maids and illegitimate births in some of the Western countries is not due to the liberty of widows to marry. Though some young widows naturally go astray in India, the reformer refers to the lapses by way of emphasizing the hardship caused by the custom, and not to cast reflections on the character of a class. Self-restraint in men and women alike may be admired without enforcing martyrdom.

We have pleasure in calling attention to Dr. Mills' learned article in this number. Dr. Mills is one of the foremost Iranian scholars of Europe. In the study of the Gāthas he is held as an authority. His translation of the Gāthas has been acknowledged to be a monumental work. It has been followed up by a Dictionary of Gāthaic words. His present article and other similar articles and works on cognate subjects may be taken as his "Chips from an Iranian Workshop." His labours in the field of Avesta have been life-long. In his study of the Gāthas he has attempted to go, as it were, to the very root of the subject. In articles of this kind and in other similar publications, he has placed before Avestan students, what should be considered an excellent "literary apparatus" for the study of the Avesta. But laying aside this branch of study, which may be called strictly scientific or technical, in which perhaps only a few are interested, he has done a yeoman's service from what may be called

the popular point of view for such studies. In his various papers, comparing the Avesta and the Bible, he has, as it were, tried to unite the East and the West. It is his love for his own religion, his love of study to seek the origin and to go to the root of a thing, that has led him to love Zoroastrianism. Dr. Mills' articles in the various literary periodicals on the subject of the Pahlavi translation of the different chapters of the Yasna deserve to be collected in book form. We also commend his latest work of the Dictionary of the Gāthas to our Parsee readers. Few scholars have specialized in this branch of Iranian studies as Dr. Mills has done, and he deserves well of the community which he has served with such steadfast devotion and scholarly zeal.

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ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Introduction.

THE classics of a country are the works of established rank consecrated and preserved by reason of their matter and workmanship; especially such as have been accepted by other nations. The term is sometimes, no doubt, yet further specialised, so as to denote works of the best Greek and Roman writers; and in that sense is inapplicable to any products of modern literature, but the former use of the word is at least sanctioned by present wont and practice. Applying it so, we see there are certain monuments of literary art—say, in our own language—to which it is not appropriate, whether as to selection of subject or finish of execution; to give instances would be invidious. Others, on the other hand, will be found to answer our tests with much completeness: especially is this the case with metrical works (a class which our positive age may be tempted to depreciate until some such canons as these have been applied) and also with a few of the more exquisite examples of prose fiction. When a piece of literature has lived in men's hands, or on their lips, for many generations, and has been the subject of translations and comments by foreigners, there can be no further need of argument. Such works are "The Iliad of Homer," "The Æneid of Virgil," "The Divina Commedia," "The Canterbury Tales," and—to come to a later period—*Hamlet*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Gil Blas*, *Candide*, *Childe Harold*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*. The idea of the present little study is to consider English books in general from

this point of view, taking literature as an art, like music, without any particular reference to its other objects ; an illusion which consoles men during their wanderings in the wilderness, now with a gift of manna, now with a stream of clear water, always telling of a Promised Land, which they may never see, but of which the hope lures them on their way.

We used to hear, not long ago, of the " Hundred Best Books," according to one critic or another. But it is surely more important to know what are—in any particular literature—the world's best books (whether more or less in number than one hundred) which are, as a matter of fact, those which have been made canonical by the general heart and conscience. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

Beginning with the Masters of a date only sufficiently remote to have allowed of their position being definitely fixed, we pass to their immediate predecessors, unfolding the scroll of our island record so as to trace the gradual evolution. In this examination, however, we shall halt as soon as we arrive at barbaric work in a tongue which cannot be read without grammar and dictionary, to which the title of " English " cannot with propriety be allowed. The preliminary chapter is devoted to an attempt at showing the latest outcome of such a brilliant past, omitting mention of living authors.

In pursuing a study of this sort we must carefully lay down the datum from which our departure is made. On the one hand, we may undertake too much unless we exclude these classes of works, which do not depend for their popularity on their beauty of composition or of style ; we want, no doubt, to signalise everything that is of universal acceptance on literary grounds, but we do not include *Todhunter on Conic Sections*, or the *Indian Penal Code*. On the other hand, we do not desire to fall into the habit of considering nothing but what was once called " Belles-lettres "—writings only intended to please. But there are, it must be admitted, certain books in the English language, which are more particularly prized by all intelligent readers of that tongue ; those which are most often asked for in Free Libraries, most frequently found in the log-hut of the emigrant, in the tent of the military officer, and in the cabins of mariners at sea. Some may be fiction, some history, some philosophy or religion, but all must be " literature," and all must be " classic." The object

here sought is to make a reasoned catalogue of these, to trace their origin, and, so far as may be, to account for their existence.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(Recent Classics.)

When we stand by the seashore and watch the waves, we observe that one after the other breaks upon the beach, while now and then a larger and higher heap of water towers above the rest with greater energy and more commanding form. We cannot see what is beyond; but we know that a similar movement is preparing there also: while the mighty mass before us is being constantly augmented by the innumerable rivers that stream into its bed.

Such a sight may furnish the mind with some sort of illustration of what is going on in literature. The ocean of recorded thought is constantly fed by the streams poured into it from a myriad of sources; the nearer waves come on, dominated from time to time by a grander wave; we do not see the more remote movement, but we know that it is there. When we turn from the contemplation of this ocean to the rivers of our own country, by the estuary of one of which we may happen to be standing, we find an expanse, less indeed than that of the bay whose shore we are leaving, but one that is yet broad, and connected with the sea. Then as we wander inland, we trace its course and find it growing narrower; less regular though more lively and picturesque; until gradually we find it ceasing to receive tributary streams and at last issuing from a source entirely unlike itself, a placid lake or perhaps a spring in the side of a mountain fed by the clouds above. The analogy need not be pursued too far. Suffice it to suggest that the contemplation of the portion of human mental production, which lies nearest to us, can be most profitably practised when it leads us to examine the earlier course of the English mind through the conditions and circumstances which have marked its progress and made it what it is.

Even so, we need not take into consideration the unmeasured fluctuations by which the present is even now preparing and passing into the future. When we stand too close to a work, whether of Nature or of Art, to see it whole, we are almost sure

to misconceive both its design and execution. Innumerable instances of such errors warn us against hasty judgments of the books of to-day. It is related of a cool and experienced man of letters—the late Samuel Rogers—that, whenever he heard much talk of a new book, he usually reperused an old one, though the fate of his own works has not done much to justify the practice: read when new, they are quite forgotten now. In dealing therefore with the existing state of English literature, we shall do wisely to stop short at the writers who are still alive; whose vogue may be due to passing causes and fashions; on whose productions, in a word, Time has not yet fixed his seal.

Similarly, in tracing the past current, we shall have to confine our observation to those indisputably great works which have vitally affected writers and readers of successive times, and have been stamped with that evident and permanent approval which amounts to what is meant when men speak of literary “immortality.” These, in fact, are the “classics” of our country.

The most surely established and influential of recent English classics are not those who have communicated the newest discoveries or the most important truths. No one, for instance, would think of citing Charles Darwin as a giver of artistic pleasure or a model of artistic style. Such men have other objects in view when they take up the pen; enough for them, if they convey their meaning in plain and unmistakable language. To them the pursuit of art in writing would be a snare: sensible men are never convinced by rhetoric any more than by music; and it would be easy for a scientific teacher to lose in its pursuit the energy required for study and reflection. If he chance to have a fine ear for prose rhythm and the good taste of a cultivated intellect, he will write well—as Huxley, for instance, wrote—but style is not his prime object, and the nature of his work places him in another class. The truth of what is here advanced will be plain if we consider the case of a few recent English historians; though history be a form of knowledge, which does not seem so wholly incompatible as some others with the pursuit of style.

Perhaps the most signal recent example of what has been here advanced is Macaulay, a wise and good man who undertook to “make History as attractive as a novel.” His style is undoubtedly, in its way, consummate; his works are of unsur-

passed attraction ; but experts assure us that they are not quite accurate history. His broad statements may be generally accepted as true and useful, but the love of art lures him with mirage ; and, whenever its pictures are presented, we have to moderate our confidence and assume our most cautious mood.

Nevertheless, since our business is with literature as an art, and since the style of Macaulay has been widely accepted and even adopted as a model, we can hardly do wrong if we regard him as a special classic of our recent prose. But perhaps it may be as well here to state in as few words as possible, what we understand by the word "Prose": the rather because, in the study that we have undertaken, we shall have to regard literary art as consisting of two distinct classes, Prose and Poetry. Indeed, it may be fairly argued that each is subject to such diverse laws as to make them, for practical purposes, almost two distinct arts. It does not necessarily follow that all printed matter must be either one or the other: much metrical work exists, which does not merit the sacred title of "Poetry", and in like manner a great deal of unmetrical matter escapes from any profitable definition of "Prose."

Prose then, as an Art, is the *straightforward arrangement of words*, the plain expression of thought in a way that is studied for effect but not adapted to the exigencies of metre. The history of civilized languages shows that metric expression comes always first, since verse is easier to remember ; and all mental communication, before the invention of letters, has had to depend on memory for its preservation. Prose, therefore, regarded as an Art is after-thought, a step in advance, a later and more laboured effort than verse. Poetry, moreover, is individual, prose is social.

Macaulay, (1800-59), was a past master, alike in prose and verse ; and, though something more than a mere author, the life that he led was, above all, distinguished by the display of this talent. Especially in the art of prose, as we have defined it, was his mastery evinced : even as a statesman and as a jurist he gained much of his success by his lucid and pleasant method of exposition. The few dates of his honourable but uneventful career are soon told. Born October 25, 1800, he barely lived into his sixtieth year, thus keeping pace with the first half of the nineteenth century, and carrying on the traditions of the Age of

Reason. At Cambridge he was distinguished by his attainments in Greek and Latin, and, in spite of his want of aptitude for mathematical reasoning—which, under the then existing system, debarred him from graduating in Honours—he became Fellow of his College in 1824. About the same time he joined the staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, then conducted by Francis Jeffrey; and having been called to the Bar was, in 1828, appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. In 1830 he entered Parliament, where he signalised himself in the furtherance of the Reform Bill. In 1834 he was appointed Law Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India; and he devoted the next four years of his life to the reformation of the law in that country, especially to the famous “Indian Penal Code,” a great work of jurisprudence, in all parts of which his powers are apparent, though he was much aided by the local knowledge of his colleagues on the Commission. In 1838 he returned to Europe with a modest fortune, saved from his Indian salary, and spent a year in continental travel, chiefly devoted to Italy with whose beautiful language and literature he was well acquainted. In 1839 he was elected M.P. for Edinburgh, and appointed Secretary-at-War, which post he continued to fill until the fall of the Liberal Government in 1841. He had now an opportunity of devoting his time and his ripened powers to the task which he had for some time been meditating, of writing the history of his country “from the accession of King James the Second to a time which is within the memory of men still living.” The undertaking was one that would have taxed all his powers and all the time on which he could reasonably count. But there were demands of politics; and unhappily he yielded to the temptation, so that—like another great Whig before him—he continued, for some time at least, to give up to his party what was meant for mankind. For the next five or six years he went on writing what have been irreverently called “pot-boilers” for the *Edinburgh Review* and delivering speeches in the House of Commons in support of the displaced and discredited Whigs; and it was not until he lost his seat in 1847 that he seems to have seriously set himself down to attempt the completion of his vast enterprise.

It was full time. In some of his earlier Essays he had already stated his view of the manner in which History should be written: and on the eve of his journey to Italy he had sketch-

ed his gigantic plan in a private letter. Five volumes were to take him to the commencement of Walpole's long and fruitful administration: the death of George IV. was to be the next and final goal. All this had now to be done by a man who was approaching his fiftieth year, and had not yet commenced his task. As he warmed to his work, the estimate was found insufficient: indeed, he found that four volumes barely took him to the death of William III; and then the pen dropped for ever from the master's hand.

The chapters of the History thus left unfinished are a monument to Macaulay's judgment and skill, although in some of his earlier work we may find even more grace and spirit. On the whole, however, he is more uniform than most writers, in so far that his marvellous power of construction and of style was shown at the very outset and continued to characterise his work to the last. His merits, like his defects, arise from an intelligent and resolute determination to be *interesting*. The best notion of the way in which he secured this object—even at the expense of some of the actual facts of the record—may be obtained from the able and sympathetic estimate contained in the brilliant study of Macaulay by the late James Cotter Morison. Take the following sample:—

"Artless, and almost clumsy, as he is in building a sentence . . . in building a chapter, an article, or a book, he has a grand and easy power . . . His short sentences, when looked at by themselves so isolated and thin, are the lines of a fine engraving all converging to produce one well-considered artistic effect: an effect in which neither deep thought nor high feeling has a share, but still one so brilliant and striking that the criticism which overlooks it may be justly accused of blindness."*

In 1852 the electors of Edinburgh atoned for their rejection of 1847, and returned Macaulay to the House of Commons without any canvass or solicitation. He did not, however, renew his habit of frequent speaking, and in 1856 retired from the service of the House. In 1857 he was made a peer, and received the far more appropriate honour of Membership of the French Academy; on the 28th December, 1859, he breathed his last, dying in sleep. His memory was honoured by the Royal Society;

* *Macaulay*. By J. C. Morison. London 1882. (Macmillan's "English Men of Letters.")

which recorded a brief memoir of him by the late Dean Milman ; a monument was erected in Trinity College, Cambridge, a few years later ; and a deeply-interesting biography by his nephew, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, completed the record of his active and useful labours.

The ancient Art of Poetry at its earlier dates demanded the aid of rhythm ; for Poetry was intended to be committed to memory and usually sung to music. Although it be true that such requirements no longer exist in anything like the old importance, there is always some necessity felt for the old methods ; the subject-matter and treatment of Poetry almost inevitably demanding a more marked and regular beat than Prose, one only attainable by the use of metre. In a positive age like ours neither the matter nor the manner is as popular as of old ; and the democratic masses, who are beginning to give the dominant tone to literature, are said to be more than indifferent to metrical composition. Perhaps the only modern Poet whose fame and influence in any degree approach those of Macaulay is Tennyson ; springing like him from the middle class, educated at Cambridge, conspicuous for the command and control of language, rewarded during life by prosperity, popularity, and a peerage. Such a career is not necessarily indicative of a Poet, in the highest sense, meaning a man inspired, uttering an inevitable word, with a preface—expressed or implied—of “ Thus saith the Lord.” But there is another ideal, less sublime but more suited to a practical epoch. In this view Poetry is regarded as the combination of a certain matter with a certain manner ; if a man like this has no divine message, yet he conquers a place among classics by a charming art for the entertainment and solace of leisured and cultured persons. There is room upon Parnassus for Virgil as well as for Homer.

Alfred Tennyson (1809-92) was the third son of a parish clergyman in Lincolnshire, born nine years later than Macaulay and consequently a little nearer to the great scientific movement of the age, which indeed mingles in his later poetry at least as much as is compatible with the character and traditions of his art. He went to Trinity, Cambridge, in 1828, and among his contemporaries and associates were men who have since become eminent in their respective callings. In the following year he gained the University prize for an English poem ; but left with-

out a degree in 1831. The next few years were passed in studying his art and training his powers by practice ; in 1842 appeared a volume of lyrics, which established his position once for all, and elicited from Wordsworth the judgment that Tennyson was already the first of living English poets, and that yet more might be hoped. A fanciful tale in verse followed in 1847 : it was entitled " The Princess : a Medley," and contained a graceful commentary on the movement for female " Emancipation " then coming prominently into notice. The climax of the poet's workmanship was reached in the next few years, by the publication of " In Memoriam " (1850) and " Maud " (1855). Tennyson was now happily married ; and he had become Poet Laureate, in succession to the distinguished Master, who had been among the first to point out his greatness ; but the period that immediately followed was for him one of casuistry and doubt like that in Shakespeare's life when he completed *Hamlet*. This clouded moment, however, passed with " Enoch Arden " and " Aylmer's Field," being succeeded by one of splendid though less spiritual production. From 1859 to 1885 a public prepared by his earlier work accepted with delight the continuous appearances of the romantic Tales in blank verse, which in their collected form bear the title of " Idylls of the King." Here, in language somewhat modelled on that of Shakespeare, we have a sort of allegory of the passions more graceful than anything of Bunyan, less tedious than Spencer's *Fairy Queen*. The Idylls, read as a whole, must be considered in the character of a narrative ; and so considered may be thought less an epic than a series of adapted and symbolical parables. Nevertheless in all, whether narrative or lyric, that Tennyson produced during his long life of art, he is always the " Maker " ; with the materials furnished by his own experience or by the annals of his country, he constantly creates for us *something new*. In his later work you find the inventive fire burning lower ; while inward thought becomes more intense, outward observation collects less material ; but even in " Sixty Years After " his creative power is felt, and the comparison of that piece with the youthful " Locksley Hall " yields but little cause for complaint of weakened power. Tennyson died in the autumn of 1892, after a short illness : with an open Shakespeare on his bed and the moonlight shining through the window of his chamber.

Prose is a noble accomplishment, but Verse in such hands is more truly *poetic*, in the sense of creativeness: it strikes us at first with more sense of novelty, and it is then borne in mind with more tenacity and more love. The reason is not far to seek. If Tennyson had never lived, a multitude of human beings would have missed a beneficent enjoyment.

An eyewitness of the incident has been heard to relate Tennyson's estimate of himself as delivered to a private but distinguished circle: "Never," he said, in his deep tones, "never since Shakespeare has there been such a master of language as myself." The guests eyed him curiously, till he proceeded to atone for the apparent want of modesty, by presently adding—"To be sure, I've nothing to say." But, after all, was this a denial of that conviction of merit, which great artists ought to harbour? Poetry has two characteristics, neither of which involves "anything to say", if by that he meant *instruction*. The Muse is a charming consoler, and comforter; she is not a "school-marm." Ask Bacon; he tells you that Poetry conforms the shows of things to the desires of the mind. That is one office of poesy, the other, not unconnected or unnecessary, 'is ministering to the pleasure of the ear by harmony and measure and a recognition of difficulties overcome. Poetry, according to Shelley, is the best thought of the best minds; Coleridge adds that it implies the best words in the best order.

Tennyson understood these requirements and knew how to meet them. The Greek canon was:—"Simple things strangely, strange things simply say." Tennyson's first manner was abstruse, and its obscurity was noticed by old Coleridge in his *Table-talk*. As his matter became more plain in all that he produced after his thirtieth year he is *infallible*; you will be able to read page after page without being able to alter or displace a single word. A complete contrast, in every respect, was his friend and contemporary, Robert Browning, (1812-89), whose work is so laden with thought that the language can hardly drag it along. If the first duty of Art is to be artistic, Browning can hardly take a permanent place: but he was a great intelligence if not a great artist. His thought, whenever it can be discovered, is no less profound than sincere, though the peculiarities of his style and

his disregard of the conventions and traditions of his craft forbid us to reckon him among the "Classics," as the word is here employed. His wife, *Elizabeth Moulton Barrett* (1806-61) was a far more melodious singer, though it is doubtful whether her work can ever become classical in the sense in which the term is used here. Her best known poem is a metrical tale called "Aurora Leigh."

If we take Tennyson and Macaulay as the best masters of the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century in English literature, we are not to forget that the period was one of general awakening, and that it produced a quantity of work scarcely inferior to theirs. Two new elements came into view; the spirit of *form* and the spirit of *science*. Ever since the days of Rousseau and Adam Smith the reading classes of Western Europe had been gradually learning to shake off convention and privilege. The sentimental movement had preceded the French Revolution; and the revolt of the American Colonies, even earlier, showed that (in their more moderate way) Englishmen could be reformers too. Politics, however, can only inspire the arts in a very general way; and the teachings of physical science are still less congenial. What has been done distinctly and of set purpose, therefore, in these directions is excluded from our notice here; but the tone and character of the arts having undergone the change mentioned, we must bear the fact in view when considering the art of Letters.

The subject-matter, therefore, of nineteenth-century literature may be considered under two aspects. There is:—

1. Recreative literature (addressed to all) and
2. Instructive literature (which includes Philosophy, History, Biography and even Travels, but is only intended for students and earnest minds that seek not merely to be recreated but also to be informed).

This division will be found to correspond with a deep-seated quality in human nature. Besides the animal faculties which Man brings into the world he has two gifts, which are scarcely at all shared by any other animal; one of these is Aspiration, the other Calculation; the former seen in the emotions, the latter in the exercise of reason: one leading to the practice of Art, the other to the pursuit of Science. Poetry, as already stated, usually implies the ancient vehicle of verse;

though the elaboration of Prose has long since set up a standard of mixed composition in which the emotions are affected without the use of metre. This latter style is never to be praised in the "Instructive" class of books; but, indeed, that is a class which must be secondary in all such studies as the present. As has already been hinted, the Muses do not keep a school; or if they do, the learning one gets there is only that by which we learn to *live*. This is a world of difficulty and of doubt, in which it is sometimes more useful to be pleased than to be taught. If any one feels inclined to treat this as a paradox there are proofs at hand. The best productions of the graphic and plastic arts have been in Hellas from the time of Pindar to that of Theocritus, in mediæval Italy from the era of Dante and Giotto to the period which closed with Titian and Tasso: in all which there will be found a total absence of direct instruction. It is on such lines that modern English literature can be most profitably considered: using the word "modern" to indicate the work of authors born just after or just before the first year of the nineteenth century. When these men were growing up, the times were already full of positivism: the simple days of impulse were already dead and gone. Man's published utterance was no longer instinctive, like that of the birds, the spontaneous outburst of a soul in harmony with outward shows; observation was beginning to verify its doubtful conclusions by experiment and to abstain from those of which no verification was possible. All the same, the idealising habit remained, never satisfied and always seeking satisfaction. In vain men were told that its illusion only made them dupes: they felt that those fables, if fables they were, could not be noxious. The Promised Land might not be reached; yet it was some gain to be encouraged to wander in the way, under clouds which were lined with silver, and in hopes of bright possibilities behind the darkness of their day.

But these consolations were only for the elect. Poetry was ceasing to be popular; the working classes had lost their taste for ballads without acquiring a taste for epic, lyric, or idyllic verse. The poets, now, could only produce an artificial article, a luxurious pleasure for the cultured. The wants of the many were left unmet, or only met by prose fiction or acted drama. The Theatres indeed continued to attract, but what they produced was not always literature; melodrama contended

with wild beasts and "real water"; while Shakespeare spelt ruin.

The purveyors of fiction, even, had but few earnest clients; and hence their work was somewhat unnatural and stilted. In Sir Walter Scott indeed they had an excellent model, even if a little conventional romance still haunted his noble writings. But the model was generally too high for them, or the bow too strong: the imitators of the "Waverley Novels" have not become "Classics," even in an age so indulgent and favourable to fiction as our own. As criticism became more scientific and impersonal, a feeling must needs arise that bad fiction is worse than useless; and such works as those of Horace Smith, G. P. R. James, Mrs. Gore, Ainsworth, etc., will lose their vogue and gradually fall out of the book-market into the hands of the butterman and trunk-maker. If the author attempted to put actual life before us, he was either liable to give it an idealisation that was quite untrue and impossible, or he might run into the opposite extreme and show the sad and dull realities already too well known. If he tells of nothing but what is called "genial," he may provoke disgust by reminding those who have been long in the world of the bitter contrasts of their experience. If he turns to the cares and sorrows that are always haunting human life, he excites in young and generous minds a flow of sympathy which is wasted on imaginary objects, and is slowly weakened and destroyed for lack of exercise on real objects.

Such dangers were not always to be avoided, one (the optimist fallacy) being found pervading the work of Dickens, while the other (the pessimistic) is never long absent from the work of his contemporary Thackeray. Their work, however, was in other respects so great and so good that excesses or defects were entirely overlooked by a public which soon wearied of such things in weaker writers. The German Henri Heine has said of this department of literary activity that it has no sound secondary standard; whatever is not gold is copper. All but the best fiction is rubbish—tedious to the mature reader, hurtful to the young.

Charles Dickens (1812-70) came to the market in its lowest condition. Scott was gone, and had left no worthy successor. A new departure had been taken by Theodore Hook (1788-1841)

and Capt. Marryatt (1782-1848) each of whom had a vein of semi-realistic humour that was welcomed by a not too exacting public. In particular, their dialogue was much more life-like than what it had been usual to offer in novels. Bulwer's "Pelham" (1828) and "Eugene Aram" (1831) were the favourites of the hour. These tales are not now much thought of, though the output of Marryatt re-prints is said to average no less than 100,000 a year still. In his neglected youth Dickens may have read some of the works of Hook and Marryatt, the "Gilbert Gurney" of the former, and the "Peter Simplé" of the latter: but his favourites were authors of an earlier and truer school, Fielding and Smollett. After a youth of privation and desultory employment he became a clerk in a London lawyer's office, taught himself shorthand, and got work as a newspaper-reporter, in which he soon took a foremost place for energy and skill. In these somewhat sordid experiences he learned his powers and how to use them; being completely at home in the life of the lower middle classes, and sympathetic with the working-people whom, however, he greatly idealised. His chief natural peculiarity was a flow of high spirits and whim by which he was enabled to carry out a conception of common life that was overpowering by reason of its originality, though not always free from extravagance and caricature. Hence his comedy always tends to farce, and even his pathos harbours a theatrical element. In accordance with these characteristics he was an excellent mimic of the demonstrative kind, and famous in his time as an amateur performer. "Ah, Mr. Dickens!" said a friendly scene-shifter, "if it were not for them books, what an actor you would have made." But it was the books that made him what he was, a man always looking out for the odd and queer in daily life, but not endowed with a strong sense of social dignity or cultivated repose. Such a writer by reason of his warm heart and wide experience is sure to remain a favourite with the vast and ever-expanding multitude who have not time to be fastidious. If the whole of his work may not be destined to become classical, it is probable that the gratitude of the democracy will long uphold the fame of their favourite. A fine volume for all classes might be made out of select passages—what in the eighteenth century would have been called "The Beauties of Dickens."

Of the eighteenth-century writers who have been named as favourites of the youthful Dickens, the one who may be imagined as his immediate pattern would be Smollett, whose clear unsystematic stories, with their ill-connected adventures and boisterous manners, are in some measure a coarse anticipation of "Pickwick." Smollett's great contemporary, Henry Fielding, found an admirer and imitator in William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), born in India*; brought up among the members of that official and scholarly class which some foreigners consider the true aristocracy of England, and educated at the Charterhouse and Cambridge: he was at the same College as Tennyson; and while there, produced a parody of his prize-poem in a College magazine called *The Snob*. Losing his money while yet a young man, and having left the University without a degree, he studied painting for a time, but, since he never mastered the rudiments of design, his drawing was never more than that of a clever amateur. In 1833 he took to journalism, and ere long married, on no other income but the £400 a year he made by his pen. In addition to the more purely business work contributed to newspapers to meet the necessities of the day, Thackeray also wrote tales in *Fraser's Magazine*, among which were some of the most dismal studies ever produced of the darker aspects of human nature. He also published two or three books, but he entirely failed, by his own admission, in catching the favour of the public. In 1847 began the publication of "Vanity Fair," in monthly parts with drawings in the fashion introduced by Dickens; and Thackeray (who had unsuccessfully attempted to be the illustrator of "Pickwick") now furnished the illustrations for his own book. It seemed all in vain; so unsuccessful were the first few numbers that there was even a talk of discontinuing the publication. At this juncture is said to have occurred an incident, which showed the uses in literary life of "a friend in need." The story goes that a lady, who already believed in the struggling genius, † wrote to Abraham Hayward, a powerful member of the *Quarterly Review* staff, and begged him to notice Thackeray's monthly issues, so far as

* V, *The Thackerays in India*, Sir W. Hunter's graceful monograph.

† The story is told of Mrs. Norton a literary lady of that day; more likely the friend was—if any one—Mrs. Brookfield, a friend of Tennyson's and correspondent of Thackeray.

they had gone. Hayward replied that he could not read her friend's trash but would do what he could if his correspondent would send him copies of the numbers with passages marked for quotation. The lady complying, the notice duly appeared; the tide turned; and Thackeray found himself famous. At the same time a clever trifle, "Mrs. Perkins' Ball," had succeeded as a Christmas book; and the author was no longer the servant but the master of the public.

From this time forward Thackeray had the fortune that waits successful writers. He did some good, even excellent work—though "Vanity Fair" was never beaten—but the publishers, after a too common fashion, would now pay for anything that bore his name. A periodical was started of which he was the first editor, and in which he produced tales and essays by no means equal to some of his earlier things. But, whatever he did, he never fell into the old error of portraying every vice and crime with zeal and relish; a number of mixed characters, and a few wholly good ones, were now presented, and in at least one case a good man was made really interesting. "Esmond," one of the best specimens of that questionable class, the "historical novel," is the story of a virtuous man of the Grandison type, whom the author allowed to be a "bit of a prig," but in the work that followed he at last discovered a true hero, the Indian veteran Thomas Newcome, who at once became a favourite.

* Thackeray was now well off, and built himself a house which is still to be seen in the southern end of Kensington Palace Gardens; and here he died suddenly at the end of 1863.*

If we ask to what extent Thackeray has become a classic, the answer must depend on the old distinction of *quantity* and *quality*. He never was, and probably never will be, the darling of Demos. His characteristics are refinement, irony, and delicate humour; and such gifts are only valued by those comparatively few who share them first. A sincere but stern adviser is hardly likely to command attention from those who have been toiling all day and only seek amusement when they have time to take

* The present writer saw him there in 1862, and heard him say that he had "over-built himself." A far narrower house contented him not long after. He was a man of commanding presence and might have fairly expected a longer life; but his best work was doubtless done.

up a book. Moreover, to relish keen and constant sarcasm, one must be either a cynic oneself or be a cool observer and student. Observed and studied, however, Thackeray will be found to be one of the prose-poets of civilised humanity.

The four masters abovementioned must be generally acknowledged as the most distinguished of their generation. But the time yielded a considerable number of artists, whose work was hardly less important; especially in that newer England beyond the Atlantic. Foremost among these we shall notice some very prominent names alike in the recreative and in the instructive class.

Giving the precedence to the men of letters, pure and simple, let us begin with the remarkably sincere and original American writer Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-64). Born of pure English stock, he was like so many of his country's best writers, a native of Massachusetts. He spent a lonely and somewhat melancholy youth in the company of a widowed mother, and in due course was sent to Bowdoin College where he was contemporary with the poet Longfellow and graduated in 1825. For the next twelve years he supported himself by the hack-work of journalism, but in 1837 he produced "Twice Told Tales," which were hailed as marking a distinct epoch in Anglo-American literature. In 1841 he joined the experimental establishment called Brook Farm, near Boston, with Curtis, Dana, Margaret Fuller, and other less well known people. The farm failed as a social undertaking, but was fruitful to Hawthorne. Every member was to share alike, both in the labour of the farm and in the proceeds that labour might secure, the only ultimate result being what no one could share, namely, the inspiration which originated "The Blithedale Romance." After some years of life in the "Old Manse" of Concord—equally utilised for the purposes of his art—Hawthorne was appointed Consul at Liverpool, where he lived from 1853 to 1857 and that experience led to a somewhat sonnet book about the old country. In 1858 he visited Rome and made his visit the subject of a strange and lovely novel called "Transformation." In 1860 he returned to Concord, where he remained until his death in 1864.

Hawthorne's pure but peculiar style is remarkable for clearness, dignity, and concentration; he steers his way free from the rocks of quotation and the shoals of commonplace; all

that he wrote shows genuine observation, and a manly character averse to vanity and *pose*. His character was sensitive yet strong, and a friend qualified him as "a reserved and deep soul."

Of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow it is only necessary to say that he was a highly cultivated specimen of New England scholarship, stopping a little on the hither side of inspiration, but maintaining alike in verse and prose the high standard of Anglo-American style. Many of his poems enjoyed a wide popularity during his lifetime. Some such account has to be taken of James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, writers of genuine culture and pure taste, who have not yet been long enough removed to fall into complete perspective vision. Of Holmes in his later maturity we have a little sketch by his own hand, which seems quite perfect in its touching simplicity:—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had prest
 In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved, for many a year,
 On the tomb."

Holmes also left some charming prose, in his "Breakfast-table" series, light in appearance, but full of humane and pleasant mirth.

Emerson is an author of more importance. His verse indeed leaves much to be desired in point of workmanship; his skill was scant and his ear for rhythm and time far from perfect. He has been described by a friendly critic, as a "poet who was not a singer." But this poetical quality entered largely and beneficently into his prose work, which is likely to have a long and healthy influence on his eager and acute countrymen, bidding them pause from time to time in their worldly courses and take time to look around, above and within.

R. W. Emerson (1803-82) was born at Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1821; in 1829 he became Pastor of a Unitarian Church in his native town, but laid down his charge three years later and retired from the ministry, having passed beyond the influence of his former tutor, the famous W. E. Channing. Settling at Concord in 1834, after a brief

visit to England during which he had visited Thomas Carlyle, he engaged in a correspondence with the Scottish philosopher, which was kept up for 40 years; the letters have been collected and edited by Professor C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass. In 1836 Emerson published an Essay or discourse entitled "Nature," of which only 500 copies sold in the first twelve years; but the "dreamy little volume"—as Holmes called it—contains the germs of the author's future work, a sort of optimist transcendentalism like the bounding of an unwinged Pegasus. Emerson led, to a great extent, a life of lecturing, a desultory form of publication not unsuited to what he had to communicate. But he wrote a great deal that was suggestive and valuable, provided his readers did not require demonstration. Controversy was never his element, oracles do not enter into explanations; as he said himself, "the children of the Gods never argue." Take him, therefore, as he gives himself, if you would profit by his cheerful and inspired teaching. His lofty and spiritual character is illustrated in 11 volumes of pure English, radiant with wit and mild wisdom. As most critics think, his prose is better than his verse; nevertheless, his little lyre uttered some sweet and solemn strains among which Holmes signalised two or three as things which "rightly read are never forgotten."

A kindred spirit was H. D. Thoreau (1819-64) a native of Concord much befriended by Emerson whom he followed in respect of style, though with a closer and more technical attention to physical phenomena, of which, during his short life, he was a faithful and constant observer. His best known work "Walden," took its name from a rural abode lent him by Emerson; published in 1854, it became at once a public favourite. Another skilful New England workman, alike in verse and prose, was Bayard Taylor (1825-78) who began his public career as a travelling correspondent on behalf of the *New York Tribune*, and in that capacity visited almost every considerable country and published many volumes of *Travels in East and West*. In 1862-3, he became Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and in 1878 was sent as Ambassador to Berlin, where he died. He was author of an admirable version of Goethe's *Faust* (Parts I, and II.) and wrote some original verse of very considerable beauty. In prose Taylor had a fine style with great descriptive power.

Such were some of the favourite Anglo-American writers of the recent past; not untrue either to the new conditions of their great country or to the traditions which ought never to be forgotten by educated men, who use the tongue of Shakespeare and the English Bible. Kindred qualities of taste and judgment distinguish their writings, which, though not British, are nevertheless essentially English. More than anything else we note their acuteness, dignity, and a certain freedom from insular prejudice, and we greet them as we may greet Milton or Andrew Marvell, Puritans who have developed into artists and men-of-the-world.

During the same period the old country produced no fictionist apart from Dickens and Thackeray—who could be quite compared for classical qualities with Hawthorne. The most interesting perhaps were Charlotte Brontë, "Carrer Bell" (1816-55) and Marian Evans, "George Eliot" (1819-80). The others, such as Bulwer, (Lord Lytton), Charles Reade, Charles Lever, with a few already named, had command of the market, but their work savours rather of industry than of art. Reade, however, (1814-84) produced one story, "The Cloister and the Hearth," of which a recent reprint has been extremely successful. It is one of the best of that not very questionable class, historical romance. A distinguished living writer places it "among the greatest master-pieces of narrative."

Miss Brontë, who wrote under the assumed name of "Carrer Bell" was a more genuine artist. Born in a remote Yorkshire parish, she was brought up on a barren moor with a brother and two sisters, all as peculiar and unconventional as they could be. From 1842 to 1844 she lived at Brussels, where she made preparation for her future studies of character. In 1846 she produced the first result in a story of school-life at Brussels called "The Professor," which was rejected by the publishers. The following year saw the publication of "Jane Eyre." In 1849 she produced "Shirley," a sort of idealisation of one of her sisters whom she had lost, and in 1852 appeared a second novel of Belgian school-life, with the title of "Villette," in which the theme of "The Professor" was treated, but from the opposite point of view. In 1854 she married, and soon after died without having brought any other work to completion. Such a career, however good as regards originality, was unfavour-

able to taste and finish ; yet there was something in "Carter Bell" that the world will not willingly let die.

A still greater than she was Marian Evans, more generally known by her disguise of "George Eliot," a disguise so successful that her earlier writings were long believed to be the work of a man. Like Miss Brontë she was born and brought up in the country and in comparatively obscure surroundings. Her first appearance—in many ways her best—was in an anonymous volume called "Scenes from Clerical Life," published by Blackwood of Edinburgh in 1856 ; the intermediate period of long apprenticeship having been passed mainly in translation from German philosophy and in travel. She was, by this time, passing under an influence which was far from being an unmixed benefit—that of a good scholar but second-class author named G. H. Lewes, writer of two poor novels and a *History of Philosophy* of greater merit. She still, however, retained sufficient individuality to produce tales which will long be read, admired and enjoyed : "Adam Bede" (1858) ; "The Mill on the Floss" (1859) and "Silas Marner" (1861) ; the last named being shorter than the others and one of the best constructed stories in English fiction. From 1866 to 1876 the work became less and less perfect, the blight of Science having crept over the writer's Art. Each of these things is admirable, *at its best and by itself*, but when the science is second-hand and the art not quite convinced and sure, their mixture is mischievous to both. Apart alike from the analytical work of the later period and the spontaneous creativeness of the prime should be noticed "Romola" (1863), a marvellous piece of honest labour, in which the Tuscany of the Medicean age is reproduced with much characterisation of a subtle and conscientious kind. Miss Evans also wrote verse, but her verse has taken no root. The strength of her talent was in the representation of character ; and she was more fitted for dramatic work than for the philosophy at which she seemed to aim.

An earlier member of the Blackwood clan, less imaginative, perhaps, but a yet more undoubted classic in respect of execution, was Thomas de Quincey or Quincey (1785-1859), for there appears to have been no authority for the French participle. Born in Manchester, in a commercial family, he received a classical education at various grammar schools, and left home at an

early age but returned for a time and kept some terms at Oxford, which he left without a degree. * By 1809 he had acquired the friendship of Wordsworth and Coleridge, settling down with 5,000 books in a cottage at Grasmere, where he lived till 1821 supporting himself by work for magazines and reviews. The next few years he spent chiefly in London, but, about 1828, settled finally at Lasswade near Edinburgh. His collected writings, chiefly essays, fill seventeen volumes in the definitive edition, and are in a form which the author himself characterised as "impassioned prose." He was almost equally successful in every branch of letters, criticism, scholarship, and humour; but his one attempt at regular fictitious narrative was a failure.

An eminent author, who may have been partly inspired by Quincey, was Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) already named as friend and correspondent of Emerson, towards whom he bore a somewhat similar artistic relation to that of Goethe towards Schiller, the inspiring force and comrade. The son of a Scottish stone-mason, accustomed from infancy to pick up knowledge as he could, and to contend with many difficulties, schooled under dark skies in the austere Calvinism, Carlyle instinctively saw life in its sombre and serious aspect. In his youth he studied mathematics and the language and literature of Germany; in 1822 he became tutor in the Buller family, whom he accompanied to London and whom he left in the spring of 1825; shortly after which he married Miss Jane Welsh, a young lady of some means and social position. For about a year he lived in Edinburgh, where he made Jeffrey's acquaintance and became a contributor to his famous *Review*. In May 1828 the young couple removed to a small and remote Scotch farm, where they lived for the next six years or so; Carlyle maintaining, or adding to, the family income by the proceeds of his contributions to periodicals of the first order; and it was here that he received the visit of Emerson. In 1833-4 appeared—as a series in *Frazer's Magazine*—his first original work "Sartor Resartus," a serio-comic rhapsody, professedly taken from an imaginary German author. In 1834 he moved with his wife to Chelsea,

* The number of distinguished men of past days who failed at English Universities appears to indicate something radically wrong in their system; including as it does Quincey, Shelley, Coleridge, and somewhat nearer our time, Tennyson and Thackeray, besides earlier cases which it would be perhaps hardly fair to reckon.

where he took the house in which both continued to live until their respective deaths.* In 1837 appeared his book on the French Revolution which, though ostensibly intended as a work of history, has many of the characteristics of a prose-poem, and now holds a place in literature more by reason of imaginative and rhetorical qualities than as a source of direct information. For the next few years Carlyle added to his modest resources by lecturing in London, and from 1851 to 1865 was continuously occupied in a biography of Frederic the Great, of Prussia. In 1865 he was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, but the hour of his triumph was clouded by the tidings of his wife's death. He never produced any work of importance after this.

Carlyle retained through life some of the qualities of an Annandale peasant, being strong and of an incorruptible honesty, though vehement and untrained in the art of *lessening* his language. What has been here observed in regard to the "French Revolution" applies to most of his work, which will probably be valued for its originality and its power of stimulating the emotions, long after it has been superseded for instruction by the results of calmer research. One of Carlyle's recent admirers has well said - "Few of us are followers of the gospel according to Carlyle; we are not followers, but grateful hearers of his words." (Mr Frederic Harrison, in the *Daily Chronicle*.)

A disciple of Carlyle, and ultimately his biographer, was J. A. Froude (1818-93)—a man so different from his master as to justify the proverbial saying that "extremes meet." The son of a dignitary of the English Church, Froude took a good degree at Oxford, and became Fellow of Exeter College in 1842. For a few years he shared with an elder brother the trust in the new Catholicism of those days, and even took Deacon's orders, but in 1847, made a startling recantation in a short story published under the title "The Nemesis of Faith" which cost him his fellowship. He then turned to books as a means of livelihood, and soon became distinguished in the field of English History. In this he was more successful than in work more designedly imaginative; yet the style always remained literary rather than scientific. In the desire to be

* It was No. 5 Cheyne Row, and has been lately purchased as a museum and permanent monument of the author.

picturesque and dramatic he exceeded Macaulay's indifference to correctness of detail, but even more than Macaulay he showed poetic instinct, whether glittering with fancy or glowing with imagination. After all is said we can never be sure of perfect accuracy; and other historians could be named who have succeeded in divesting their work of all literary attraction without attaining the exactness which was their creditable object. Of Froude (as of Macaulay) it may be truly said that he gave substantial truth to a multitude of readers, who would have known nothing whatever of the matter had it not been so agreeably presented to them; and surely that is of far greater importance than to know that the Anglo-Saxons were formerly called "English." The public acknowledged its obligations; Froude was elected Rector of St. Andrew's in 1869, and on Mr. Freeman's death succeeded him as Professor of History in his own University. Froude's greatest work is his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey," in which he made use of contemporary documents and Acts of Parliament, erecting on the most unpromising foundations a structure that might be correct and certainly was enjoyable.

Another historical writer of that time was A. W. Kinglake (1811-90) whose "History of the War in the Crimea," though on too large a scale, contained brilliant passages. The publication extended from 1863 to 1887, and the events of two years in one corner of Europe took seven volumes to narrate. Kinglake's early account of travels in the East ("Eothen," 1844) must be accepted as a classic by all who have the pleasure of its perusal.

The last name on our list, so far as British writers go, is Matthew Arnold (1823-92), a consummate artist alike in verse and in prose. His father was the famous Thomas Arnold, Headmaster of Rugby from 1828 to 1842. He graduated at Oxford in 1843 and became a fellow of Oriel two years later, having in the meantime gained the Newdigate prize with a poem on Cromwell. He became known to the public as a poet in 1854, and ten years later produced the first of a series of critical essays, which for certain peculiar qualities are probably unsurpassed in English literature. His verse is found by readers of less disciplined taste to be too statue-like and cold; but no one has been known to challenge the distinguished manner and

penetrating judgment of his prose-writings. All this time he was honourably and usefully employed in the educational service, and at the date of his lamented decease in 1892, was so fresh in appearance and manner and in so conspicuous a position that men felt as if a young man had been taken away.

North America produced no poet equal to Arnold and Tennyson during the period under review; but in history was perhaps more distinguished than the mother-country. The historians were not less graphic and interesting than Macaulay and Froude, and far more attentive to accuracy, Motley, in particular, has produced what will, perhaps, prove to be the definitive account of the great European revolt of the 16th century.

William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), like so many American authors, was a native of New England, born at Salem, Mass. He graduated at Harvard, but soon began to lose his eyesight in consequence of an accident, and ended by becoming completely and permanently blind. In spite of this sad misfortune he continued to lead a life of study and travel, visiting Europe in 1820, aided by all the resources that a handsome fortune enabled him to command. In 1838 he produced his first great work, the history of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and it was well received by English readers and translated into Spanish, German and French. The "Conquest of Mexico and Peru" followed in 1843-47, and the author received the high honour of being elected a Member of the Institute of France. He next turned to the life of Philip II, of which he published three volumes; but death abridged his labours, and he passed away leaving his work unfinished. Prescott was a master of picturesque narrative, yet his substantial accuracy is not known to have ever been questioned.

A kindred task was undertaken by John Lothrop Motley (1814-77), another New Englander, born at Dorchester, Mass. He took his degree at Harvard in 1831. After some years passed in the diplomatic service of his country, he lived for a time in Germany, where he was the intimate friend of M. de Bismarck. In 1856 appeared his history of the "Dutch Republic," after publishing which Motley returned for a while to his native country, till he found himself hampered in his studies by want of a sufficient supply of books. In 1860 his first work was supplemented by one on the "United Nether-

lands"; and from 1861 to 1867 he held the position of U. S. Minister at the Court of Vienna. In 1869-70 he was Ambassador from the States to England, but was recalled on political grounds greatly to his own chagrin. He published his "John Barneveld" in 1874, and died in England. Equally with Prescott he did excellent work, the former on behalf of the discoverers of America, the latter on that of their opponents; but the work of Motley had personal advantages over his predecessor. Amongst others it may be noted that Spanish history was not a virgin subject, having been ably handled by Ticknor and Washington Irving, whereas the Flemish national evolution and the emancipation of the Spanish Netherlands were new in English literature. In the history of their own nation the Anglo-Americans have not been idle, even if it cannot be said that any of their national historians has quite become a classic. The best known is perhaps George Bancroft, whose prolix works, however, do not complete the story. His "History of the United States," in ten volumes, came out from time to time in the years between 1834 and 1874.

Such is a brief survey of all that appears the best and most durable English literature produced during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. It was characterised by earnestness and an effort after scientific truth, which was not on the whole quite favourable to the highest artistic merit. So in painting, an age of anatomical precision has more than once followed an age of far deeper and more spontaneous aspiration, if not equally exact.

(To be continued.)

H. G. KEENE.

England.

THE STUDY OF FICTION.

IT is the fashion with a certain class of our literary mentors to disparage the study of fiction and to set up as the exclusive admirers of serious literature. To worship a single god with fervour has never been a sin, and if our ardent votaries of serious literature choose to have a single-minded devotion for their idol, we have no quarrel with them. It is only when they come out to seek converts that we question the reliability of their creed. It is all very well to read serious literature. We do not deny its utility, for we do not want to be original. We worship Carlyle in spite of his cynicism, his selfish egoism and misleading opinions. We worship Ruskin in spite of his whims and eccentricities. The close reasoning of Mill, the materialistic philosophy of Spencer, the scientific discourses of Huxley and Tyndall, the political writings of Burke, the logical writings of Morley and the critical essays of Harrison—all these have an indescribable charm for us. We always read these writers with benefit and delight. Hence we cannot grudge them their exalted place in the general scheme of education and culture. They help us to think and to form opinions. They teach us to express our ideas with ease, lucidity and precision. Hence for acquiring mere intellectual culture a study of serious literature is perhaps sufficient. But culture is a larger term and means perfection. A cultured man must be perfect in every way. He should not only have intellectual but also moral, physical and æsthetic culture, for culture means a harmony of all our faculties. Therefore to speak of culture as independent of art seems to us inconceivable, because the appreciation of art means the appreciation of all human beauty—the beauty of life and the beauty of thought. The arts of poetry, music and painting—and, in fact, all other arts properly

so-called—are an indispensable factor of human perfection. So a proper appreciation of the art of novel-writing is also an essential element of culture ; and even if it had no utility of its own, we are justified in liking it for its own sake. But fort unately the study of fiction has a direct utility. Its power over the moral sensibilities of the young is enormous. It is perhaps on account of its power that the advocates of solid literature are afraid of fiction. And here they are not far wrong. Fiction has its dangers. It exercises its power both for good and for evil. It offers a remedy for moral afflictions ; but if misused or misapplied, it may aggravate those afflictions. Bad fiction, which the majority of our young men devour with relish, deteriorates their taste, corrupts their sensibility and creates in them an ever-increasing appetite for scandal. Novel-writing, however, is not synonymous with scandal-mongering. In good fiction there should be no exposure. Unpleasant truths must be screened because all the excellence of romantic art depends upon suggestion. The beauty of art is to conceal art. Besides, art is ever sublime, and the sublime in fiction is something quite different from merely fishing up scandals and spreading them broadcast among the people. So what we mean by fiction is good fiction of any language and of any country. Unfortunately to most of us English fiction alone is accessible. We cannot understand French or German, Russian or Italian fiction, nor do we have very good fiction in our own Indian languages.

Amongst the Urdu novelists Rattan Nath Sarshar is perhaps the best ; but what he has written has no coherency of plot or unity of design. He has not used his pearls to ornament any single jewel. He has spread them profusely, scattering them in all directions. He has painted the Mohammadan Society of the last days of the Oudh Kings, and has described the life of their capital with a realism that gives no quarter. His humour and irony are combined with a wonderful power of observation and an almost unapproachable skill in description. The Lucknow of those days is preserved for us in his works with almost original freshness. Himself a type of Mohammadan culture, he was perfectly acquainted with the life that raged around him—a life that was full of gallantry, of love, of poetry and romance. Sarshar has painted for us the life of his city with the skill with which Scott painted the stern

life or his highland ancestors. But though the glowing pictures of Saishai are very interesting, they lack that broader insight into human nature and those intuitive flashes about life and the world in general which are the characteristic features of English fiction.

Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, George Eliot and the Brontë sisters these are reckoned to be the brightest stars on the luminant of English fiction. For guidance and inspiration we should go to these novelists, and if we do so, we shall not be disappointed. All these English novelists are moralists more or less. The English practical spirit seems to pervade their novel. According to the famous French critic M. Taine the political constitution, the religious doctrines and the very artistic sense of the English people all demonstrate their practical spirit. Their novels too have a broad basis of practical morality. We may be sure therefore, that if our young men read these novelists it will be just the thing for them. Our belief is that most of the undergraduates and graduates of our Indian Universities receive their moral training from Scott, Thackeray and other masters of English fiction. Specially in these days when religious education and religious dogmas are losing their ground and secular education is spreading its influence by teaching people to look up to and imitate real heroes of flesh and blood instead of angels with wings and gods with four hands and ten heads it is not easy to calculate the power of good fiction over young minds. The secret of the power of fiction lies in the fact that while we read it we seem to be communing with a master spirit who sympathises with us and amuses us. We feel grateful to him for pointing out many defects and improprieties in his particular characters, but of which we are equally guilty. We put ourselves in the confessional as it were and feel that while the reproaches of the novelist are meant for another, they equally apply to us. While we are getting through a novel, the chief characters of the book seem to swim between our eyes and the page we are reading. They assume different imaginary shapes, we pass judgments on them. Some of them are dear to us, others we are heartily inclined to detest. We enter into the spirit of the novel as it were, and feel that our novelist is at once our servant and our teacher. The power of a novelist is greater

than that of an editor. The latter serves us in a rather surprising way. He furnishes us with news from all parts of the world and scarcely a day passes when he sends us another packet, full of information. He amuses us, and we feel his power. We put ourselves in his hands and believe everything he says in his leaders. He is at once our guide and our oracle. A novelist's position is somewhat similar; but his services are of a more private nature. He is a regular spy on our actions. He often praises us and occasionally makes us confess to our own selves the guilt that dwells in our heart. He often finds us hypocrites and frankly tells us so; yet we are not offended. We are rather uncomfortable and begin to search in our own hearts for that of which the novelist accuses us. Yet all the time the novelist is conversing with us, there is no one to witness our blushes but the silent page.

Now this fiction, which has so much power over us all, has various ways in which it exercises its influence. In the first place, the characters of a novel seem to invite you to be one of their party. You accept their invitation gladly and mix with them without an apology. Then you follow their intrigues, share their triumphs, accompany them on their voyages, fight with them in their battles and feel yourself quite like the Grecian hero playing in the midst of nymphs and enjoying their celestial songs. Suddenly the dream vanishes; you are left where you were, and nothing remains of your former company but vague remembrances. You recollect with fondness those that were dear to you and hate the hypocrites and rogues that had come in your way and stood in the light of your dear characters. The echoes of the novelist's satires and sarcasms linger in your mind, and when you come across any incident of a romantic nature, they are heard resounding there. The verdicts of the author ever seem to be haunting your imagination and exercising their influence imperceptibly on every fibre of your nature. Then again, every novelist gives you his own interpretation of the world. He has watched the rogueries of men, the artfulness of women, the wildness of children; he has observed the young and the aged, has taken his own snapshot sketches of the vanity of girls, the fickleness of lovers, the snobbery of the rich, as well as the jealousy, the meanness and the villainy of knaves. He entreats you to

believe yourself mistaken in your views of certain men and things; he caricatures the whimsicalities of men and points out the dangers of a biassed and prejudiced mind. He warns you against the machinations of hypocrites and knaves—he laughs at them; ridicules and condemns them. His laugh sometimes is so keenly felt that it penetrates every particle of your soul, and is left haunting there for ever. There are few things at once so wicked and sublime as the laugh of a satirist. A novelist employs every means in his power and uses all sorts of colours to heighten the effect of his pictures. He has a peculiar way of halting in the midst of his story and of presenting his front to you, of taking you into his confidence and of familiarly talking to you about his characters. He holds councils with his readers and passes judgments on his own creatures and then breaks up his councils and starts afresh to resume his course. Then he tumbles occasionally into sideways and deals home-thrusts to the wicked people of the world. Sometimes his general remarks about the folly and the emptiness of the world seem to flash like electric flames and illuminate the darkness around us.

Now, there are three kinds of novels: the romantic, the historical and the realistic. The romantic novels deal solely with imagination and love and impossible acts. They talk of future lives, of people who live for hundreds of years and of men from the stars who often come down on our solid earth to walk thereon. Such novels are, therefore, false and to most natures uninteresting. Sir Rider Haggard's "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" are examples of this class of fiction. The realistic novels deal with real men and women. They paint the manners of the people as they are in actual life. Realistic novelists are incapable of soaring in the cloudland of imagination. Their wings are not strong enough for that purpose. They like to instruct people by showing their real characters, by pointing out to them their defects and their weaknesses, by praising their noble qualities and by producing such models for them as they can imitate. A historical novel occupies a place midway between the romantic and the realistic novels. A historical novelist has to place himself in centuries gone by and to realize the manners and the customs of the people of those centuries with the help of his imagination, before he can give to the world an

interesting account of any given period of history. But a mere description of ancient manners would be of little interest; hence the novelist weaves into his novel a love story, which gives a romantic interest to his book; and his book therefore becomes both romantic and realistic. Sir Walter Scott is the unsurpassed master of this kind of novel. Carlyle has told us that ten dumb centuries of Italy found a voice in Dante. We can say with equal truth that the dumb highland country of Scotland found a voice in Sir Walter Scott. His Waverley novels describe his country as it actually was during several important periods of history. "Waverley," "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "Talisman," "Old Mortality," "The Antiquary," "Guy Mannering," and the "Bride of Lammermoor"—these are all excellent novels and beautifully describe the character of the highland people. The roughness, the stern hospitality, the reckless chivalry of these "gunpowder fellows," their reverence for their chiefs, their love for their leaders, and the readiness which they showed in sacrificing their lives for the good of their country—all these have been admirably related in Sir Walter's novels. The sensitive, unsteady character of Waverley, the boring pedantry of Bradwardine, the scrupulous honour and the restless spirit of Fergus MacIvor, the knavery and the systematic hypocrisy of Varney, the imposing dignity and the royal bearing of Elizabeth, the childish enthusiasm of Amy Robsart at seeing the full dignity of Leicester, the romantic chivalry of Ivanhoe, the fearless and spirited crusade of Richard against Saladin—that noble and chivalrous antagonist of Cœur de Lion—the stirring heroism of Morton, the fearless bravery of the Master of Ravenswood, the careless love of Bucklaw, the good-natured irony of Oldbuck, the generosity and the rashness of McIntyre—all these have been painted with Spartan simplicity by Sir Walter Scott. His women are said to be uninteresting. We do not see how the objection is valid when he has given to us a picture gallery of interesting women. Who could have painted Queens Mary and Elizabeth so well as he did? No one who remembers the strong resolutions of Flora MacIvor, the bashful modesty of Rose Bradwardine, the true womanly love of Amy Robsart, the dignity and good sense of Edith Bellendon, the rural simplicity of Jeanie Deans and the wonderful love of Lucy Ashton for Ravenswood, can say that Scott's women are uninteresting.

Then, fancy the art of Scott in producing such strange characters as those of Danie-do-little, Edie Ochiltree, Elspeth Mucklebackit, and Meg Merrilies. They are all interesting though they seem so unnatural. Scott's description of the highland and the lowland people of the time of the Jacobite wars, his description of the Elizabethan period, his picturesque account of King Richard's crusade against Saladin, his description of the knights and the tournaments of the Middle Ages, and of the aristocracy of Scotland, of barons "with long pedigrees and short rent rolls," his portraits of mercenaries, of gipsies, of hounds and of Scottish justices of the peace—are all wonderful. Scott's novels must, therefore, be read not merely for pleasure but also for the sake of intellectual culture. A historical novel throws light on many portions of history and gives us a complete idea of the period with which it deals. For a proper appreciation of the various aspects of the French Revolution, it is necessary to read "A Tale of two Cities" by Dickens. To realize the power of Richelieu's influence in the Europe of his time, it is necessary to read "The Three Musketeers"

Now, as to the realistic novels we believe that they exercise a very wholesome influence on young minds. Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, George Eliot and the Brontë sisters, seem to be in the first rank in the field of realistic fiction. Thackeray, of whom I am going to speak now, had a sublime soul—a sensitive soul that was too big for his body and soon wore him out. His was a soul that revelled in the splendour of sacrifice, and was at once tender and generous. It had a great capacity for pathos. The poverty of the common people and the indifference of the richer classes towards everything but wealth, excited his indignation and filled him with sorrow. Nature had endowed this man with a keen faculty of observation, which, when joined to his sadness and melancholy, gave a singular pathos to his remarks about men and life in general. Surely, there is something sublime in Thackeray's gravity of satire. His analysis of Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley are studies in human nature. The former is a great conquest-maker, who attempts to set her cap upon every young gentleman she comes across. Her manoeuvres have an artistic skill. She has no faith in anything but money, while the eloquence of her looks and gestures is immoral and infectious. Her name is ever tumbling into the

conversation of those young men who are sowing their wild oats. She is, in short, a very competent hypocrite. Amelia Sedley is a pure, sweet girl who thinks her lover her only god. She is sincere, honest; too gentle for hard words or angry thoughts. She is quite the opposite of Becky. Thackeray is particularly clever in portraying the character of his women. He always speaks of them with a tender softness. Writing about Amelia, he says: "Russell Square was the boundary of her prison; she might walk thither occasionally, but was always back to sleep in her cell at night; to perform cheerless duties; to watch by thankless sick beds; to suffer the harassment and tyranny of querulous old age. How many thousands of people are there, women for the most part, who are doomed to endure this long slavery?—who are hospital-nurses without wages—sisters of charity, if you like, without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice—who strive, fast, watch, and suffer unpitied; and fade away ignobly and unknown. The hidden and awful wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind is pleased so to humiliate and cast down the tender, good, and wise; and to set up the selfish, the foolish or the wicked. Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire."

We have already said that one way in which a novelist instructs us, is by suddenly halting in the midst of his story and calling upon us to hold a conference with him about human life and the world in general. Thackeray's halts are very imposing. He suddenly stops in his course for a while, seems to take a glimpse of the world, mutters something about it and off he marches again. His mutterings about the world have a peculiar charm. While talking of the implacableness of Rebecca, he glides into a side-way and says: "We may be pretty certain that the persons of either sex, whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice." Thackeray has bequeathed

to us a delightful picture-gallery of characters, and if we study them carefully, we are bound to improve both morally and mentally. Barnes Newcome, George Osborne, Henry Esmond, Colonel Dobbin, Mr. Pendennis, Laura Bell, Amelia Sedley, Rebecca Sharp, Lady Castlewood and Madame Batrix—these are all admirable characters, that have influenced not a little the minds of several generations of young people.

Charles Dickens holds perhaps an equally high place with Thackeray in the field of English fiction. It is impossible not to read him with delight. But there is a great difference between Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray was a confirmed victim of melancholy, and sadness ever sat upon him. He had an extraordinary judgment, which he applied with the whole force of its energy to the detecting of knaves. He did not turn from the spectacle of meanness and hypocrisy but gazed at it with open eyes till every hair of his body stood on end. On such occasions he would muse on the rush of his own feelings and revel in the luxury of melancholy humour, which almost always took the shape of satire. His imagination was solely occupied by those persons and objects that he actually came across in his daily traffic with the men of this world. Hence his imagination took a realistic turn. All his characters seem to be persons of flesh and blood. To produce embodiments of impossible goodness was not possible for Thackeray. He was in his element when he painted the vanity and fickleness of women, the pranks of hypocrites, the quiet benevolence of good souls, and the swaggering insolence of the so-called gentlemen of his time. Dickens, on the contrary, is never sad or gloomy, he is always wild, exuberant, and full of comic humour. He is over-enthusiastic; his pictures are generally over-realistic and unnatural. His portrait of Miss Havisham has ever been to us a piece of audacity. She is very strange and unnatural. But evidently Dickens had not the facility of Scott in painting strange characters. Scott drew Meg Merrilies and Edie Ochiltree. They are dear to us; they are interesting. But Miss Havisham is not. Then again, the heroes of Dickens are not real men. His knaves are conventional and lack the freshness of Thackeray's knaves. Such persons as Thomas Gradgrind, Sydney Carton, Nicholas Nickleby and Mr. Pecksniff, do not really exist. Thackeray's style is even and uniform, and his typical vein runs through every page and

almost every passage that he wrote. His style does not abound in hysterics. It has repose, which is the first condition of descriptive art. Dickens's style, on the contrary, is not of a piece. Some portions of his novels are too good, others are very commonplace. Dickens is fond of over-exaggerated caricatures. His very porters and domestic servants are humorous. The heroines of Dickens are far inferior to those of Thackeray. When you finish "Vanity Fair," for instance, you have a clear idea of Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley. You know them perfectly. But if you read Nicholas Nickleby and mark the character of Kate, you will find in the end that you have no clear idea of her, and that although the novelist has said so much about her, yet she is not perfectly intelligible to you. Most of the characters of Dickens have particularly prominent and sharply marked characteristics, and seem to be isolated beings, standing apart from the rest of the world. Thackeray's characters are all real. Dickens, too, has drawn some realistic characters as those of Pip, in the "Great Expectations" and Mrs. Nickleby in "Nicholas Nickleby." These characters are eminently delightful, because we sympathise with them and acknowledge their kinship with us. The peculiarity of Dickens's novels lies in the enormousness of minute detail. There seems to be no end to his knowledge of desultory facts about men and things. His store of such details is inexhaustible. Thackeray's fund of details is equally enormous. But he handles them gently and artistically, while Dickens lavishes on them all the wealth of his broad and boisterous humour. Thackeray is grave and occasionally ripples into humour or irony. Dickens is always vibrating between wildness and stagnancy. Lovers of fine plots would be disappointed both by Dickens and Thackeray. None of them has produced a single story with a neatly woven plot. The novels of Dickens are elegant patchwork—fine sketches loosely joined together. Thackeray too is vague and wandering. French novelists perhaps are more successful with their plots.

But although Dickens is not entirely realistic, there are portions in his novels that are characteristically so, and these are worth reading. Even the most fastidious must like them. The humorous Mrs. Gamp, the despotic Mrs. Gargory, the amiable Miss Manette, and the hustling Mrs. Nickleby; the "humble bully" Bounderby, the generous Old Joe, the unselfish Tom Pinch, the

wicked vagabond Squeers and the hopeful Mr. Micawber—these are all entertaining and instructive characters, and if once read can never be forgotten.

The domestic novels of Jane Austen belong to the realistic kind of fiction. Though her novels paint a particular kind of society—the society of the country gentlemen of the time of George III—yet the lessons she has taught us, are capable of universal application. It was she who brought this fact home to us that in order to study human nature, we need not go far from our own families. By her own example she proved that one household is sufficient for the study of human character. Human nature in its prominent features does not change much, and in the society of men there will be always such characters as Miss Austen has drawn for us. Hence her novels must enjoy a lasting popularity. While we read the novels of Jane Austen, a sense of awful reality is before us. We confess to ourselves that although we have eyes, yet we do not see, and that although we have ears, yet we do not hear. There are so many men and women around us, and we have not half as much insight into their characters as Miss Austen has. You come across very generous, well-meaning and good-natured women, who overpower you with thousands of thanks if you show them the slightest kindness or merely nod acquaintance, and yet you do not recognize Miss Bates in them. There are women in actual life, who are very vain of their wealth, position or ancestry. You are not at home in their company as they are ever lauding themselves and their relations to the skies. Their generosity is always boisterous, their pity is contempt, and their praises are insults. You daily come across such women who are at once delightful and provoking, and yet you are not interested in them; but Miss Austen drew her Miss Hawkins from these. Some of her novels are so full of fine realistic humour and deep insight into ordinary characters that we feel we can read them a dozen times over. “Pride and Prejudice” is one of them. How many ill-assorted marriages take place during every marriage season, when philosophic bridegrooms with serious natures are married to silly women of very little sense but extraordinary sensibility. Miss Austen watched the effect of such ill-assorted marriages and gave us Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, whom we find ever leading a cat and dog

life together. The endearing sweetness of Jane, the bashful modesty and the becoming boldness of Elizabeth, the amusing oddness of the ridiculous Mr. Collins, and the vanquished pride of Darcy—these have been very artistically painted by Miss Jane Austen. To us the art of this lady seems almost perfect. In the first place, her novels show a proper proportion of all faculties in the novelist; a wild love of exaggerated caricature, an over-pessimistic view of life or the world, or a too high idealization of human virtues—these are all strange to her. The colours she uses are by no means dazzling. Too much colour and gloss spoil the beauty of art. The humour of Miss Austen is neither violent nor vapouring.

A novel of hers is a complete whole. You enjoy it as you enjoy a delicate piece of painting, in which the artistic proportions are admirably maintained. The combination of colours in her pictures produces a pleasing sensation, and you feel that you can stand gazing at them for ever. Her humour makes you smile just as you smile at your own thoughts. It never makes you laugh as you laugh at a caricature of John Bull in the *Review of Reviews*. You enjoy her fine delicate touches just as you enjoy the light steps of a beautiful maid, not as you enjoy the frolics of a dancing elephant. Her novels have repose. She never exposes; she always suggests. Her humour is suggestive, and her characters are interesting and dear to us. The affectionate and sensitive Miss Marianne, the honest but disagreeable Mrs. Norris, the frivolous Miss Crawford, the accomplished Jane Fairfax and the amiable Mrs. Jenkinson—these are all delightful characters. But Jane Austen has best succeeded in her portraits of Fanny Price and Emma Wodehouse. The soundness of the one and the strong commonsense of the other have been wonderfully painted. But though this novelist has so well succeeded in her female characters, she does not seem to be equally successful in drawing her male characters. Mr. Wodehouse and Frank Churchill come in only to set off the beauty of Emma's commonsense in love matters, and her commendable fidelity to her parent. Mr. Crawford only sets off the charm of Fanny's soundness of judgment and firmness of principles. He has come in to emphasise her strength of resolution and to show her instinctive dread of heartless young men. Edmund derives his importance from the mere fact that Fanny

loves him. Fanny is the central figure, while Edmund plays only a very subordinate part.

It is not, however, necessary for us to criticise all the English novelists at length. But we cannot bring this essay to a close unless we have said a few words about George Eliot and the Brontë sisters. The novels of the latter are full of passion. "*Jane Eyre*," by Charlotte Brontë and "*Wuthering Heights*," by Emily Brontë are particularly interesting and instructive. Their language is very hot and passionate. The callousness of Heathcliff and the passion of Catherine; the childish fear, the wild fury, the womanly pride and the good-natured benevolence of *Jane Eyre*—these are all delightfully brought out. George Eliot is both a thinker and a novelist. She took to novel writing after she had become a consummate scholar. In her novels you find a variety of ideas about religion, science and philosophy. But it seems to us that she is more of a missionary than an artist. In a novel there should be no sermons. The lessons taught must be unconsciously conveyed to the reader's mind; otherwise the art of novel-writing would only mean bad essay-writing. The art of George Eliot is not very inspiring. The gloom and the sadness of her novels affect you, but they do not captivate you. You suspect a sermon on every page, and your confidence is not secured. Nevertheless, the characters she has drawn for us are highly instructive. Who has read *Silas Marner* and not felt a secret respect for its writer? We do not deny the utility of George Eliot's novels, but, on the other hand, we maintain that for the purpose of acquiring culture, it is essential for us to acquaint ourselves with the chief characters of all the masters of English fiction.

A careful study of the characters of fiction, instead of being useless and detrimental to the moral growth of young people, has many advantages for them. It increases our interest in the world by stimulating our endeavours to lead happy, contented lives, devoted to the good of others. It inspires us to be merciful and charitable in our dealings with those who are unfortunately worse off than ourselves. It unfolds before our intelligence the great mystery of human nature, and gives us eyes to see that the men and women around us are not mere

phantasmal visions but real beings with hearts that feel and minds that think.

S. KICHLU.

Bengal.

IN THE SHADOWS.

"A REVERIE."

Pale ghosts of the dead years that haunt me
 In the grey, sombre gloom of the glades,
 Dark woes of the future that daunt me
 As the light of a universe fades,
 Dread, nameless, dark spirits that haunt me
 With the awful vague fears of the shades.

Her shadowy form flits enthralling
 As vague as Love's dream and as bright,
 Where the mauve fringe of night's shroud is falling
 On the pallid grey corpse of the Light,
 Where the murk of massed shadows appalling
 Looms baleful with menace of night.

Who fathoms the deeps of the ocean
 For jewels a monarch would prize,
 Who drinks of a mystical potion
 Whose potency renders him wise,
 May reckon of the shades of emotion
 Expressed in her shadow-soft eyes,
 May reckon of the depths of devotion
 Inspired in me by her eyes.

Who worships entranced, mute, adoring,
 A vision that answers a prayer,
 A fantasie sweetly enduring
 As sweet as Love's smile and as fair,
 May reckon of the magic alluring
 In the shadowed, soft coils of her hair,
 May guess at my humble adoring
 Of the shades when the light lingers there.

DONALD GOLDIE UPSON.

HINDI QUAKERS.

OTHER causes, besides social and ethnological, have played their part in bringing into existence the various castes in India as we see them to-day. Religious ideals and the work of the reformer have been among the most effective as well as the most interesting of these.

A striking illustration of this may be found in Farrukhabad, a District Town of the Allahabad Division, U.P. The caste referred to are called Sâds. Apart from their origin and existence being a striking instance of the general principle enunciated above, they have so many noteworthy characteristics differentiating them from the communities in the midst of whom they live, as to make them a most interesting body to even a casual student. That they stand markedly apart from all other Indian castes will be evident from the fact that one has to go to the Quakers of England to find another body of men with tenets and observances similar to theirs.

Before, however, touching on the points of similarity between the Sâds and the Friends, it will be as well to confine one's self, at first, to Indian comparisons. The Sâd is a Hindu in accepting the doctrines of Karma and re-birth. With this all further doctrinal resemblances cease. For the Sâd, too, all the actions of a life have their inevitable consequences, and his soul, too, is born and re-born again and again into this world, until it is ripe for union with God.

The practical application made of this dogma takes the rather unexpected turn of making the Sâds a strictly non-proselytising body. One who was a Sâd during his former existence, inevitably seeks admission into the Sâd community. So say they, adding that such accessions to their numbers are not an unusual occurrence. However, a community of so recent an

origin as this, which does not proselytise, must be small in number. All told, they seem to be not much more than 2,000. This little flock is also naturally restricted to a small area; indeed, to but a corner of Farrukhabad Town, with two or three families in Gwalior State.

Like the Parsi, the Sâd will dispose of his dead, anyhow and everyhow rather than by cremation. But again, all further likeness ends. The usual method employed at funerals consists of placing the body on a bier buoyed up by four large earthen vessels and floated down the river. These vessels gradually fill, and the whole structure is so weighted that at last it sinks to the bottom of the stream. Where a river is not within easy reach, burial, and even abandonment to animals and vultures, is resorted to.

In common with the Jain, the Sâd is extremely scrupulous about taking life. Even noxious vermin and dangerous reptiles and wild beasts are safe at their hands. As a consequence they are strict vegetarians in diet.

Like the Mahomedan, he acknowledges one Almighty Creator, Lord and Master of the World, and brooks no graven image or likeness of any sort of the Deity. The Sâds possess some fine places of worship at Farrukhabad, but the great halls are absolutely bare. Not a picture or an ornament relieves the blank whitewash of the walls, archways, and pillars.

These halls of worship are a striking feature of Sâdhwâra, the quarter of Farrukhabad town inhabited exclusively by this interesting community. They call for special notice. Some four or five of them may be seen at once, for they have all been built side by side, as though, when the community had outgrown one, they had built another to accommodate their overflow, but not to separate them. This, however, is only conjecture. These buildings have large side-rooms and galleries for their women. They observe purdah as a matter of social necessity and not on principle.

These places of worship are built very high, and command a magnificent view of the whole town and of much of the country around. Here they meet for their religious exercises, some every evening, which, the more devout among them prolong far into the night, in the still solitude of these high roofs.

But the day specially set apart for devotion is Sunday,

and with this detail begins the count of their resemblances to the Quakers of England and the United States.

They are extremely scrupulous regarding the honour they should pay to the Supreme Lord of all, "Malik." They acknowledge no other supremacy lest it should conflict with His. On this account, like the Quakers, they will not give the honorific pronoun "Ap" to any man, and are fortunate in possessing the medium "tum" to use in their intercourse with others, without being obliged to *tutoyer* with the contemptuous Hindi "tu."

For the same reason, they salute no man, like the Quakers who do not raise their hats except at the name of God. There is a story that, during one of Gladstone's ministries, a Quaker deputation was admitted to a royal audience. It is narrated that the hat difficulty was got over by stationing footmen on either side the stairway, who gravely removed the hats of the deputation as it passed up towards the presence chamber. *Si non'e vero e ben trovato*. In a like spirit of practical compromise, former District authorities have especially exempted the Sâds from being obliged to salute the *Sahebs*. In place of the salâam, the Sâd has a quaint gesture, raising the hands, palm outwards, towards his interlocutor as his equivalent to "How do you do?" It is precisely that—an enquiry after your health.

A further result of this extreme regard for the Divine honour is that they reserve such words as Saheb, Yogi, Malik, etc., for God alone. Indeed, this last word, Malik, seems to be particularly used as distinctive of the Almighty. It is a literal rendering of the Biblical "Lord." But the Sâds go further, and are doubtful and exacting in their acceptance of words in other languages, as expressing their ideas of the Supreme. Thus, Allah they admit as probably equivalent, Khudâ they reject. Similarly, they might probably accept the word "Lord" although they are very chary of acknowledging the word "God" as an adequate name.

This insistence on the supremacy of God, emphasised, in daily life and intercourse, is but the first of their similarities with Quakers. In methods of worship, too, they have other traits of likeness. When met in common for purposes of devotion, they begin with a very short invocation or hymn from their sacred Book or "Pothi." The rest is silence or contempla-

tion. In what this results is not easy to say. There is much reticence on this point. Whether, therefore, the similarity extends to the sequelæ of hysteric tremors, such as designate the Shakers of America or not, remains doubtful.

Their name Sâd, among their Hindu fellows, is connected with Sâdhu, an ascetic. Both words seem derivable from the Sanskrit Sâdhana, the meaning of which is to practise, or continue a religious exercise. This would seem to point to a method of worship, in which personal experience of the effect of certain practices forms the distinctive feature. This contention is borne out by their strong objection to controversy, another Quaker trait, it may be noted.

On entering the "Chowki" as their meeting houses are called, one sees in colloquial Hindi three short aphorisms, that might as well have been engraved above the entrance to a Quaker prayer-hall. These are.

1st. Refrain from discussion.

2nd. Avoid the company of evildoers.

3rd. Follow the footsteps of the good.

Surely, the undoubted wisdom of the first maxim compensates for the vagueness of the other two.

In Church government, the Mohant, who guides the young, assists at marriages, presides at the religious exercises, composes disputes, arbitrating and adjudicating between members of the community, is a close parallel to the Elder, with somewhat fuller powers, found in more than one Nonconformist denomination.

Another Quaker characteristic is that there is no such thing as a Sâd mendicant. The community finds work and money for those of their members who need it.

Finally, they affect a distinctive dress, which in the case of the Sâds is white always, with either a tall cylindrical, dome-topped turban, or, among boys and young men, a tall coloured top-hat minus the brim.

They have an annual religious gathering called Bhandā. This seems to be their one solemn festival. Their tenets are contained in a Pothi-book *par excellence*, like Biblion and Al Quran. This work is jealously guarded as a sacred and secret deposit of truth. When asking about the nature of this book, one is met with a look of such reverential awe and fear

as makes it impossible to press the enquiry. Indeed, the sentiment of fear seems to be the more pronounced, so much so as to lend verisimilitude to the story told by some missionaries of a too persistent investigator, some thirty years back, who pushed his researches into this secret so far as to procure a copy of this sacred book, and even begin its translation into English. The story ends with the startling statement that the venturesome translator "suddenly disappeared and was never heard of again." Religious sentiment being so deeply concerned in guarding the sacred deposit, courtesy, at least, forbids further importunity. Especially is this the case when the only source of information about this most interesting community is the people themselves, of whom no one else seems to know anything.

The book, or Pothi, is said to be no older than some two hundred and fifty years. It chiefly consists of hymns. The leading names of the Hindu pantheon, especially the *avatars* or incarnations, such as Kama, Krishna, Hanuman, Arjun etc., are there spoken of but shorn of all divine attributes, and as merely famous historic personages. The author of this book is not known and the work is ascribed to a purely Divine origin.

As regards the social customs of this people, they are best described by way of contrast. Believing in one Almighty Lord they recognise no sanctity in rivers, such as the Ganges and Jumna, or in places of pilgrimage, such as Hardwar or Puri, and consequently bathing in these rivers and going on pilgrimages has no place in their life. They consult no Pandits or astrologers to learn of auspicious times for marriages, journeys, or commencing important business undertakings. They perform no Hawan, or purificatory offering by fire, like the followers of the Arya Somaj. The European dresses for dinner—"the great British evening sacrifice"—the Hindu undresses. The Sâd does not undress. He recognises no caste distinction of any sort. The Brahmin and the Sudra are alike to him. Among themselves they are averse to no employment. Till now, however, their small numbers have not driven them to any profession that in Hindu eyes would be especially degrading.

Early marriages are as common among them as among other Indian peoples. Indeed, if the family be wealthy, it is not unusual for a newly-born child to be betrothed. But though like many Hindus here, they are unlike them in this,

that with Sâds it is the relatives of the boy and not of the girl who are the suitors and who enter on the preliminary negotiations.

The marriage ceremony is exceedingly simple. The bride and bridegroom are seated side by side on two cushions in the presence of two Moharits or Elders. These Moharits recite certain hymns, and at each recital the young couple walk round the cushions. This is done four times, and this is all, and completes the marriage tie.

The origin of this community is undoubtedly Hindu as is evident from the facts that the Hindu laws of inheritance apply to them, that they have the joint family system, and that their names are the same as those in use among other Hindu castes, e.g., Jagat Narain, Sukhbhasi, etc. However, even in the short period of less than three hundred years that subtle and elusive differentiation that constitutes caste physiognomy is already making them a distinct tribe in feature, although in complexion they range from almost European fairness to the dark brown of the U.P. agriculturist.

Only one man of them has so far availed himself of English education, and risen to be a Municipal Commissioner. The main body carry on a good business as manufacturers and dealers in colour-printed cloth. This trade is most flourishing and has houses in Paris and London, where they find a ready sale for the peculiarly printed cloth of which they have the monopoly. The secret of the fast colours used is solely in their hands, and the bulk of their community is employed in this and its connected industries. Thus there are carpenters and woodcarvers, who grave the dies or stamps used by the printers. There are those who are busied with the preparation of the colours or dyes and with the final steaming or cooking process which fixes the dye. Outside this, the Sâd is occasionally met with as an Ekka driver plying between Fatehgarh and Farrukhabad.

A visit to the two or three chief houses of this trade is well worth paying, as the process is most interesting. Each workman sits cross-legged on the floor before a low, broad, padded bench, on which the cloth to be printed is smoothly spread. These workmen range from boys of ten or twelve to greybeards. To his left is a wide pan or deep tray of colour, to his right the various stamps cut out of Shisham wood. Every stamp or die

is only a very tiny part of the whole complicated design. There cannot be much less than a thousand such stamps required for the eleven distinct colours that are used in some of the larger patterns. Each stamp, to right and left, has two small pegs that have spots on the cloth to guide the printer in putting on the next block correctly in continuation of the design. These designs range from simple Oriental tracings of geometrical outlines, wreaths and sprays of flowers, to large eastern landscapes crowded with palms, buildings, birds and beasts.

The material used is generally cotton cloth of some sort, and the completed article can be employed for many household purposes, such as tapestry, dados, door hangings, curtains, table covers, tea-cloths, etc. Silk and satin is only stamped to order.

It is a matter of regret that the heads of this trade have gone, for their *eastern* designs, "to the best available artists in London and Paris." These artists do their work well, and London and Paris buy largely, and so this plan of securing designs will continue. The case is not unique. One can only fondly hope that some genuine Eastern artist will recollect that he was a Sâd during his last existence on earth, and so, qualifying to join this community, rescue at least one of India's most characteristic arts and crafts from corruption. No new design, Indian or pseudo-Indian, has any chance of being accepted by these wide-awake traders unless a guaranteed sale of at least Rs. 3,000 justifies the initial outlay entailed for the engraving of the new sets of dies or stamps. The goods are remarkably cheap and good value.

CHAS. A. DOBSON.

Agra

FENELON AND THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN PRINCES.

THE Indian Prince cannot help being an object of concern to the Indian people. The "Native States" form a considerable portion of India. To their rulers is entrusted the government of not a small section of the Indian people. Situated as they are, the Native States cannot afford to live a life of isolation, splendid or otherwise. They are in India and of India. They must move with the rest of India, unless the country is to suffer from an unequal development, from political malformation. Their future, their progress, their welfare is bound up intimately and inextricably with the future, the progress and the welfare of British India. No man, anxious to know and study India, can be justified in shutting them out from his view.

L'Etat c'est moi—that famous description of Louis XIV's idea of his power may with equal truth be applied to any of our Native Princes. In all the Native States the welfare of the people is completely in the hands of the ruler, so far indeed as the welfare of the governed depends on the power of the governor. Even the measure of outside control and criticism, which obtain in British India, does not exist to hamper or temper the absolute (the term is used in the scientific and in no invidious sense) régime of the native Princes. The Native Prince has, therefore, great, immense responsibilities. To equip him and train him to bear these heavy responsibilities must be the anxious desire of those jealous of the honour and welfare of the Native States of India. The education of the Indian Prince must be an object of concern to those responsible for the good government of India—the people of India and the suzerain power.

There are two methods of educating the Indian Prince—one is the old, traditional method, traditional both in Europe and in India, of placing the young Prince under a guardian or tutor, who should devote the whole of his time and energy to the education and training of his charge, the other is the newer system of the public school imported by Englishmen. It was in 1869 that Captain Walter, then political agent at Bhartpur, conceived the idea of special colleges for the scions of the Indian nobility. It received the "warm assent" of Col. Daly, the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, and the powerful support of Lord Mayo, the Viceroy. It was, thanks to this Viceroy's influential advocacy, that the idea of Chiefs' Colleges gained ground and that we owe the existence of the Daly College at Indore, the Mayo College at Ajmere, the Rajkumar College at Rajkot. And successive Education Reports and Viceroys have noted with satisfaction the increasing popularity and steady development of these colleges. In view of the brilliant future which has been promised these institutions, we trust we shall not be accused of impertinence if we set ourselves to examine the suitability of these Chiefs' Colleges for the education of our Princes.

These colleges are conducted on what is known as the English public school system. But with modifications. Indian conditions in caste, religion, the feudal character of the Indian nobility—all these militate against the introduction of the public school, pure and simple. But the essential components of that system are these ; the boarding house, where boys live together for most part of the year, with periodical vacations when they are allowed to go to their homes, superintendence by masters and assistant masters, and the attempt to realise the ideal of *mens sana in corpore sano* by the prominence given to sports and out-door games. The public school idea is there. It is, therefore, the present writer's intention to ask if it is all well with the public school.

The public school has been—till lately—a sort of fetish with most Englishmen, especially with those who have never been to one. But recently there have been questionings and searchings of hearts. It is curious to note that the public school seems to grow in popularity in India (for the latest sign, see the efforts of some well-meaning gentlemen in Bengal

to start a public school for the upper middle classes of Bengal) just at a moment when there is growing dissatisfaction with it in England. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, himself a public school man, says: ". . . . It can scarcely be denied that however faithfully they (the public schools) cultivate the ingenuous arts, they suffer youth to be extremely brutal." The religion taught in these schools, he recognises, has to be of a broad, vague, and unsatisfactory kind. And if that is so in England, where at least there is a common basis of Christianity to go upon, how much more must it be here in India, with its warring creeds and philosophies? As to the morality acquired at public schools he quotes the opinion of a clergyman, who was successively an Eton boy and an Eton Master and who wrote thirty years ago. "The masters of many schools are sitting on a volcano, which, when it explodes, will fill with horror and alarm those who do not know what boy's schools are, or knowing it, shut their eyes and stop their ears." "Public schools are the very seats and nurseries of vice" was an extract from a religious journal, which Dr. Arnold once made the text of a characteristic sermon. A great Headmaster of that period, according to Russell, declared that it was his duty to teach Greek but not morality. To this indictment it may be objected that it is out of date, that public schools have been reformed, that discipline is strictly enforced, that the utmost care is taken, though, Mr. Russell has to confess, not always successfully, against moral contamination, that physical cruelty is almost unknown in the modern public school, that a high standard of honour is maintained, and refinement, delicacy, and comfort are constantly increasing. Granting that all this is true, is the public school worth the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it? Is education on a non-religious basis, for all public school education must be that, capable of standing the strain of life in the world? And should good manners, polish, gentlemanliness acquired in the public school, make us shut our eyes to the moral danger caused by bringing together and making to live together all sorts and conditions of boys, coming from all sorts and conditions of homes? And, after all, is Mr. Russell's picture of the public school so antiquated? Last year there was published a book called "The Harrovians" by a young man Arnold Lunn, himself a Harrovian, who wrote not the conventional goody-

goody tale of the public school, but a picture of it as he knew it. There one can see the old brutality, the tyranny of games, and of fetishes and taboos of all kinds, the worship of convention, the homage paid to that great worldly commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out." It is not to be wondered at. The evil is in the thing itself. A promiscuous herding together of boys is not the best way of educating them. Withdrawing them at the most impressionable period of their lives from the influences of Motherhood and of Home will not form their character in any satisfactory and enduring sense. Lord Rosebery once declared that the home was the best place for a boy's education. And Dr. Warre, of Eton, sees in the extension of Day Schools the best hope of a higher tone in public education.

In view of this growing dissatisfaction with the public school in England, one can only wonder at the application of its system to the education of our princes. And this at a moment in the history of Education when there is a tendency to pay more and more individual attention to each individual pupil.

Public school education is an innovation in this country, and there must be a reason, a justification for every innovation. Such a justification has not been shown in the case of the Chiefs' Colleges. Cannot all the good, certain results of a public school education,—manliness, good manners, "playing the game"—be acquired elsewhere than in a public school? Does the average Indian Chief's son need being initiated into a love for outdoor games and sports? Does he not get it naturally, isn't it in his blood? And can't he learn manners and to play the game under a tutor, in the company of young men carefully chosen by his tutor or parents? No, we are afraid judgment by default must go to the old traditional system of educating each Prince in his own home by and through a carefully chosen tutor.

It is with a view to help and encourage the traditional method that the present writer proposes in this paper to examine the theory and practice of education of a great educator, Fenelon, the famous Archbishop of Cambrai. Fenelon, the rival and opponent of Bossuet, Fenelon, the friend of Madame Guyon, are well known. But Fenelon, the tutor of the heir of

Louis XIV, is not so famous, possibly because this work of his was not done in the limelight. Before being appointed to the responsible post of tutor to the young Duke of Burgundy, Fenelon had already made his mark as an educationist by his treatise on the "Education of Girls."

This treatise was not meant for the public eye, but written at the request of the wife of his great friend, the Duc de Beauvilliers, to help her in the education of her numerous family of daughters. In this work Fenelon begins at the beginning and lays great stress upon the education of the educators themselves—the teachers and the parents. This advice is of great importance in the education of the Indian Prince. The educators of Indian Princes make their work more difficult than it need be by not making use of the influence of the parents, especially of the mother. Even in the most disordered family, the mother's influence is great and may not be despised. Therefore the mother of the Prince should be first educated if the work of the tutor or the guardian is not to be nullified by domestic influences, in the nature of the case, stronger than any he can exert. If the mother is not educated already, the tutor must take her education in hand. This may sound utopian and impossible in the face of Indian conditions. But an Indian mother will do anything for her son, even sacrifice the purdah, that doubtful privilege of high-born women in this country. And if the tutor is carefully chosen, if he is an old, well-born and well-bred gentleman, Indian or European, the difficulty is almost overcome. The importance of the education of the mother of the Prince will be conceded when it is seen that the best efforts of educators are rendered futile by contradictory and opposing influences in the house. The intimate association of the mother with the tutor in the education of her son is absolutely necessary. The tutor must work on the mind and moral nature of the boy, as far as possible, through the mother. Morality thus taught and impressed will be of a lasting kind, and the boy will have a really effective incentive for good conduct and well-doing.

Religion is the basis of Fenelon's education, and it must be the basis of the education of the Indian Prince. Whatever the religious beliefs of the tutor, he must respect the religion of his ward. The sanctions of the morality that he inculcates on

the boy must be those of the boy's own religion. Religion is not the source of morality, but it is its most effective support and strongest sanction. Moral education on a non-religious basis is not worth the paper it is advocated in. Of course, man may outlive his religion; but, while it lasts, it is the strongest motive for morality. And even after it goes, the effect may remain. Many an agnostic owes the purity of his mature life to his Christian ancestors and the Christian education which his parents gave him.

Fenelon in his treatise on the "Education of Girls" forbids romances altogether to the young. And we of the twentieth century who, on account of the plethoric output of novels, suffer from literary debility, are forced to appreciate this prohibition. The rest of this work of Fenelon is concerned with particulars regarding the education of girls with which we have no concern here.

When Louis XIV wanted to choose somebody in whose hands he could confidently place the education of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, he could fix on no better person than the Duc de Beauvilliers, distinguished among the French noblemen of the time for his probity, high attainments, upright and Christian conduct. Having chosen Beauvilliers as the "gouverneur" of the young Prince, Louis had the good sense to leave the choice of his ward's tutors, teachers, and companions to him, solely and entirely. Such a procedure is very necessary in the case of the Indian Prince. The various teachers and tutors of the Prince, his play-companions, his followers, his very servants must be all chosen by the one who is in charge of his education, or, at any rate, must be approved by him. Otherwise, his trouble will be vain, he will be beating the air. If he is to be held responsible for the education of the Prince, he must be in sole and undisputed charge of it. He should brook no other power near his throne. How necessary this power of choice of the Prince's companions, followers and servants is, will be readily felt by any one who knows what immense capacities for evil these kinds of people possess in Princely households in India.

The Duc de Beauvilliers chose Fenelon as the tutor of the young Prince. And Fenelon in his turn chose the Abbé de Langeron as reader and the Abbés Fleury and de Beaumont as

assistant tutors, all of whom possessed the confidence of Beauvilliers and of each other. Thus uniformity of ideal was secured. All the tutors could work in harmony. There were no cross-purposes. So far, for the educators. Now, what kind of a boy had they to educate? "The Duke of Burgundy," says Saint Simon in his Memoirs, "was born wild, and in his infancy was a cause of fear and trembling. Stubborn, raging, even against inanimate objects, impetuous, incapable of enduring the least resistance, fond of all kinds of pleasures, good food, hunting, and the dice-table where he could not bear to lose, naturally prone to cruelty" Such was Fenelon's pupil. How did the great educator set about his task? What was his method of education? Fenelon's method, to speak in the language of modern epigram, was his want of method, that is to say, he did not go by any set rules. Only one method he followed and that was to closely watch the character of the prince, its infinite variations and contradictions. He would first diagnose the disease. And the remedy was *ad hoc*, particular. That is to say, Fenelon did not indulge in general moral sermons or lessons, unrelated to the character of his pupil. His advice and criticisms and reproaches were related to the particular evil or moral lapse of which his pupil was guilty, and were delivered soon after they were detected, while his faults were fresh in the mind of the boy. His method of imparting moral instruction was as pleasant as it was original. He imparted it by means of fables and dialogues. This is how he proceeded. As soon as the prince was found guilty of some moral lapse or other, Fenelon would go up to him and try to inculcate the beauty and importance of the opposite virtue by means of some fable or story made up on the spot. For instance, if he wanted the prince to be more gentle in his manners, he would tell him that "the sun would respect the sleep of a prince so that his blood may be refreshed, and he may obtain the strength and the health necessary, and also some *sweetness of disposition* which he may lack. Provided a young prince sleeps, laughs, joins in the sports of the society, takes pleasure in loving men and in being loved by them, all the graces of body and mind would come to adorn him." If the teacher wanted to induce more attention to his studies and greater accuracy in his compositions, he would tell

him the story of the young Bacchus, who did not pay much attention to his master, Silenus, and who was made fun of by a satyr. "How dare you make fun of me, the son of Jupiter," cried Bacchus not able to bear the satyr's insult, who laughed at one of his numerous faults. "But how does the son of Jupiter dare to commit a fault," was the satyr's reply. In such a pleasant manner did Fenelon try to convey his moral lessons. But to tame the fiery petulance of the young prince was not an easy task. Whenever the boy had one of his fits of temper, his tutors, his officers, and his servants would observe the profoundest silence, speak to him only if spoken to and that with averted faces and behave as if they were afraid to remain in the society of one who had disgraced his human and royal dignity. He was deprived of his books, being useless to him in his present state. He would be left to himself, to his conscience and to remorse. In this manner forcible and impressive was the evil of anger brought home to him. Once when Fenelon rebuked him, the prince cried out, "No, no, Sir, I know who I am and who you are." Fenelon did not say anything at the moment, but the next day went up to him and read him a lecture on the difference and distance between a man of his age, education and experience, and a child like himself although born a prince. After his fits of temper were over, Fenelon would help him with advice, encouragement and consolation to renew the struggle to master his passions.

As in the treatise on the "Education of Girls," so also here in practice, Fenelon based his education on religion. He made the young prince say his prayers regularly, perform his religious duties punctiliously. He made use of the Sacraments of Catholicism (especially Confession and Communion) to educate the boy's will and help him in his moral struggles. The influence of the prince's First Communion seems to have been remarkable. Madame de Maintenon tells us: "Since the First Communion of the Duke of Burgundy, we have seen all the faults which made us uneasy in his childhood disappear one by one." Fenelon by reminding him of the respect due to God whom he received at every Communion (that is the Catholic belief) helped him to master his fiery temper. As for religious instruction, Fenelon imparted it in the form of historical narrative rather than in

the dull dry form of dogmatic theology. He spoke to his pupil of the history of God's relations with men from the creation of the first man and woman to the coming of Christ. He told him the life of Christ, related to him the history of the Church and Catholicism down to his day. Fenelon realised the truth that children like facts and history much more than grown-ups credit them with.

The literary side of the prince's education was by no means neglected by Fenelon. Here we find, surprisingly enough, Fenelon using the direct method so popular among modern educationists. He did not bother his pupil with the rules of grammar to be got up by heart, but let him learn the rules as he went on. Rhetoric and composition were not taught by set rules, but the boy's literary taste was formed by placing before him the best models. Conversation is a pleasant means of instruction, and Fenelon used it to teach his young pupil the truths of politics, literature, and even metaphysics. History, as being especially useful to a prince, was prescribed in large, but not too large, quantities. The letters of men like St. Augustine and St. Jerome were not thought too high for a boy of the prince's age. Fenelon did not believe, like some modern educators, that one must speak down to the level of children in order to be understood and appreciated by them. Children resent this coming down to their level much more than being talked to over their heads. In his "Dialogues of the Dead," he introduced the prince to a critical study of the biographies of great men. Hero-worship, even for youth, he did not believe in. Like his great admirer, Lord Acton, Fenelon recognised it to be an immoral doctrine. In his dialogues he dissected the lives and the characters of the great men he selected and showed up their follies and crimes. He told his pupil what to admire and what to abhor in the lives of great men.

The artistic education of the future ruler of such an artistic people as the French could not be neglected. In his dialogues on "Parrhasius and Poussin," Fenelon introduces his ward to the principles of Art and Taste.

Fenelon did not concern himself directly with his charge's physical education, for there was no need. As Saint-Simon tells us, the boy was fond of outdoor sports. He was, in fact, passionately fond of the chase. Fenelon's training must have

helped the young prince to regulate this passion and make it really useful to him.

At the end of this survey of Fenelon's methods of education, one is tempted to ask what success attended them. Bossuet, Fenelon's rival, and who at first sneered at the efforts of the prince's tutor, came to bear reluctant testimony to the changed and improved character of the Duke of Burgundy. Madame de Maintenon, the Court, Paris, and the whole of France recognised in the virtuous and popular prince the product of Fenelon's training.

Fenelons are not as plentiful as gooseberries; nor even if they were, would they be available for India. But it is hoped that this slight sketch of the educational methods of an eminent educator will be of some help to those tutors who are engaged in the great, but awfully responsible, work of forming the character and training the mind of those rulers of men—the Native Princes of India.

“CANTAB.”

A PROFESSOR OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

[A folklore tale, showing how easy it is to enter a learned profession without passing through a university.]

This should have been a noble creature : he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—

BYRON—MANFRED.

I.

'Twas only just the other day,
And it is true, for so they say,
For when ' they ' say, it must be true,
'Tis not to question why ? or who ?
So rhetoricians, when they find
Their sails all limp for want of wind,
And travellers, crammed with wondrous lore,
From distant lands unknown before,
Will talk without or bit or bridle,
Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
And of the old anthropophagi,
And things which may not be, or may be,
As Mandeville, or Marco Polo,
And e'en historians will go so low,
Of this and th' other thing to prate,
Without authority, or date,
As Livy, and Herodotus,
Unblushing lie, and without fuss,
And many others, when they slip,

And when you have them on the hip,
Will, as a last resort and stay,
Pin everything on what 'they' say.
Seven villages contest in vain
The birthplace of the honest swain ;
Some fix it far down in the south,
And others at the Ganges' mouth,
Or where the Brahmaputra flows,
As no one yet can say he knows
Where Homer drew his earliest breath,
Or where Gautama met his death.
Young Rampal was a village wight,
A Mahar as could be told at sight ;
While others boasted they had come
Straight from the head or hand of Brahm,
Or like the Vaisya from his belly,
And not from protoplasmic jelly,
He had to take a lower seat,
For he had come from Brahma's feet ;
He deemed it truth, but could not say
Why he was made of different clay ;
And form as far back as he knew,
Had come within the great taboo,
And he, his kith and kin were penned
In mud huts at the village end,
Drew water from a separate well,
And only heard the temple bell,
Heard others say, ' I dare not touch ye,'
And had a separate priest and mochi,
And had a separate burning ground,
A separate barber went his round ;
And he had early learnt to feel
That there was wheel within a wheel,
And that which to the goose was sauce,
To th' gander was not sauce of course ;
Had seen within the village school
Great clodpates squat on separate stool ;
And though he felt that things were not
All fair and square, as all things ought,
Yet bugbears old, and superstitions,

From twenty hundred generations,—
O who shall wrench them out, or twist them
When lodged within the nervous system.
Thus Rampal had a notion dim,
This great world was not made for him,
And he himself expressly made
For kicks and cuffs, and nothing said ;
And thus he lived within his border,
His sanctuary,—Maharwada ;
For man will make, or black or white,
His East End, whether wrong or right.
He tilled his stony plot of land,
And barely lived to mouth from hand ;
And when the harvest days were o'er,
Would all the country beat and scour,
For sticks, and stocks, and fallen twigs,
And sell them to the bigger wigs ;
Or for a pice, and much palaver,
Get passport from the great Darogah,
And from the forest set apart
Bring fuel by head-load, or the cart,
And this he'd take to neighbouring town,
And sell for what they beat him down,
And deem it luck if he outran
That octopus, the octroi-man,
For once within that monster's clutches,
Whose horrid power suction such is,
He would be left without a rag,
And flaccid as an empty bag,
Or one who's been the vampire's prey,
Or mango sucked and thrown away.
He drove his creaking bullock cart,
And halted at the weekly mart,
And with wide-opened eyes and mouth
Took knowledge in, and looked about,
And waited at the rich man's door,
And wondered why himself was poor,
Saw trade and commerce in their haunts,
That catered for a thousand wants,
How some grabbed pice by pocketfuls

From others who had empty skulls,
Saw banyas, sowcars, vakils, touts,
And pampered swaggering lazy louts,
Saw, without syllogism or sorites,
How Fortune hath her favorites,
Her glittering heap of tinselled wares,
Her bourse for selling stocks and shares,
Saw Mammon was the god of all,
That all ran after, great and small.
Such great and varied pabulum
Played havoc in his cerebrum ;
And visions with romantic halo,
Did hover round his sleepless pillow,
And made him castles build in air,
Of driving in a coach and pair,
And eating fish and caviare,
And drinking whisky by the jar,
And then stern fact would on him press
His looped and windowed raggedness,
His hut of daub and bamboo sticks,
And outside nought but cuffs and kicks,
And he by birth's invidious bar
Rampal, the poor down-trodden Mahar.
One market day he drove his cart,
As usual to the weekly mart,
And having waited all day long,
And coaxed and cried the motley throng,
He went away in doleful mood,
For no one bought his firewood ;
With dialectic 'damns,' and 'pishes,'
Would stir the bones of holy Rishis,
He dedicated every one
To devils black, and blue, and dun,
And with two prods from oxgoad nail,
Two twists upon his bullocks' tail,
All hungry, parched with thirst, and dusty
He rattled through the town and basti.
Though man may be the sport of fate,
Yet something comes, if he but wait,
For if he waits the livelong night,

He's sure to see the morning light ;
Love's changeful course, now smooth, now thorny,
Brings on the day of matrimony ;
The long day's grinding toil and pother
In whisky ends, and soda water ;
A whole life spent in toil and sweat
Brings pension with its latest breath ;
The galled and jaded ticka hack
At last gets harness off his back,
Water—as much as he can drink,
And gram—so much as others think ;
Micawber, waiting many a day,
Turns governor in Australia ;
The longest sermon ends at last,
And they awake, who long slept fast,
And rub their eyes, and then discover
The fell simoom is past and over ;
The sharper waits, with thought profound,
Collection bag at last comes round,
He dips beneath the paper chits,
And pinches out four-anna bits ;
The poor Eurasian, scorned and snubbed,
Or poorly clad, or plainly grubbed,
All roads to wealth and honor shut,
His way of life one rotten rut,
No home, no country, no outlook,
No name in Nature's Doomsday Book,
No plot of land he calls his own—
The colonies will him disown—
At last obtains by blest prescription
Seven feet of earth, and an inscription,
With metes and bounds, fixed right and tight,
By quadrant and theodolite,
Beyond dame fortune's wiles and quirks,
Safe cared for by the Public Works—
Last taking in—his future fate,
Becomes at last a charge of State.
The dismal monsoon has its end ;
The longest street at last will bend ;
The long night hours in tippling fled,

With morn there comes the aching head ;
 A hundred jam tins dearly bought,
 At last you get an apricot,
 One tin with genuine berries' flavour,
 One tin without the pumpkin's savour ;
 The dhoby pounds and tugs all day,
 The stubborn buttons then give way,
 Still hammers, and holds up to view,
 The shirt he sees broad daylight through,
 He boils, and boils in scething cauldron,
 Till flannel pants to pulp are boiled down ;
 Or lends them out for perquisites,
 On Moh'ram or Divali nights,
 At last you're left without a stitch,
 At last there comes the dhoby's itch,
 Bad quarter of an hour, volcanic,
 Plaster, or ointment chrysophanic.
 Khansamah, man of seasoned wit,
 In curry leaves a pinch of grit,
 Till days, and weeks, and months have flown,
 Till wears away the grinding stone,
 He wrecks not fines, hard words, or fuss,
 At last there comes the calculus,
 Lithotomy, or catheter,
 And then you hoist your Blue Peter.
 O blessed fate that so dictates,
 And ne'er forgets the man who waits.

Poor Rampal drove his cart about,
 Now in at this street, now that out ;
 At last with little hope to cling on,
 He came upon a house and *angan*,*
 Where just within the courtyard gate
 A long-robed man recumbent sate,
 Who hailed him, and at premium price,
 Bought up his cartload in a trice.
 Now here's a man, indeed, he thought,
 And envied him his happy lot.

* " Angan " is the open space or courtyard before or behind houses in India. It is generally enclosed by a low compound wall.

He sat, and leaned against his wheel,
Pulled *chillam** out, and had a fill,
And from his nostrils and his mouth,
Blew smoke in dreadful volume out,
Surveyed, from door, the rich man's state,
Saw what it must be to be great,
To lounge upon luxurious gadi,
While music squeals from hurdy-gurdy,
With half a dozen fine attendants,
Anticipating all his wants ;
One fans him with a long palm fan,
One tends his box of nut and pan,
Another kneads him with shampoo,
One does what others cannot do,
One does not do what others can,
Thus each work has its proper man ;
Cool sherbet from a mug he sips,
And now and then he smacks his lips,
And munches from a dozen plates,
Pistachios, almonds, figs and dates ;
And now into his mouth he'll take,
Opium in form of tiny snake ;
And now they fill his hookah bowl,
And gently blow, and fan the coal ;
With gurgling sound, and long deep pull,
At last he gets a stomach full ;
His soul takes wing to realms celestial,
Oblivious to all cares terrestrial.
For Moutkhan was a great Hakim,
Of medicine-men the very cream ;
His nostrums, simples, bolus pill,
Had never failed to cure or kill ;
Whate'er their ailments might have been,
All sought him, and he took them in ;
For he had pondered long and deep,
In Nature's workshop had a peep,
Reduced her complex forms to simple,
And picked up many a knack and wrinkle,

* "Chillam" is a small straight earthenware pipe for smoking tobacco. It is used mostly by the poorer classes.

Unknown to vulgar base empirics,
Whose practice is but dirty tricks ;
With Corporal Trim he held it true—
And Uncle Toby saw it too—
That heat and moisture radical,
Were really nothing after all,
In spite of doubting Walter Shandy,
But mere ditch-water and burnt brandy.
Not Galen, not Hippocrates,
Could diagnose with greater ease,
Not Aesculapius himself,
Could quicker fetch down from his shelf ;
For he had somewhere found the keys,
To Nature's hidden mysteries.
While others talked of therapeutics,
And endless dismal pharmacutics,
Anatomy, pathology,
Bacteria, serum-therapy,
And cephalalgics, anthelmintics,
Emmenogogues, diaphoretics,
The unknown functions of the spleen,
And how to keep the colon clean,
The privileges and the rights,
Of leuco or of phagocytes,
If homeopathy were true,
Or that and allopathy too,
Or both were wholly false and frothy.
And nothing true but hydropathy,
If drugs can cure, if cure there is,
Or cure is but metastasis,
How beefsteaks make an organism,
By mystical metabolism,
How embryonic cells are cast,
In epi, and in hypoblast,
And how their future course and lot,
Hang on first impetus they got,
And every living thing from Adam
Is nothing but plain protoplasm,
And Nature but a surly bear,
That licks in shape, now here, now there,

And man a tadpole, or a worm,
Soused flop within a blastoderm,
How matter moves by law dynamic,
From inorganic to organic,
And then to lifeless earth again,
In cycle, or an endless chain,
Or ceaseless metempsychosis,—
Man blind to what beneath his nose is—
What should be done, and at what fee,
In doubt when doctors disagree,
When Phlebos runs through, without hope here,
All drugs in British Pharmacopœia,
And finds when all his efforts fail,
Old Crossbones won't let off on bail,
What place beyond the distant seas,
Prescribe by way of change of breeze,
Or specialist to get him off,
A Virchow or a Metchnikoff,—
On these, and such like useless things,
Great Moutkhan never preened his wings ;
His method, as was said, was simple,
For all emergencies was ample,
And both in surgery and physic,
Was prompt, and fell, and sure, as magic ;
Two drugs he had, he had no other ;
The one was neem leaves, th' other gobar,
No surgeon's knife, no probe, no trocar,
No useless spatula, no mortar,
No pincers, forceps, warming pan,
No saws cylindric for trepan,
No auscultator, lance, or splint,
No antiseptic wool and lint—
His outfit whole with which he wrought
Three leeches in an earthen pot.
His forte, beyond all others reach,
Phlebotomy by bite of leech.
With these he, still, whate'er betid,
A hundred operations did,
As Pagauinj could prevail
On four lean guts, and horse's tail

To draw his endless wondrous strain,
 And make his fiddle speak again ;
 Beethoven, Mendelsohn, and Mozart,
 And Handel, Chopin, Bach and Schubert,
 By vibratory undulation,
 By time and skilful modulation,
 Caused hundred thousand tunes to come out
 From eight poor scurvy notes of gamut.
 Now Rampal, spite of Mahar's estate,
 Had headpiece that could cerebrate ;
 A bright idea now dawned on him,—
 He'd be himself a great Hakim.
 He asked old Moutkhan to impart
 Some secrets of his wondrous art.
 Quoth Moutkhan—" that is quickly done—
 But ere you fly, you first must run ;
 Get, then, at once, by hook or crook,
 A two pice first Marathi book,
 That has upon its topmost page
 A picture of a bird and cage,
 A signboard to be seen of lok,
 With on it " Hakim Sarvatank,""
 For men are fishes, if not fools,
 They'll swarm into your net in shoals ;
 The rest is matter of mere outfit,
 And practice soon will make you perfect.
 And then he gave as last advice,
 A maxim worth full many a pice,
 What Danton said, with fiery stare,
 ' To dare, and dare, and still to dare.'
 There's tide in the affairs of men,
 There's egg in cackling of a hen,
 In battles, whether great or small,
 There's moment psychological,
 The little less, how much it is,
 The little more, and then you miss ;
 If Luther had but come to terms,
 Instead of pushing on to Worms ;

* "Hakim Sarvatank" in the vernacular for "Doctor Know-everything."

Or if Columbus tacked about
What 'time they swore to pitch him out ;
If Adam had refused the apple,
Whence Eve plucked miseries by the lapful
At Waterloo, when things grew hot,
Had Grouchy come, and Blücher not ;
Encamped within the Roman walls,
When Brennus was, with murd'rous Gauls,
The Capitol about to tackle,
If Juno's geese had failed to cackle,
How many things we'd not have had,
How many other things instead.
But Rampal grasped the skirts of chance,
And staved the blows of circumstance ;
With rounded sail, and helm in steer,
He launched upon a great career.
No more in jolting bullock cart
He journeyd to the weekly mart.
His cures became a thing of fame,
And got him money, and a name.
All swore by him, and all would tell how
In practice he had not his fellow.
A rich Mahajan, fat and old,
Once lost a tidy bag of gold ,
And could not find or trace or scent,
Or find out how, or where it went ;
At last he called the great Hakim,
And handed o'er the case to him.
At night they sat them down and dined
The Hakim was all eyes and mind ;
Three dainty things came, one by one,
On platters with bright napkins on,
Then Rampal gazed with knowing look
And oped his first Marathi book,
In murmur that could just be heard,
He said ' first, second, and the third. '
The fellows who had brought them in,
Began to tremble in their skin,
And were convinced the man was able
Their thoughts and secrets to unravel,

Had peeped in conjuring book, and then
Had marked them for the very men.
'Now,' said the Mahajan, 'if it's true,
All mortal things are known to you,
Say what there is beneath that cloth,
As proof of what you're really worth.'
The other, doleful, scratched his head,
In throat he felt a lump of lead;
He thumbed his book from left to right,
But bird and cage seemed vanished quite,
Dipped tip of finger in his mouth,
And ran the pages inside out,
Then sighed with aching anguish dull,
'Alas, alas, for poor Rampal.'*
The cloth removed, in sight there came,
The fruit that bore the self-same name;
All wondered at his forceful art,
The servants beckoned him apart,
And begged of him to save their skin,
And if he would not let them in,
They'd fetch the gold up from the pit,
And he might have the half of it;
The bargain was at once agreed,
To tell the sequel is no need,
For Rampal was no man of qualms,
Nor clogged by wishy-washy forms;
In ticklish points of morals, he
Fell back on old philosophy;
In all things planked his Ego down,
To work out all equations from;
No room for lower, or for higher,
Where all was Karma, all was Maya.
The gold he sliced with pruning knife,
The Mahajan filched in previous life,
If not, he will in next to come,
Till both have vanished into Brahm.
The strange eventful story here

*Rampal, or Ramphal, is the name of an Indian fruit, heart-shaped, and containing a pulp much like that of the custard-apple, (Sectapal or Sectaphal) but with a smoother rind.

Leaves Rampal in his mid-career,
And—gentle reader wait a bit,
Until the second part is writ.

B. G. STEINHOFF,

Nagpur.

RADHIKA'S PERPLEXITY.

I know not what *Kahn** has seen in me,
How often he looks at my face !
His eyes are quickened to steal my soul,
I stand like a statue to hear his parole,
And glance at his charming grace ;
I call to the birds in the mango groves
And turn for their sweet reply :
“ Radhika ! Radhika ! here are the birds ! ”
I hear there some one cry ;
I turn again and he looks in my face
And laughs and passes by !

I carry my pots to the village-well,
When the dawn has lifted her veil ;
Slowly and slyly he comes behind
Like a *Chittah*, and suddenly there I find
His shadow before me trail ;
I fill my water-pots on the well,
When stealthily he comes nigh,
He lays them on my head uncalled :
“ Oh Radhika ! 'tis too high ! ”—
I turn my face, but he looks in my eyes
And laughs and passes by !

I take to Gokul my sweetest curds,
When the herd is on the field ;

**Kahn* is Gujarati, means Krishna.

He blocks my way with a wayward spring,
And asks of me there many a thing,
 But I do not care to yield ;
I walk away with a gentle push,
 As the sun is high in the sky,
I hear my name through some magical flute
 And I turn behind to spy :
My curds fall down and he looks in my face
 And laughs and passes by !

ARDESHIR F. KHABARDAR.

Madras.

THE INDIAN SANITARY POLICY.

THE cardinal supports of health are good air and good water. The Government's earnestness in promoting the public health is, therefore, judged by many from the grants made to local bodies in aid of conservancy, water-supply, and drainage. Apart from the effect of conservancy on the public health, as tested by statistics, it removes offences to the nose and the eye, and, therefore, it is readily appreciated. Similarly, the supply of water through pipes saves the labour of drawing it from wells or bringing it from more or less distant tanks, and therefore it is welcomed for other than sanitary reasons as well. It appears that projects of water-supply costing more than 110 lakhs are now under construction, and schemes to cost more than 114 lakhs have been prepared and sanctioned in all India, while the cost of drainage works now under construction outside the presidency towns is estimated at over 154 lakhs. Since the constitution of the new department under Sir H. H. Butler, the Government of India has made grants exceeding 82 lakhs a year to district boards in certain provinces, besides non-recurring grants of over 406 lakhs, and recurring grants exceeding 55 lakhs, to local Governments for sanitary purposes. These certainly seem to be huge sums, and the major portion of the grants would be spent on conservancy, water-supply, and drainage. But we are reminded that India is a huge country, and as the Government of India's resolution of a few weeks ago did not announce fresh grants amounting to some crores of rupees, critics have expressed disappointment. It is obvious, however, that if the desired crores can be spared from any sources, those sources may be pointed out during the discussion of the budget, and it was scarcely necessary to make any announcement in the resolution behind the back of the Legislative Council. The

occasion was not one that could be compared with the Coronation Durbar, when boons were announced. How is the money applied and what results have followed the expenditure? That is a question which is somewhat difficult to answer. The health of the people depends not merely upon the sums spent on public sanitation, but also upon the habits and customs and the economic condition of the people. If, therefore, the statistics show any improvement, it is not easy to apportion the credit, and it is equally difficult to apportion the discredit if the figures indicate no improvement. The Government of India is informed that probably no department of public health administration is neglected in many towns to a greater extent than conservancy, while the results of the provision of piped filtered water have not fulfilled expectations. The probability is that the older sanitarians expected a little too much from public sanitation, and did not make sufficient allowance for the habits and condition of the people, and causes of disease not directly connected with cleanliness and good water.

Cholera occupies the leading place among the water-borne diseases that are most dreaded in the tropics; its ravages have been materially checked, and they may be further checked if the people act upon the advice of sanitary officers. Small-pox, another fell disease, has been brought under control by vaccination; how far its prevention is possible through public sanitation is a matter of conjecture. Malaria, which carries off the largest number of victims, is not prevented either by good conservancy or by a good water-supply. Drainage may have some effect upon it, but more research is needed to enable experts to tell why malaria prevails in a given locality and how it may be checked. Contrary to expectations, research showed that in Bombay malaria did not arise from the swampy surroundings of the city, but from a mosquito which breeds in the many wells attached to private houses. The proximity of rice-fields is not necessarily dangerous, inasmuch as they may not breed malaria-carrying mosquitoes, while the vicinity of creeks of brackish water, which cannot be easily drained, or filled up, may be dangerous. In the circumstances the sanitarian may in many localities have to rely mainly on quinine and not so much on improving the atmosphere, the water-supply, or the drainage. Plague is essentially a rat disease, and though

public sanitation may have a slight effect upon the prevalence of rats in some places, the effective destruction of the rodents has not been found possible by any of the known methods. Tuberculosis, which is responsible for a large percentage of mortality, especially in urban areas, is not controlled by the ordinary methods of the sanitarian, and calls not so much for expenditure of money as for enforcement of better regulations regarding the planning of towns, the building of houses, and their occupation. Of all the children born one fifth die within the first year of their existence. The causes of this heavy infant mortality would appear to be the custom of early marriage, the ignorance of mothers and of midwives, and poverty which compels mothers to work when they ought not to, the neglect of children, and of cleanliness. It will thus be seen by an examination of the various causes of disease and death that, besides readiness to spend money, we want knowledge which will enable us to spend it wisely and to obviate the necessity of spending public funds in ignorance of its utility. Money is required for research and for acquisition of knowledge by experts, and this knowledge, reduced to a practical shape, must be diffused among the people. It is explained in the Resolution already referred to, that the policy of the Government of India is to keep the control of research under itself, and to decentralise other branches of sanitation. An Indian Research Fund Association was founded three years ago, with the education member of the Government of India as its president. It is financed solely by Government, which provides it with an annual grant of five lakhs. The membership of the Association, however, is open to non-officials, and the hope is expressed that Indian philanthropists may contribute towards the expansion of the work by founding chairs of research or otherwise. The Association publishes a quarterly journal, in which the progress of research work in India is recorded.

Research means laboratories in which to carry it on and men who will devote their time to the work. The application of knowledge already acquired requires a large number of officers, and much money has to be spent on the machinery of sanitary administration. Science discloses new directions in which money has to be spent, and its diversion from conser-

vancy and drainage is inevitable. The Government and its advisers are alive to the needs of the country; the advance of knowledge in other parts of the world does not escape their attention, the acquisition of more knowledge in India is their constant endeavour. No fault can be found with their policy, but the results are necessarily limited by the funds available on the one hand, and the attitude of the people on the other. From time to time the experience of the past is reviewed, and attention is called to the difficulties immediately to be attacked. The decentralisation of sanitary work is carried on consistently with a plan and method which will secure for all India the benefit of the experience gained in particular provinces. The Resolution of a few weeks ago recommends in what directions progress is desirable in the immediate future. A school of tropical medicine in Bombay and more Pasteur Institutes in Burma, Assam, and Bombay are under contemplation, and it is hoped that before long every province in India will have a laboratory fully equipped for research. Investigations are in progress or under consideration into various problems connected with the prevalence of cholera, kala-azar, leprosy, and other diseases; the discovery of effective pulicides; the fixation of chemical standards of purity for milk and milk products; the methods of water filtration and silt removal; the etiology of diabetes and fevers of short duration, and other problems on which local research is needed, and one cannot remain content with the knowledge acquired in other lands and with existing beliefs in the profession. In a few months more, before the plague season commences, an experiment in plague prevention by destruction of rats on a large scale will be tried. Experiments will be undertaken to discover the effect on malaria of clearing jungle and undergrowths in Bengal, and the effect of silt deposit will also be ascertained, if possible. The Indian Research Association has secured the services of Dr. Lankester to assist in the solution of many problems connected with tuberculosis. The suggestions made to the local Governments relate to the better registration of vital statistics, the preparation of sanitary surveys, the isolation of cases of epidemic diseases, the prevention of the adulteration of milk and food-stuffs, rural sanitation, and various other questions. Whatever one may think of the results, no one can accuse the sani-

EAST & WEST

tary authorities and the Government of inactivity and indifference.

H. NARAINA RAO.

Bombay.

A GIFT.

Life is a tent that must be folded up,
A feast which holds the sweet and bitter cup,
A garden with its cassia full of thorns,
A sea, of idle calms—and treacherous storms,
A pallid day with rifts of sun between,
That pass like golden pageants in a dream,
Its weeks increase to years, yet who dare ask
The value of his gifts—his little task ?

* * * *

My hands are empty, naught of worth in me,
A heart of tears is all I have for Thee.

Life is a mirage with its lakes and bowers,
Its dates and palms, cool groves, sweet-scented flowers
Which tempt the soul to pastures more than fair,
Only to find the empty darnel there,—
This semblance of the corn in Eastern fields,
With the same grace it to the sickle yields,
But gathered shows, as then indeed it must,
An empty sheaf, a little worthless dust.

* * * *

My vineyard too has tares, and thus I see,
A heart of tears is all I have for Thee.

Through wayward crowds, beyond the desert road,
Thy love, dear Lord, the ever gentle goad
That drove me past the sin, and helped me—where
The springs lie hidden, and the land is bare,
There placed immortal food—yet it was mine,

Drink from the blood of grapes—but it was Thine !-
Whose power unnumbered worlds revere, obey,
To whom a thousand years seem yesterday.

* * * * *

What then am I ? O tell me can it be—
A heart of tears is all I have for Thee ?

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

THE VISION OF KUMUDINI.

IT was evening. Kumudini strolled out in the little garden of her fairy land. The shades had closed, the little streamlet gaily ran along, the lonely eddies rolled on and on, playing with the pebbles on the shore. The transparent sweet stream, in whose ruddy bed could be seen a hundred shells of varied hue, sang a lovely silent air. The Jasmine and the Rose embalmed the fragrance. The sweet Kokila* mingled her lovely coo-coo with the musical murmur of the stream. A little Champa† shaded a beautiful evergreen. Kumudini here reclined to muse over "her mind's vibrations." The sun had long since disappeared behind the western skies. The yellowish hue tinging the landscape with a brocade grandeur, with its charming colours, played no more on the stream and its bed. The blue skies were already dark. Some stray wandering stars peeped out to relieve the monotony of a pale sky. The moon rose gorgeous and splendid in the East. The skies exchanged their sable livery for a silvery robe. The gentle western breeze sprang up and fanned the Champa leaves, fanned Kumudini's gentle heaving breast, fanned the trembling billows and fanned the flame of ethereal love in human heart. It was a soul-ravishing harmony, that harmony of the night which mingled with the lullaby of the Kokila, which mingled with the cadence of the waves, which mingled with the gentle prelude hummed by the bees, which mingled with the airy waves of the western breeze. It mingled with the verdure of the lawn and laughed to see the stars smile so sweet. It was a delicious night and Kumudini slept. She was dreaming. The eyelids slowly drooped. *The lotus flower closed (Kalidas.)* ‡ . . . The

* A bird specifically Indian supposed to sing love songs.

† A plant with white flowers tinged crimson yellow in the middle, giving exquisite odour.

‡ A quotation from the famous *Sakuntala* of Kalidas, where the eyelids are compared to the lotus flower.

eyelashes gently quivered, the lips unconsciously parted, *the rose opened its petals* (Hafiz). * A vision had appeared to her. A huge mist overclouded her view—gently the frost gathered.

It was a mighty gauzework of shimmering mist. Clouds rolled over the mist. Shadows passed and vanished. With a mighty roar a huge animal—half beast, half man—burst from the cloud and vanished. The frost broke to part. From behind rose a fairy form, the Incarnation of Divinity past description. On a high eminence she stood glorious and refulgent. Her lips were moving. She spoke; the sweet modulations of her voice floated over the aerial sea, and Kumudini in her dream listened with suppressed breath:—

“Daughter of Bharat, † awake, I come from my home beneath the earth. She cannot bear the load of her children’s sins. I am Sita. ‡ I come to relieve you, listen to me; cast away thy leisure, leave these luxuries, think of thyself, know thy function, who art thou. The daughter of Bharat is expected by the gods to work for her motherland. I have a mission for thee, shake off all disturbing shackles. Move like wind, achieve thy salvation and raise the land of thy birth. Receive my blessing. The deities look upon thy salvation with anxious eyes, quick. Rise and work. • I am going. Recollect my words, Kumudini! Kumudini!—Farewell!”

A thunderbolt shot and with the sonorous crash the earth opened. The Goddess passed away, she was gone. The clouds had again closed. The mist frowned as ever. Kumudini still slept and dreamt. The Divine Sita still appeared to her, beckoning to her to win the goal, smiling on her and extending her palm to lull her child. Suddenly a lightning flashed, the fog rolled away, a huge golden curtain waved to and fro. A magnificent form loomed out, it was a maiden’s form, a maiden in all her loveliness, a sweet seventeen with long luxuriant locks, eyes shooting arrows, lips spouting nectar, a beautiful Phycbe making love. She clapped her little hands and spoke. Like tiny silver bells tinkling in a reservoir of rose-water her lovely accents fell. Kumudini heard and wept.

“Kumudini! Kumudini! Do you hear? Are you awake? Rise and look out. Look at me. I am Damayanti,** I come to thee thy good angel, thy moral guide. Look to thee, know thyself. *The maiden of India is a glorious being of ethereal pre-eminence far above her alien cousins.* She is a dutiful wife, a loving mother, a kind sister; behold how much are thy sisters degenerated. Raise them

* A quotation from the beautiful odes of Hafiz, the Persian poet.

† The ancient name of India

‡ The Goddess in the epic Ramayan.

** The fabled Queen of King Nala who deserts her and for whom she roamed throughout the land and at last won her husband.

up. Do not work with coercion, let persuasion be thy watchword. It is for thee that man lives. It is on thee that humanity subsists. It is from thee that Bharat hopes for her complete salvation, then do thy work, be a mild wife, a mild mother, a mild sister, love thyself last, Immortal Balm of human sorrows! Work to lessen these griefs. I am called. My beloved Nala beckons to me from far away. Remember me, once more Kumudini recollect. Good-bye, dear Kumudini, good-bye."

With one flash, the vision passed away, with one sweet smile of parting delight, with one warning sign of parting advice Damayanti vanished. A mild luxurious music enchanted the atmosphere. Angels were singing that passionate melody, which stirred the innermost chords of Kumudini's heart. Two large tear drops, the silent witnesses of her heart's emotions, two sparkling pearls of rare lustre, rolled over her lovely cheeks and diffused their splendour on her neck. Kumudini sobbed silently in that mystic night and yet—another terrifying roar. A mighty crash at which the heavens seemed to burst, a thunderbolt launched to crush nature into atoms. The mysterious fog gathered fast, the silvery mist was overclouded, a transparent darkness* hung loosely round. Tigers and wolves ran to and fro, a deer flew off, another, and yet another, the fairy huntress next appeared, a living Diana in human shape, with sweet-scented hair in loose digression, a sylphid form of Imperial grace with a silvery bow and golden arrows, a model beauty for a sculptor's chisel. Dazed, Kumudini looked and worshipped; an angelic voice broke the silence. The musical cadence played over the airy waves and charmed Kumudini's listening ear.

"I am Padmini,* I lie entombed within the walls of that ancient cavern at Chittore. Three centuries ago I sacrificed myself and six hundred damsels to living flames and burnt our perfumed bodies to shun the contaminating touch of the Turk; our beloved lords fell, martyrs at the fortress gates, we live immortal. I am sent to thee with my sisters to rouse thy spirits, to rouse thy national pride, to rouse enthusiasm, to remind thee of the glorious deeds of thy sisters in the past, to prepare thee for reviving the chivalry of the past. Get up! Throw off the mask of langour, you have kept it too long, show thyself in thy refulgent colours. Infuse into thy sons the spirit of heroism, romance and chivalry, nurture into thy daughters the hearts of complacent, passionate, mystic angels. I with my beloved sisters will assist thee. Quick, quick, quick! Bharat awaits impatiently to see thy rise. The angels smile on thee, Kumudini. My sweet

* The renowned heroine who sacrificed herself with 600 damsels to flames, preferring death to dishonour from the Muslims.

heart, betake thyself to action, I will come again, I must attend the Spiritual Court. Adieu my beloved, Adieu ! ”

For a third time a lightning flashed, the vision changed its shape, Padmini rose high in the air, one by one her damsels followed, bright lovely spirits gay and merry, carolling and singing the hymn of sacrifice, sweet worldly angels ! Kumudini heard and counted six hundred. It was over again ; the silvery white mist arose before her vision. No sound came, it was all silent. Gradually the frost melted away. “The pale moon was flickering in the west. Some stray stars were clinging with tenacity to look at the Sun. Aurora came with the golden key. The heavens were flooded with the morning twilight, Kumudini awoke.

The vision was past, she tried to collect the story of her dream. The tale slowly evolved itself.

She understood its import. She rose up from the verdant lawn, looked towards the rising sun, clapped her hands and prayed. “Great God, I fully comprehend thy mission. I know myself. The daughter of this charmed land shall work her cause. Divine Powers, help thy children !

RAMRAI MOHANRAI.

Dumas.

A KLEPTOMANIAC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN "some people of the name of Jones" bought Mrs. Mayston's house (it was a very nice house and the "deceased lady," as the auctioneer called her, had been, time out of mind, one of the notabilities of the village of Paggett) there was almost a struggle among the gentry as to which should be the first not to call upon them. They had no introductions and were let alone with enthusiasm. That is the first stage towards general acceptance. Then it appeared they were Churchpeople and attended a minimum of services with regularity. The vicar called and found nothing suspicious, about £1,200 a year, he supposed. They dined late and their "itches" were irreproachable. Mrs. Jones gardened and bills were paid punctually. It came out that Mr. Jones (Mr. Powys-Jones, but there was no hyphen, that might have made a difference) was still a partner in a shipping firm in the North of England, though he had practically retired from active participation in the business. He was occasionally away for a few days and presumably attended periodical meetings of his partners. On one of these occasions (it was in the second year of his residence at Paggett and the ice was beginning to melt) he returned accompanied by a very pretty girl in deep mourning, "the daughter of my poor brother." The Jones had no children of their own. The name of "Miss Cecil Jones" appeared upon the cards of "Mrs. H. Powys Jones" and for some unintelligible reason any doubts that still hung around the admissibility of the Jones' disappeared as if by magic. They became universally popular. And indeed they were nice people.

"Augusta," said Mr. Jones, one hot July morning, coming into a cool morning-room where his wife in a big brown holland apron was busy with a heap of flowers tossed recklessly upon a table before her. Vases had to be dressed for the day, and they had people coming to dinner which made it more necessary to be choice. They were a plea-

sant looking couple. He a man of forty-five with a typical Yorkshire face but with the hard features inherited from money-making progenitors, softened by the easy existence he had led for some fifteen years at the side of his delightful wife. She was ten years or so his junior and came of one of those well-to-do, middle class families which have no particular need to marry for money and are not rich enough to aspire to titled connexion, so from generation to generation, they marry for and propagate beauty. She had no special abilities and no "views." And she was very simple and full of goodwill.

"Well?" she said, smiling and going on with her work. Then she added abruptly,

"That dreadful child has just turned all those flowers in a heap and gone out again! I've a great mind to jumble them in anyhow. This is *her* job, not mine.—This do?"

She held up carnations and love-in-a-mist tentatively arranged. He did not look at them.

"She has some excuse this time at any rate, Augusta. I believe Coriton is proposing to her at this moment. They turned into the wall path just as I came out, looking—" He laughed, with the sharp ring of annoyance in his voice.

"Fancy! I wonder."

She put down her flowers and looked at him with eyes full of amusement. "Coming, coming, coming! and at last it's come. I don't think there's any doubt as to what she'll say. Well, we both like him. You'd made up your mind, you know."

"Yes, I shall hold my tongue—you don't think she'll—tell him anything."

"Dear, no! don't give it another thought. That's all forgotten long ago.—Dear Cecil! I wonder what she is saying."

She turned from the past to the present with the cheery air of one chucking overboard an empty medicine bottle and coming back to a world where physic is not. Her husband did not follow her summary dismissal of what disquieted him with complete acquiescence.

"Forgotten? as far as the public goes—well, it's a *very* small chance. The name's *nothing*, of course. And Cecil doesn't suggest Katherine, and I don't suppose there are half a dozen people who know the connexion even, and *they* don't know she's with us. Still, I could have told another man, Gussie. This has come on so fast. I wish I hadn't let her go up to Commemoration."

His wife fairly laughed.

"Oh, come now! I can't see that you have had any chance to say anything. We haven't been consulted at all. He meets a pretty girl,

falls in love, makes love, follows her down into the country and proposes to her (if he has) for I dare say you're all wrong. One couldn't be *uncivil* to a young man who came in under the wing of an old friend. The Vicar—well, he's our *first* friend here at any rate."

She stopped to laugh, and her laughter was enough to put to flight a whole legion of blue devils.

"Fellow of my old college! He's an aged impostor! and since then—its only a fortnight—we've treated him exactly as we treat other people——"

"Gussie, you're a fraud. 'Exactly as you treat other people——'"

"Under similar circumstances I was going to say," said the lady with triumph. "I should—just exactly, and now if he chooses to walk past you and me, as if we didn't exist, and ——"

"Casuist! well, she's over twenty-one, and I'm not even her guardian. That's the Public Trustee's job. She's *nothing* to me—legally. And I haven't the least right in the world to go about defaming her. I wash my hands of her." He made a gesture à la Pontius Pilate.

"I'm not even certain that I was informed of it at all. Of course I saw the name in the papers. But that's not knowledge. No, its impossible for me to say—anything"

"That's quite true," assented Mrs. Jones. "Its too late now to *think* of it.—Only" (hesitatingly) "there's *one* thing I think you ought to know."

"Then what's the good of telling me now?" he said, laughing. He knew his wife of old.

"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't like to have the responsibility all to myself. Besides, it's nothing at all; only, I don't *think*, you know, she's *quite* given it up."

"What hasn't she given up?—The deuce she hasn't!"

"Well, I've once or twice thought, and just before she went to Oxford with the Fosters, I happened quite by chance to look into that little drawer where I keep things you know—Oh yes, it's always locked up. But you know that old-fashioned brooch your sister gave me, diamonds round it. I never wear it. I haven't anything it really goes with and so it's always locked up. Well, it wasn't there. I didn't lose a moment. It jumped into my head how it was. She was out; half packed up her things were. And quite at the bottom of her big trunk—well, I just took it and put it back into my drawer again."

She stopped as if her story was finished.

"Well? Did she say anything or do anything, or what?"

"David," (with an air of extreme solemnity) "she never let me see by so much as a—*look* that she knew *any* thing. And since she came

back I've had her in my room again and again with that drawer open and Grace's brooch on top of the other things. Not a *word*!"

"Why on earth didn't you tell me, Gussie? or have it out with her? I never heard such a thing. I wouldn't have let things go so far with this man. Coriton, if I'd had a notion that she—that the tendency was still there."

"I didn't like. To tell you the truth, I was rather afraid you'd say something to her, silly, isn't it? But if she was found out, if it was fairly brought home to her, I don't know what would happen. Do you remember telling me of the dear, faithful collie who had a horrid practice of going out at night and killing sheep, and nobody ever suspected him because he was such a good, responsible doggie, and his young mistress caught him out and saw, in a single flash, in his eyes that he meant to *kill her*—well, there's something in Cecil's eyes. Here she is!"

CHAPTER II.

The door opened explosively and the girl came in. Someone at Oxford called her "the lovely Calmuck." Ideas on the subject of racial characteristics are apt to be vague, but the epithet was not without a certain justification. Her mouth was rather wide, and the nose a very little broader than symmetry would sanction, and when she raised her eyebrows they went up at the corners in a Mongolian (or is it a Chinese?) way. But she had a complexion which flushed crimson and paled privet so easily as to keep her admirers in constant doubt as to which phase of exquisite colour they preferred. Her lips were vivid scarlet and gave a wonderfully brilliant look to her whole aspect. She was tall, singularly erect and vigorous, and moved as if she could not realize what fatigue meant.

Her voice gushed out as the door swung open.

"Both of you here! I only wanted auntie.—Just for the first moment. Never mind you dears!—I'm going to be married—at least—I'm engaged." "I know," said Mrs. Jones, "and your uncle has just said that he has washed his hands of you, and here's the water!"

She pointed with a laugh at the china bowl in front of her, half full of loose petals and the ends of flower stems swimming in discoloured water.

"As dirty as that! Oh, I *hope* not, and I'm not going to be washed off either. I've made that a condition, and he's coming in a moment as soon as I've had time to break it to you nicely. I didn't know how you might behave if you were taken by surprise.

"Surprise!" laughed Mrs. Jones. "You've been announcing the arrival of an engagement in *posters* for the last week and we've been

crying in secret over our coming bereavement. Well, we both like him very much. Not quite good enough for my Cecil, of course, but—"

"Not good enough! Oh, you poor people that can't see anything! But I'm going to live up to him. I *hope* his people will like me. There's a Dean. I wonder how I shall get on with a Dean, I must read up the Thirty-nine articles, and get a hat on purpose. Uncle, you haven't said a *word* to me" (with an air of pouting offence). "You are thinking of what a wedding present will cost. I'll let you off if you'll only be nice to him."

Mr. Jones laughed—with a little difficulty.

"It's not the present so much, Cecil. I'm composing the sort of countenance I must put on to meet your young man with. Am I to be enthusiastically grateful, or reserved and dignified? I have an idea that my manner ought to be a faithful reflection of my niece's, suppose you give me a hint." Cecil laughed and blushed.

"I declare I don't know. Did I look dignified, I wonder? No, you'll do it very well out of your own head—you musn't make *too* many difficulties, you know, and don't be—facile, and be sure you—"

"You'd better be present, Miss. And when am I to expect this disturber of my domestic peace?"

"As if I knew—why, directly, I suppose.—Good gracious, that must be him! Come along, auntie, we'll leave them to fight it out. Oh, uncle!" (from the door) "don't forget to ask him to stay to lunch.—*That* doesn't matter, auntie, scraps of boiled fowl will do beautifully, There's parsley sauce—oh, I *hope* there's parsley sauce.—Oh, auntie, I *must* cry. To—to think of his wanting to marry—Me!"

CHAPTER III.

It will be seen that the Jones were thorough-goers. Having made up their minds that certain uncomfortable facts were to be treated as non-existent, they carried out their resolve consistently. Plain speaking would have been wiser. But before Cecil's engagement, there was no particular moment when Mr. Jones, in his ignorance of her relapse, felt called upon to refer to the past, and as for his wife, she had yielded to an unaccountable impulse to keep silence, just at a crisis when a word might have done much. *After* Cecil's engagement, to revive an exquisitely painful episode of what was really her childhood, would have been simply brutal.

Now the uncomfortable facts were these. It had been in the papers. A Miss Katherine Jones was making a visit to a school-friend in a wealthy house in London—American people they were. A fellow-guest had been robbed. Suspicions fell upon Miss Jones and missing jewellery was found concealed in her luggage. Not only that, but Miss Jones had accompanied her hostess in more than one shopping expedi-

tion and had utilised the cover given her by the known position of her companion to collect quite a variety of unpaid-for articles which were also discovered among her effects. She was not seventeen and was let off with a severe reprimand. The magistrate commented upon the "callous indifference" of the prisoner and cautioned her friends as to the necessity of keeping her under rigid supervision. As a couple of years, however, had elapsed between this regrettable incident and her domestication with the Jones at Paggett, during which interval her father had died, there was really no reason for referring to a subject which time and sorrow must have made, they thought, almost as unreal to her memory as though it had belonged to some previous state of existence. The Jones, in fact, fell in love with their charming protégé. They had no wish but to efface by-gone unhappiness from her mind and they were delighted to feel that their success was speedily, to all appearance, complete. Cecil K. Jones, in her frankness and affectionateness, was so absolutely different from the idea they had formed of C. Katherine Jones (she had both names) that identification of the two seemed impossible. "Katherine" was quietly dropped, and until her engagement was positively imminent, the Jones, husband and wife alike, had practically forgotten that the past of Cecil Jones might one day present a problem any solution of which was pretty certain to be both unpleasant and unsatisfactory.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dean was most benignant. Laurence Coriton's mother and sisters welcomed Cecil Jones with enthusiasm. She was so pretty and simple and loving. The whole Coriton connexion indeed thought Laurence had done remarkably well for himself. "A charming girl, £5,000 now and ultimate possibilities we won't talk about, for the uncle and aunt look as if they might live out their century. Shipping people and practically *no* relations." The Coritons were relieved to find that there were no licensed victuallers lurking in the ramifications of the Powys Jones' family. Not that that sort of thing ought to make any difference of course. But still, the Coritons had been without spot or speck on the blameless surface of their respectability since they came into distinct existence with quite an eminent lawyer, back in the days of the early Georges. And they were not a little proud of the fact. Laurence owned a nice little house on the south coast. The tenant was persuaded to make way for the young pair. They were married and set up house together under the most favourable auspices possible. Laurence was not sorry to give up his tutorship in Oxford. He was only a young man but he had already made himself a name in a particular branch of archæology. He was an ardent and hopeful worker in the field of Biblical exploration—any further light to be cast upon

revealed religion must, according to him, come from records more nearly contemporaneous with the Apostles than any we at present possess. He lived in constant hope of the discovery of some crumbling scroll that might dissipate the mist hanging over the dim period that intervenes between the disappearance of the Master and the reconstruction of his career and teaching in the Gospels. Oxyrhyncus and its rubbish heaps had known him as an enthusiastic delver and he was beginning to grudge to pupils, who hardly excited his interest, the time and the labour which left him with faculties less keenly acute for the deciphering and conjectural emendation of Greek papyrs. He was very much in love but he also desired leisure, not for mere aimless happiness but in order to carry out a self-imposed task more fully than would have been possible under the limitations of tutorial duty. His means were ample and he possessed, in its full perfection, that delightful Oxford manner which makes everything easy and pleasant to those who do not rise in rebellion against its convinced superiority. This Cecil never even conceived it possible for anyone to do who was not either naturally evil-minded or hopelessly obtuse. So their relations were ideal. She was early initiated in his hopes and his ambitions, and, by her especial desire, their honeymoon was spent in Egypt. By and bye a baby arrived upon the scene and interfered with a certain programme of extended exploration that the two had planned, more than Cecil thought at all necessary. She adored her child but she idolised her husband and more than once referred to "that bothering baby" in a way that showed how keenly she felt even a temporary exclusion from active participation in an adventurous project. Now the case was this.

Oxyrhyncus, as is well known, was one of the early names of Egyptian Christianity. In some of the papyrs discovered there, Coriton believed himself to have found allusion to a Christian community located in the desert. A name occurred twice and both times in association with a somewhat contemptuous epithet. The Oxyrhyncite scribe seemed to cast scorn upon his sequestered co-religionists. Now name and epithet both were strongly suggested by the modern Arabic appellation of a hamlet situated in a wadi some hundred and fifty miles from the coast. Chance had led Coriton to notice this resemblance, and enquiry informed him that there were on the spot considerable mounds, among which the miserable group of huts noted in the map as a village was almost lost. He was ambitious to excavate on his own account. This might have been the home of a heresy. The contempt of Oxyrhyncus might have been earned by the secession of Purists carrying with them scrolls containing the tenets of a more austere faith than members of a mercantile community were capable of receiving. Conjecture knows no limits; if it did, Cecil would have gone

beyond them. Her husband's enthusiasm was colourless compared to hers. She had theories of her very own which she longed to put to the practical test of pick and shovel. "That bothering baby! But really! He was six months old and could stand anything!"

Laurence laughed, sympathised, kissed and was obdurate. Cecil was not to accompany him. It would have been natural for her to go to the Jones', but the Jones' had been infected by a mania then becoming prevalent. They were going on a motoring tour! Cecil would have loved to make a third but the idea of exposing her baby to the dangers of a motor-car was not to be entertained for a moment! She would not have hesitated to take it with her if her husband had let her go with him to Egypt, though that would probably have involved a month or two in an Arab hut full of dust, flies, garbage and vermin! Such is woman. And then they want the vote!

This is parenthetic, and merely intended to explain how it was that Laurence Coriton accepted for his wife an invitation which, though it promised her a couple of months in pleasant company and under the most delightful conditions possible, unluckily left her practically alone as far as the intimate support is concerned which a superior nature gives by the mere unconscious influence of proximity, to the unsuspected weaknesses of its dependents.

It would have been impossible for her to yield to, perhaps even to feel, the craving which had sometimes set her veins on fire with the lust of acquisition, as long as Laurence was at her side. It was in her, not of her, that hateful passion of greed. It came from the outside, from some elemental miasma to which others were immune. One reads of the Tsetse fly. It was like that. She had tried to think of herself as doing what had been done by Katherine Jones under the possession of that dreadful mania. And she could not. Sorrow and shame refused to rise at her call. All she could feel was revolt at the injustice that made her responsible for what was not done by her. And she knew that, if detection came, the thief within her would become a demon. She had once felt that with her aunt. And her aunt had known it—oh, how she loved her for her mercy! Since her engagement she had been absolutely free. She had been too happy even to think of it. But she had forced herself to consider the possibility of its return. And she made up her mind solemnly. On the very first appearance of the tiniest trace of the old craving, she would take a stick (she kept it by her and Laurence used to laugh and ask her what she wanted that for) and go to her husband and kneel down before him and make her confession and *implore* him to beat her—really, cruelly. She had seen a picture of St. Benedict driving a devil in that way out of a monk. She remembered the sweet, serious determination

of the face of the saint, as he used the scourge—effectually. But no, she never had the least motion that way. And then the baby came and she really forgot all about it. It seemed impossible that Cecil Coriton should ever have been—like that.

(To be concluded.)

Farland

D. C. PEDDER.

THE MONTH.

The India Council. THE changes which Lord Crewe wishes to introduce into his Council are not constitutional reforms ; they are intended to improve the machinery of his office. The work of the Government of India having

increased in recent years, two new members have been added ; the appointment of an Indian member has given relief to some of the provincial Governments ; and further relief from too much of routine work is sought by means of decentralisation of some of the duties, as recommended by the Decentralisation Commission. The work of the India Office has also grown, and the delays that occur there have become notorious. The Secretary of State seems unable to cope with it satisfactorily ; Lord Morley found it too much for him, and Lord Crewe's health has more than once been affected by the strain. He may indeed add to the permanent staff and appoint more Under-Secretaries. But he appears to have thought that a more economic way, which would also conduce to greater efficiency, would be to make better use of his expert councillors. They are at present his advisers. He does not find need for so many advisers as such ; he proposes to reduce their number, to give them a little more pay, and to demand from them more responsible work. This would be an internal arrangement, the constitutional position of the Secretary of State and his exclusive responsibility to Parliament remaining unaltered. Though the procedure followed in the despatch of business may bear points of resemblance to that adopted in the Viceroy's Council, constitutionally the position of the councillors will be entirely different. It is difficult to see why a reform of this kind should be opposed, except that more work means more authority, and that under the proposed scheme retired Civilians will have more influence in the India Office. It is premature to conjecture

what the nature and extent of this influence will be until the Secretary of State frames new rules under the Act. Even in the Government of India, the Viceroy, in whom that government is not exclusively vested, can manage to control the policy of his Council in all matters of importance. The Secretary of State, if in a more responsible position, is also absolutely independent of his Council, and in his own interests he cannot be expected to resign his authority into other hands, where large questions of policy are concerned. The other objection to the Bill is that the Secretary of State is not willing to allow the elected members of the Legislative Councils in India to nominate his Indian councillors. They may propose certain names, but he wishes to make his own choice. As he chooses his European advisers himself, he does not see why his Indian advisers must be thrust upon him by others.

THE seat of a large and growing trade, and of a great industry, the capital of a province and the principal gateway of India from the West, Bombay expands rapidly in population and in buildings.

But the City is situated on a small island, and those who have business therein are unwilling to live far away from it. The mills pollute the air and the workmen they attract do not contribute to the sanitation of the City. Public opinion may therefore be easily persuaded to insist that all mills and factories shall hereafter be located in the north-east corner of the island, and that large employers of labour, like the railways and the mills, be compelled to provide residential accommodation to their employees in the neighbourhood of their employment, or in localities from which they can be easily brought down to the place of work. The well-to-do classes, the public officers, and the educational institutions cannot be so summarily dealt with. The evidence collected by a Committee appointed to report on the subject shows that they all covet the southern extremity of the island, a narrow tongue of land which juts out into the sea. The railway that penetrates this quarter is indispensable, as no other means of locomotion can effectively handle the passenger traffic; and Lord Sydenham came to the conclusion that there was no escape from the difficulty except by reclamations from Back Bay. Assuming

that the huge undertaking could be made to pay, its cost looked alarming, and the Committee referred to was asked to reconsider the question. As no one is willing to budge from the tempting and once occupied quarter, the Committee has recommended that reclamation is inevitable, but that at the outset the experiment may be tried on a limited scale by reclaiming a hundred acres, chiefly for educational needs, and that the railway, for about two miles and a half, may be sunk and the surface made available for other purposes. Science and engineering have splendid opportunities here of showing what they can do, but the evidence given before the Committee was not very encouraging. The Agent of the Railway concerned was of opinion that an underground line would be expensive, though not ruinously so, and that the pumping of the water would create a new nuisance, which might neutralise all the advantages gained by the scheme. To make the sea-face fit for residential purposes, north of this area, certain nuisances arising from the drainage of the City would have to be removed. In the circumstances it seems no definite line of action can be adopted without obtaining expert opinion on underground railways and improving the atmosphere of the quarters recommended for occupation by the well-to-do classes.

UNTIL the Irish Home Rule Bill was passed by the Commons, Ulster was collecting arms. Since the **Ireland and the Liberals.** passage of the Bill, the Nationalist volunteers have also been doing likewise. The Government is advised that their conduct is not illegal. But if the Government really apprehended any danger, an attempt would perhaps have been made to change the law. On the Irish question not only has Mr. Asquith the unwavering support of his party—some of his followers think that he is unnecessarily conciliatory—but Great Britain, as a whole, has shown no signs of disapproval of his policy. On questions of taxation and social insurance some of his followers are rather dissatisfied, but the general belief seems to be that outside Ulster the Bill has substantial support, and that notwithstanding the collection of arms and the threatening manœuvres, Mr. Asquith's conciliatory tactics or statesmanship will, in the end, win, the opponents will be morally disarmed, and no shot will be fired. Without some

such confidence, it is difficult to believe that the Government allows things to drift for themselves, merely because it feels helpless. At the time of writing, no result of conversations with the Opposition leaders or with Sir E. Carson has been announced, and indeed no conversations seem to have been held at all. The House of Lords talked out a motion of censure. It is expected that in one form or another the Bill will be submitted to His Majesty for signature, and the Nationalists feel assured that it will become law. No general election is expected before that event. Nevertheless, a feeling seems to prevail in many quarters that a general election will take place next year and the Conservatives will be returned. That forecast has led to a suggestion that H. M. the King-Emperor may be petitioned to extend Lord Hardinge's term of office in India, so that no Conservative Viceroy may succeed him. Apart from the present Viceroy's popularity and the general feeling that he is an ideal Viceroy, the policy that he has initiated makes his presence in India desirable beyond the normal period of his office. But personally he must have other ambitions and a continuous stay in India for more than five years is said to be prejudicial to the health of a European who comes to this country at his age. At the time of writing, nothing more can be said than that from the Indian point of view, there will be no two opinions on the desirability of having amongst us a ruler like Lord Hardinge as long as possible. But will the extension be for another five years, and if not, how can the object of forestalling a Conservative nominee be attained?

THE spirit of progress is steadily working in many of the Native States. Their resources and opportunities are unequal, and so are their achievements. **Progress in Native States.** Mysore has mineral wealth and rivers, which can be made to provide water to the cultivator and electric power to the industrialist. Foreign enterprise has shown how these opportunities can be utilised, and the State has afforded every facility to industry, besides undertaking large irrigation schemes. The present Dewan of Mysore, who had won laurels as an engineer while in British service, is an enthusiast in the economic development of the province. He loses no opportunity to communicate

some of his own zeal to the people and to remind them how far their happiness and prosperity lie in their own hands, if they will only give up their caste quarrels and worse than useless pre-occupations and devote their time, thought, and energy to the work of their economic salvation. An official director of industries and a periodical economic conference advise the Government and the people on the tasks which they may respectively undertake, and a determined effort is made to rouse the people from their apathy and show them how they can make the best of their opportunities. So the seed is sown; it will take time before the harvest is reaped in full. In Mysore, as in Baroda, another of the progressive States, education has been made compulsory as an indispensable means of awakening popular intelligence and teaching self-help. One of the characteristic features of the progressive States is the legislation which they undertake to improve social customs and religious institutions. In the latest report on Baroda administration we read that by a recent enactment, the Government has assumed full control over religious institutions, and in order to ensure the competency of the Mahants "to guide people correctly in their religious and social life by their preaching, example, and character," rules have been laid down for the training of the Chelas or pupils, the future Mahants. The duties of the Mahants have also been prescribed by rules made by the State, and power has been reserved to remove disloyal and incompetent Mahants. In the year under review a Bill is said to have been published for the improvement of Hindu Purohitas, or family priests, by instituting a qualifying examination for the profession. The Maharaja's Government makes no secret of its object of "removing superstitions, and incorrect and obsolete notions of life." Imagine the British Government in India proposing to improve the qualifications of Mahants and Purohitas and removing superstitions and obsolete notions of life!

THE Powers have not succeeded in restoring peace in South-eastern Europe. If no fresh wars have broken out, the reason is that the discontented States and communities are in an exhausted condition. The rebels in Albania want a Musalman ruler and not the

Christian Prince given to them by the Powers. The rebellion has not yet been suppressed, with all the assistance rendered by Austria and Italy, though the Prince may hereafter take care not to risk his personal safety, which was endangered in an episode during the earlier stages of the insurrection. Turkey and Greece are not satisfied with the treatment which the subjects of each Government receive in the dominions of the other. The Porte complains that Muhammadan subjects are persecuted in Macedonia, while Greece complains that Greeks are ill-treated in Asia Minor. The relations between the two Governments are the opposite of friendly, and conciliatory replies promising enquiry are all that can be expected in response to protests against persecution; and the enquiries carry no confidence unless some great Power assists them and guarantees their impartiality. Rumania did not suffer by the late war in the Balkans and poses as the preserver of peace in the neighbouring States, and perhaps Russia is behind her. The Powers do not seem to expect permanent peace in south-eastern Europe until the Ottoman withdraws into Asia. Turkey has placed orders for Dreadnoughts, and Turks would be more than human if they accepted such terms.

THE mediators between the United States and Mexico are reported to have expressed their opinion that **The Far West.** with General Huerta as President, peace in Mexico is impossible. The information which has been supplied to the world regarding the discussions and decisions, if any, of these mediators has been very imperfect; indeed, doubts appear to have been entertained in many quarters as to the probability of their deciding anything at all. Meanwhile, whether the leader of the federalists was a usurper or not, the fortunes of war have on the whole been on the side of the constitutionalists. When General Carranza and General Villa agree, with the approval of their followers, which of them is to be President and which Commander of the Army, the present ruler will probably resign and the President of the United States will be satisfied. The news from the New World, which Indians read with anxious interest during the month, related neither to the discussions at Nicaragua, nor to the settlement of the question of exempting American goods

from the Panama Canal tolls, but to the admission of Indians into Canada. Up to the time of writing this note, the Government of that colony has remained firm in its determination to enforce the law passed against them in the beginning of the year. A few, it appears, have been admitted, because the law did not apply to them, but others have not been allowed to land. In South Africa the House of Assembly has already passed the Bill introduced by General Smuts dealing with Indian grievances satisfactorily, though most of the Natal members are said to have opposed it. Whether the satisfactory conclusion of the struggle was in any measure due to the passive resistance organised by Mr. Gandhi and his lieutenants, it is unnecessary at the present stage to discuss. Mr. Gurudat Singh and his party appear to have thought that some line of action similiar to that adopted in South Africa is essential to success. The only kind of passive resistance that could be offered, before landing on Canadian soil at all, was probably to starve on board their own ship, as they might have starved themselves in jail if arrested and committed to prison. The threat of a hunger-strike does not seem to have moved the Government, and no wonder, because some distinguished people in England, who have lost all patience with the suffragettes, say openly that if they threaten to starve themselves to death, they may well be allowed to die. The lives of Punjabis cannot be dearer to the Canadians than the lives of political ladies are to the honourable members of the British Parliament. The Prime Minister of the Colony, however, is not willing to believe that the immigrants are prepared to die. He had the cynicism to declare that if they fasted during the day, they would feast during the night.

BENGAL has for some years past attained notoriety as a province where young men are caught in the net of the anarchists and persuaded to risk their lives in the commission of political crimes. Recently the newspapers have reported a series of suicides committed by girls for reasons connected with their marriage. In the first case of the kind the girl's father was about to mortgage his house to pay the heavy dowry demanded by her intended husband. Rather than marry in such cir-

cumstances and cause distress to her father, Snehalata put an end to her life by dipping her clothes in kerosene oil and setting fire to them. Since then several more or less similar cases have occurred, and the Hindu community has been awakened to the necessity of reforming its marriage customs. Dr. Coomaraswamy and others have spoken in admiration of the Satis of former times and told us that in the presence of such "cosmic forces," we must stand in awe and not to look upon suicide as a piece of folly. When life is sacrificed by a grown-up widow, deeply attached to her husband, in the intensity of her grief, one may be asked to admire the devotion. But the young girls who have buont themselves to death for comparatively trivial moral causes, out of mere vexation or almost as a whim, have raised doubts as to whether after all there is as much of true heroism or romanticism in the Sati's conduct as one would otherwise have thought. These suicides seem to throw some light on Bengali psychology.

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Dying for Religion. THE Hindu Sati hopes to join her husband in the other world, or to attain heaven. It is doubtful whether the Bengali girls who burn themselves to death have any definite conception of the reward that awaits them in heaven or elsewhere. Though

the newspapers have thrown no light on their precise state of mind, it is probable that they believe their conduct to be meritorious and sure to be rewarded in one way or another. It is remarkable how many seek death, both among Hindus and among Muslims, in the hope of a reward hereafter. Many an old and infirm Hindu goes to Benares or some other place of pilgrimage with the assurance if he is carried away by an epidemic or dies by exposure, he will be all the more happy. Hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of Muslims who go to Mecca do not return to their homes, but the prospect of death does not intimidate the pilgrim. Dr. Abdurrahman, Vice-Consul at Jeddah, reports that during the Haj of 1912-13, besides the large number of victims to cholera, a violent flood at Hamara swept into eternity about 800 Indian pilgrims. The cholera at Mecca was so severe that the daily mortality sometimes exceeded 800. Then again, the steamer service between Jeddah and India is inadequate, and many pilgrims have not only

to wait long for a steamer and expose themselves to risks, but to pay for their passage whatever the steamers demand. Yet the sense of performing a religious duty overcomes all other considerations.

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Poor and Depressed. If India is a poor country, where millions are said to be strangers to the luxury of more than one meal a day, it is also a land where fifty millions are in a position so degraded that the higher castes will not touch them. The social stigma can be removed only by the spread of enlightenment in Hindu society, while the Government can do something to improve the economic condition of the poor of all classes. The co-operative movement, initiated in Lord Curzon's time, is one of the means of lifting the indebted cultivator and artisan out of the slough of despondency. A recent Government resolution reviews the progress of the movement during the last ten years and shows how rapidly it has spread. It already counts more than 12,000 societies, with a membership exceeding 600,000, and a capital of over five crores. In a huge country like India this may be a drop in the ocean, but the movement is in its infancy, and education has not yet touched millions of the poor. Moreover, co-operation is as yet resorted to mainly for the purpose of obtaining cheap loans. The people have not yet learnt to apply it to other purposes. Education is rather slowly progressing among the depressed or untouched classes; it must be supplemented by private efforts to remove social disabilities. Several agencies work towards that end, in Bengal and the Punjab, in Bombay and Madras, and even in a little town like Mangalore. The reports that we receive from time to time from all these quarters are very hopeful and gratifying.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo, of Aberdeen, one of **The late Mrs.** our most valued contributors, who passed away **I. F. Mayo.** about the middle of May last at the age of 71. India probably knows little about the life of this remarkable woman, and *East & West* may well take credit for introducing to this country a few at least of the men and women of light and leading in the West, who would other-

wise have remained unknown to us. Mrs. Mayo was one of the chosen few whose friendship is a real asset in life, and, although we never had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, we had the good fortune of enjoying her confidence and benefitting by her sage counsel. What struck us most was her broad and cheery outlook of life and her wonderful energy which never seemed to exhaust itself. Whatever misfortunes beset her and however unfavourable the circumstances, she was always cheerful, full of hope herself and filling others with hope and leading them on to victory. Indeed, Mrs. Mayo was one of the most "incorrigible" optimists we have ever known. The early part of her life reads more like some pages of a romance—from the day when she was left fatherless and in debt at the age of eight till the time when she not only paid off her debt by heroic, almost superhuman, effort, but leapt into fame as a novelist in the early seventies. Those who may be interested in the account of a life devoted to the good of others, will find abundant material for reflection and enjoyment in her "Recollections of Fifty Years," which she brought out only four years ago. Though her married life was lamentably short, it was singularly happy: and ever since she donned the widow's weeds, she spent the rest of her long life in the service of humanity. Hers was a beautiful life indeed, a life to rejoice over, for it was so useful to others and so satisfactory to herself. She hated injustice in every shape and form, and as she honestly believed that the Europeans were inclined to be unjust to the coloured races, she took them specially under her protection. The Indians in South Africa had no more doughty champion than Mrs. Mayo, who had watched the progress of their fight from the beginning with sympathetic interest and who would have greatly rejoiced at the solution of the problem that seems to be in sight, had she been spared a few months longer. She had a great admiration for Mr. Gandhi, and when she heard, in 1911, that the leader of the Passive Resistance movement in South Africa was suggested as the President of the Indian National Congress for that year, she thought his appointment most opportune and proper, for, as she wrote at the time, "though I know well that India has no better friends than Sir William Wedderburn and James Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Gandhi is one of India's own family, and I feel a great wave of hope rising in

my soul." Mrs. Mayo was also a true swadeshist and never lost an opportunity of impressing upon young Indians the necessity of sticking to their indigenous arts and crafts. "For the sake of all that is good," she ~~once~~ wrote to us, "help India, I adjure you, to resist machine-made Western education. I know that is a large order, but every one of us can do something. We begin in Britain to loathe the Factory system; let India beware how she succumbs to it. She should remain an agricultural country, supplying her own needs by Home or village industries. Then we should envy her." We are a long way yet from this ideal, but it were well to remember this passionate appeal of one who loved India and served her till the end.

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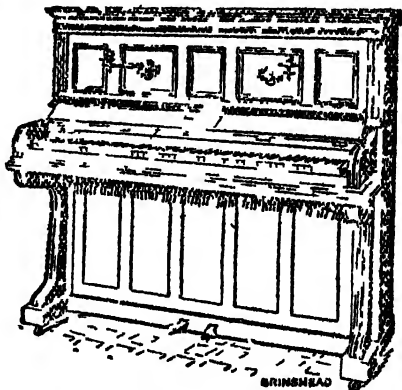
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EAST & WEST.

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THE LATE LADY HARDINGE.

[AN APPRECIATION.]

LADY HARDINGE came out to India, nobly resolved to help her husband in his mission, to prove that England ruled India for Indians only. In her own sphere, from the very beginning, she made it clear that she was not going to stand apart, an uninterested spectator. She was determined, while in India, to be of India, our Vicereine. She understood and respected our past and was in complete sympathy with our future aspirations. She thought that India and England were linked together for weal and woe. It was her ambition to promote mutual understanding and create real sympathy between the two peoples. She recognised that the impatient idealist in his garments of the West, the humble peasant ploughing his fields, and the gorgeous Raja loaded with pearls and diamonds, made the wonderful empire which God has given into the keeping of her people. The sadness and listlessness of the East awakened her sympathy, the gropings for new life touched her heart. She was not prepared to accept in a light-hearted fashion the poet's dictum :—

“ East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.”

She on her part was not going to make any distinctions. She brought such sweetness and charm of manner into our social life that the Government House became more Indian than Anglo-Indian; and all shadows, which had their root in exclusiveness or class prejudice, vanished in her sunny presence.

Lady Hardinge made real friends because her love of India was genuine, her transparent sincerity carried conviction home,

and her unfailing courtesy commanded allégiance. Thus it was that she was able to usher in a new era in our social relations—of mutual esteem and personal friendships, which were becoming so rare between Indians and Anglo-Indians.

She proved that the veil of the East was but a shadow of class prejudice, and that in the glowing hour of mutual understanding it disappeared like mist before the sunrise. She succeeded where others had failed, because she was supremely human. She spoke from a heart that was full of infinite love. Has not Dante said that :—

“ Love and the gentle heart are one same thing ?”

“ In the utterances of affection there is a tenderness of timbre common to the myriad million voices of humanity.” The newly born infant knows the meaning of caressing tones, and it is no wonder that Lady Hardinge, in such a short time, won the confidence and respect of all those who came in contact with her. She was guided by the mother-instinct and her path was lighted by the starbeams of love. ‘ It is said that “ the beauty of a mother’s smile survives the universe, the sweetness of her voice echoes in worlds uncreated ; and the eloquence of her faith animates prayers made to the God of another time and another Heaven.” Lady Hardinge was a loving mother, and as she loved her own children, and her love was broad and deep, she could feel for others also. This was the secret of her success.

I happened to be at the Government House at Delhi immediately after the dastardly outrage. Lady Hardinge had passed through a terrible crisis, which might have poisoned a less beautiful nature than hers for life. Her great suffering was writ in every line of her face, and yet her forgiveness was even greater. Lord Hardinge was hovering between life and death. She lived for him only. And yet not a word of complaint passed her lips. She was sorry for India only. She was feeling keenly that India, which commanded all her faith and hope, should betray her in this manner. This terrible incident only proved her love of India and made the ties stronger. She accepted her sufferings—and perhaps she suffered more than the sufferer himself—with a resignation which has been rarely surpassed.

“ Dear, near and true, no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho’ he make you evermore.”

The cloud dispersed and Lord Hardinge came out completely recovered. The whole of India rejoiced with the Viceroy on this happy occasion. Lady Hardinge was anxious to share her joy with the whole world. The joy of Hon'ble Diamond Hardinge was the source of inspiration to the mother. She thought of millions of children in hamlets and towns, and resolved that the Viceroy's birthday should be a day of rejoicings for children all over India. The people of India were only too anxious to share the joy of their Vicereine. The children's fête will be remembered for many a year. The children in the villages will talk of it as they grow into men and women.

The stories of the imprisoned lives of Indian women touched her warm sympathy. She was always thinking of improving their condition and helping them. The Medical College for Women at Delhi was only the first fruit of her beneficent activities. The care of the sick and the poor in hospitals engaged her first attention. She started a Linen League, which has been doing such an amount of useful work.

I met Lady Hardinge for the last time at Delhi. She asked me to come and say good-bye. I little thought it was going to be a real good-bye. She was full of plans for the future; she visualised the Delhi that was still in the making; she dreamed of the good times that were to come, when the womanhood of India would be freed from slavery, and Indians and Anglo-Indians would hold together as comrades working for the millions who are now subject to the tyranny of caste and creed. Alas! she was destined never to realise her dreams on this earth. When all her friends were looking forward to her early return, came the sad news that she had winged her flight to other regions, from which there is no return. It seems India has still some bad Karma to work out. She brings nothing but pain and suffering to her friends; and India will for ever be a "land of regrets" for Lord Hardinge.

No one has done more to bridge the gulf between Indians and Anglo-Indians than Lady Hardinge. There was, and is, much unrest and uncertainty regarding the future of India. There are matters of political adjustment and other problems governing the relations of the rulers and the ruled. These matters, vital as they are, are of but small import compared with the conflict in social

life. No strengthening of the bonds is possible without mutual esteem ; on barren soil can grow no fragrant flowers.

It is in mutual confidence and trust, in the love of the people for the rulers and genuine sympathy of the rulers for the ruled, that is to be found the panacea of all evils and the source of all strength. Lady Hardinge solved in the three short years that were given to her the real problem of India. She laid the foundation of mutual goodwill and personal friendships, and in the dark shadows which obscure things, she will for ever remain "The Lady of the Lamp," pointing the path of peace, harmony and union of hearts.

JOGINDRA SINGH.

Simla.

. A MAY SONG.

Merry brook I hear thee coming
Ever on thy pebbly way,
Underneath my window humming
Little tunes to welcome May.

Busy brook at noon-tide shining,
Where thy azure waters stray,
In and out the meadows twining
Little weedy flowers of May !

Still I see thee, brightly burning
At the ending of the day,
Now the twilight shades, returning
Blot once more my window grey.

Starlight bars thy course where dreaming
Those bright waters seem to *stay*;
Could they link, where thou art gleaming,
Silver chains to fetter May !

Eager brook at midnight plying
Where thy trailing rushes sway
Through their long arms, softly sighing
On the New Spring's happy way.

Long my days with thee are flowing,
All my Youth was borne away,
If I follow where thou'rt going
Wilt thou give me back my May ?

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

Switzerland.

INDIA AND THE LORDS.

WHEN a great journal in England remarked in its criticism of the India Council Bill that it was an attempt to extend to this dependency the "constitution-wrecking" zeal which had been displayed at home, with results deeply resented by the Unionists, it seems to have correctly represented the feelings of those who gave such a short shrift to Lord Crewe's proposals. It may sound almost as a piece of irony that a Government calling itself Liberal should have been accused of arbitrary and secret methods and of constantly violating the spirit of the Constitution, while not engaged in changing its letter. Yet Lord Curzon's friends must have felt, almost as soon as Lord Crewe succeeded Lord Morley, that settled facts, not only like the original partition of Bengal, but the location of the capital at a place so intimately connected with the rise of the British Power in India, were being subverted in a spirit more iconoclastic than constitutional. If those momentous changes in India could be carried out without any previous notice to the public, if the Government of India could commit itself to a policy of decentralisation and provincial autonomy before the Secretary of State had given any opportunity to Parliament to express an opinion thereupon, Lord Crewe could certainly have introduced his little Bill, which directly affected his own office, without consulting the Government of India or the Indian public. In India a Viceroy made certain important promises to the Muhammadan community—promises which have set the two largest components of the Indian population by the ears—without previously consulting the Secretary of State. In the light of such precedents, could one wonder that Lord Crewe thought it unnecessary to obtain the opinion of the Government of India on the reorganisation of his own Council? It would be interesting to know whether the Provincial Governments were consulted when two fresh departments were constituted in the

Government of India and when it was decided to appoint an Indian on the Governor-General's Executive Council. No doubt the appointment of Indians on the Provincial Executive Councils formed part of the same policy, and the Local Governments might have been confidentially asked what they thought of the change in so far as it affected them directly. Did they offer any opinion on the contemplated changes in the Government of India? At any rate the precedents do not seem to show that a uniform and definite course of action has been followed in introducing constitutional or quasi-constitutional changes affecting the Government of this country. Lord Morley, who started the practice of appointing Indians on the Secretary of State's Council, and who insisted on the immediate appointment of Indians on the Executive Councils in this country, was a Liberal, but Lord Minto, who made the promises to Musalmans, was a Conservative. It will, therefore, be fair to put all the precedents together, and not to charge any particular party with disregarding public opinion and the opinion of interested authorities. The accumulation of these precedents seems to have created the feeling that important measures and policies of a far-reaching character are initiated in India and at the India Office without allowing Parliament and the public sufficient opportunity for discussion. There may be people who hold that in India discussion means obstruction, and the longer the time a proposal is under consideration, the keener the popular excitement, which causes misgivings in England. It appears to be thought that what is wanted in India is, above all, peace, and therefore, the more quickly and quietly things are done, the better. Who can say that there is no element of truth in that view?

That the Liberals, more than the Conservatives, should have laid themselves open to the charge of arbitrary and secret, and essentially unconstitutional doings, is a remarkable circumstance. The Liberals are the friends of democracy, and the question is forced upon us, what after all is democracy? Monarchy in England means Government in the name of the Sovereign, and *not by* the Sovereign. It looks as if democracy in England will mean Government in the name of the people, and *not by* the people, except in those matters which concern them directly. The democracy in England is interested in taxing the great landlords and millionaires a little more heavily, in the increase of wages, in improving the lot and surroundings of the army of operatives, in

devising remedies, if possible, for unemployment. But what interest can the British democracy feel in the constitution of the Indian Secretary's Council, in the electoral representation in India, or in change of capitals, or in centralisation or decentralisation of authority in a far-off and detached part of the Empire? The House of Lords contains several distinguished former rulers of India. There, Indian affairs receive more dignified treatment and more expert attention than in the other House, which represents the British democracy to so large an extent.

On the merits of the rejected Bill, Indian opinion having expressed itself adversely, the Unionist Lords had some justification for accepting Lord Curzon's motion, apart from their feeling on the subject of constitution-wrecking generally. They asked the Secretary of State to bring in a revised Bill after consulting the Government of India and Indian public opinion, or after instituting an enquiry into the administration of his Office through a Committee and receiving its recommendations. Supposing the Bill had been introduced in the Lower House and passed by it, would the Lords have rejected it? Or would they have returned it with modifications? The great defect of the Bill was said to be that it converted an Advisory into an Executive Council. There was nothing in the Bill that professed in so many words to introduce so radical a change, and Lord Crewe pooh-poohed the suggestion. Under the Bill the Secretary of State would have consulted a smaller council, perhaps one member in the place of a committee of two or three. But this single member, from a constitutional standpoint, would have been as much an adviser as the committee. Whether any papers would have received less of the Secretary of State's personal attention than under the present system, would have depended on the rules made under the Act. In the absence of those rules, all that could be said on the Bill itself was that the Secretary of State would have received less advice from his councillors than he is supposed to do now. Perhaps Lord Crewe thought that this would not be a serious loss. It is difficult to believe that he would have proposed to make the Secretary of State's position more difficult, by leaving him without a sufficient measure of really helpful advice. The feeling at the India Office seems to be that the retired officials, who are asked to advise the Secretary of State, are too old and too much out of touch with contemporary India to be indispensable to the head of the Office.

and that a smaller number of advisers will answer equally well, besides facilitating a more rapid despatch of business. In the circumstances, if the Commons, where the Government has a majority, had passed the Bill, the Lords would probably have insisted only on a committee of investigation being appointed before framing rules under the Act, and not before introducing or passing the Bill. The accredited representatives of Indian opinion now in England showed themselves to be so unsteady in their attitude towards the Bill, when they saw Lord Curzon opposing it, that it is difficult to understand whether some of the references to Indian opinion in the Lords were made seriously or in the spirit of a joke. Indian opinion in some quarters is opposed to the grant of a special allowance to the Indian members of the Secretary of State's Council, because it is apprehended that similar allowances may be claimed by all English officers in India. Lord Crewe proposes the special grant, because the invidiousness already exists in India in the case of certain well-paid appointments. Will that differential treatment be extended in this country, merely because the special privilege allowed to many Europeans here is extended to a couple of Indians in England? When an Englishman does not believe that such a result is probable, and asks the Secretary of State to consider Indian sentiment seriously before granting a few hundred pounds more to his Indian councillors, his own seriousness is apt to be doubted.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER II.

(THE REVOLUTION PERIOD.)

Scott ; Jane Austen ; Maria Edgeworth ; Susan Ferrier ; Washington Irving ; Fenimore Cooper ; Wordsworth ; Coleridge ; Lamb ; Byron ; Shelley ; Keats ; and others.

THE period immediately preceding that dealt with in the last chapter may be called, roughly, the "era of the great upheaval." The principles of the French Revolution did not, it is true, bear the same fruit among the Anglo-Saxon race as on the Continent ; indeed, they met with some amount of reaction. Yet the revolt of the American Colonies perhaps precipitated, if it did not originate, the attacks on privilege which marked the close of the 18th century ; and all the English writers of the time show an altered feeling, in art, if not in politics.

Fiction, especially, took a new departure. Down to the third quarter of the 18th century it had been a stately and long-winded undertaking of which some account will be found in the next chapter ; and very few of its products have survived to our time. In fact, it may be said that a short life is always more or less characteristic of this branch of literature. Viewed as an *art*, the work of the novelist is mostly of ephemeral duration, and being chiefly practised for the immediate purposes of the market, may tempt us to regard it rather as an *industry*.

Nevertheless, the enormous contemporaneous influence of the novelist is always to be reckoned with, less in the past than now, but always undeniable. At the present moment, though under somewhat altered forms, it seems more firmly established than ever ; especially in the favour of the multitude

with many of whom, indeed, it may be said that the word "Literature" is almost synonymous with "Fiction." These considerations help us to take a juster view of deceased novelists; yet one ought to look not only to the degree of favour which they may have received from their own time, but even more to the popularity which their works have maintained in later days. We should enquire who among them put the greatest amount of permanent artistic merit into work primarily meant to amuse and bring in money. The best criterion of this will doubtless be to take those whose works are the most often reproduced and quoted now; and in so doing we shall perhaps be aided to discover how they gained their reputation and avoided the pitfalls of oblivion.

The first name on our list may hardly seem at first sight to give complete support to this contention. The great success of Scott as an entertainer of his own contemporaries may lead to the belief that he, at least, established his reputation in his life-time. But a little consideration of the subject will perhaps show that this is a hasty conclusion; it will probably appear that, like Shakespere, Scott possessed qualities unperceived by his contemporary admirers, and only lately appreciated. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), as he afterwards became, was the son of a respectable lawyer of better family than means, and born at Edinburgh. He was lame from childhood, although the infirmity did not keep the boy—otherwise athletic—from long expeditions on foot through those Border regions into whose very name he was destined to bring so much romance. His education was incomplete, but he left school with some knowledge—especially of Latin. He passed his apprenticeship in an office, and taught himself a little German, a language not then much studied in Britain; his best education, however, was got from the men and women with whom he conversed, and the traditions and songs that he fixed in his tenacious memory. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the Bar, and soon after became a mounted Volunteer, in the first excitement of the war with France. Such were the mental, physical and professional incidents under which Scott's character took form and his mind developed.

From 1796 to 1799 Scott's only literary attempts consisted of translations from the German; but in 1802 he published

"Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" and from that moment his ultimate bias was determined. The new book did not profess to be more than a collection of old ballads, in which Scott introduced but little original matter; yet it prepared the public and Scott himself, for much of what was coming. Henceforth his life was to be devoted to noble and sympathetic narrative, the spirit of old Homer in a modern Scotsman. In 1805 appeared the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a long narrative poem in a style so original and so exciting as to make the author at once famous. The vein thus happily struck was pursued in "Marmion," a tale of Tudor times; in 1810 came out a poem based on the old Highland life and landscape, entitled "The Lady of the Lake"; 1811 was marked by a work of inferior merit "The Vision of Don Roderick," founded on events in Spain; in 1813 were published two similar works, "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Rokeby," the latter a story of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, in which indeed much of the old fire reappeared, with descriptions of scenery and character-sketches indicative of maturing powers. There were some later poems, but they did not bear out the hopes of his admirers, and in 1814 Scott turned to a new form of production in which he found scope for his most congenial efforts, his poems proving to have been mainly novels in verse, even if meant by their author for something more ambitious.

The "Waverley Novels" appeared at first under the most impenetrable incognito. Scott felt that his strength lay in narrative and the exhibition of character rather than in poetry, in which latter field moreover he had many able rivals. But his life was becoming expensive; he had an unconquerable desire to be known as a country-gentleman—in the fulfilment of which he spent indeed more than £50,000—and he was long held back from compromising his already great reputation by putting his name to experiments which might not ultimately succeed. Moreover, he was connected in business with a somewhat adventurous and carelessly managed firm of publishers; and the novels, provided that they held the public taste, would perhaps form a more valuable portion of that firm's capital if the mystery of their origin could be maintained. The author's flow of invention, moreover, proved to be for a long time as rapid as it was spontaneous; and the difference between his earlier stories and the ordinary trade-fiction is like the difference between

the carving of Melrose and the plaster-casts that are sold in the streets. In the "Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and many others, are qualities far higher than those of the *improvisatore* whom by his gift and manner Scott, in some respects, resembled.

Between 1817 and 1819 the author was constantly ill, but his illness had little effect on his mental activity. In 1820 he attempted historical romance in "Ivanhoe." This is a species of literature in which it is far easier to please the public than not to "make the judicious grieve." Yet "Ivanhoe" remains a favourite. In 1825 the author, now advancing in years, found himself hopelessly involved, and set to work with heroic valour to retrieve the fallen fortunes of those who had trusted him: but in 1831 the machine gave way: after six years of uphill work he was forced to lay down his pen and seek relief in foreign travel. Unhappily it was too late; in the following year he returned to die in his beautiful new-old mansion of Abbotsford, with the murmur of his loved river audible through the open window.

It was not to be expected that a career thus affected, by the necessities of life or the self-created exigencies of ambition, should be always on the same level of artistic merit. And even in Scott's best work there are flaws; his style is somewhat careless; the openings of his tales are often found tedious; his heroes are little more than wax-work; before the story is fully developed the reader comes on many a backwater which may afford repose to some, but must cause a certain tedium to the seeker for excitement. No one admired Scott more than Macaulay; yet here is Macaulay's recorded opinion:—

"There is always either an improbability or a forced expedient, an incongruous incident, an unpleasant break, too much intricacy or a hurried conclusion; languid at the commencement and abrupt at the close."

Yet when all drawbacks have been made, what a heroic strength is left, what noble benevolence! Criticism is hushed when we think of the genuine sympathy with human sorrow and affections, the sound judgment, honour, gaiety! And the prodigious display of dramatic dialogue and narrative invention astonishes the mind!

Scott's pecuniary gains, too, were something marvellous.

Besides the estate and house of Abbotsford, and the life of lavish hospitality that he led there for many years, he cleared off his firm's debts to the extent of £130,000; Mr. Cadell, who took up the copyrights, completed the task of payment; and then made £100,000 more, all in 17 years. At this moment though the copyrights have long since expired, it is considered a profitable speculation to issue facsimile reproductions of the "Waverley Novels."

While Scott was thus ministering to the gaiety of nations, three maiden ladies were illustrating the life and manners of their respective parts of the United Kingdom. The generous Master admired all three. The first in point of time was Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) whose racy delineations of high life, indeed, gave Scott his first impulse to the work of portraying the peculiarities of his native country. She was a resident of the very central part of Ireland, being brought up at the family seat of Edgeworthstown near Longford; and she may have been in some degree indebted to this circumstance for her knowledge of the normal Irishman, as distinguished alike from the Presbyterian of Ulster or the Bog-trotter of the extreme South. But Nationalist feeling ran strong in the neighbourhood; and when Maria was about 30 years of age the family had to fly before the rebels of '98. It says much for the good terms on which the Edgeworths lived with the people around that on the restoration of peace they were able to return to a house and property preserved from harm and standing as if they had only been away on a peaceful visit: and it is on record that Maria was much touched by so unexpected a mark of good-will. In 1800 she published a novel, still reprinted, called "Castle Rack-rent," in which she dwelt on the relations between the landlords and the people and pleaded the cause of the poor with that sympathy which is the best accompaniment of genius. She continued for some time on the same honourable path; her famous tale "The Absentee" appeared in 1812 and showed a similiar spirit. In 1825 she was visited by Scott, who noticed the good condition of the place, "neither mud-hovels nor naked peasants, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about." Miss Edgeworth had paid, in 1823, the visit to Abbotsford of which Scott's to her was the return; and Scott's biographer relates that the first thing she said on alighting was:—"All is exactly what one ought

to have had the wit to dream." At various times Miss Edgeworth travelled much in England and on the Continent, and her honoured life was prolonged to her 83rd year. Her works furnish little or nothing of what could, by any stretch of the word, be called "poetry"; but they contain sound thought and feeling conveyed in a sound style. Her "rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact" were especially noticed by Scott, who owned that her Irish pictures had been to him both example and stimulus.*

What Miss Edgeworth did for Ireland was effected in some measure by Jane Austen (1775-1817) for some sections of English social life. We need not impute any defect of sympathy to Miss Austen if her works do not display the same knowledge of the humbler classes nor dwell upon their "short and simple annals"; only she was born and brought up in other conditions: and the calm existence of a Hampshire clergyman's daughter of her day was not necessarily brought into contact with the poor as that of an Irish landholder might be and—in Miss Edgeworth's case—was. Miss Austen took for her quiet province the decorous manners and chastened lives of British Philistines as displayed in the villages and towns of Southern England at the end of the 18th century, before the national character had become deeply modified by the intercourse with the Continent which was to follow the fall of Napoleon. This modest endeavour may be said to be echoed in her very titles; "Sense and Sensibility"—published in 1811—almost tells its own story. The next was "Pride and Prejudice," a graceful and admirably related narrative of middle-class life with a living and charming heroine. After a few years the pure and mild flame burned itself out: but after Jane's early death appeared a tale called "Persuasion" which she had left in manuscript, and which is thought to be her most characteristic book.

As Miss Austen's novels appear to be constantly attracting more and more attention, there is no reason why we should not procure copies and judge for ourselves. It is therefore only needful here to remark upon their tenderness, truth, and exquisite finish. Scott has recorded an acknowledgment of her

* It was during the first vogue of Miss Edgeworth's novels that Theodore Hook launched what has been thought one of the best conundrums in the world. Q. "What is it that in Ireland makes Treason reason?" A. "The absent T." (*Absentee* was the book of the moment.)

superiority to himself in these deeper qualities ; and, however we may feel inclined to challenge such excessive modesty, we cannot do better than consider some of the grounds alleged. After saying that her talent for describing the characters of ordinary mortals was to him the most wonderful he ever met with, he adds :—"The exquisite touch, that renders commonplace things interesting from truth of sentiment and description, is denied me." These generous words were recorded after Jane's death, and in a private journal. Besides Scott, it is well to note that Macaulay and Thackeray loved these tales unboundedly. And one can understand the reason : a state of manners otherwise lost was in them faithfully preserved : the innocent foibles and moderate passions of unsophisticated English people were portrayed to the life ; it was like looking at Romney's pictures in a room scented with *pot-pourri*.

After Scott himself the best delineator of North British life was Susan Ferrier (1782-1854) who came before the public a little later than her English and Irish contemporaries. Born in 1782 Miss Ferrier did not bring out her first tale "Marriage" till 1818, after the appearance of the first part of that section of Scott's novels entitled "Tales of my Landlord." Of these works, nevertheless, Miss Ferrier's novels betrayed no sign of direct imitation except in the attempt to veil the author's identity. In the introduction to a later novel Scott spoke of the author of "Marriage" as his "sister-shadow" ; and in his *Diary* she is mentioned as a "gifted person ; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee." As a writer she was pronounced by the same high authority to be "one of the most capable reapers in the harvest of Scottish character." Miss Ferrier has been called "a Scotch Miss Edgeworth," but, in the selection of scenes and persons, she belonged rather to the Austen school of fiction. Her special skill was shown in representing the ladies of her country, the old-fashioned ones in particular ; and she is said to have faithfully reproduced—within becoming limits—the original ideas and racy manners of a remarkable but now vanished class. She had also a quiet lady-like irony which was perhaps her most peculiar property. She died as late as 1854.

What all these writers had in common—and it was an anti-septic to keep their works from decay—was a *pure ideal*. They saw life as it was, but mingled with the vision a beauty, a moral

charm, derived from their own reflections. Added to this was a delicate observation, an indefatigable patience, and a touch which conscientiously reproduced the minutest details in fine strokes. Their art—which is as extinct as copper-plate line-engraving—has yet left indelible traces on the work of our best recent novelists; more perhaps among the men than among the writers of Miss Austen's own sex.

An English writer, on the other side of the Atlantic, was no unequal rival of these. Washington Irving (1783-1859), was born at New York, of Scottish ancestry on one side but of a South British mother. Sent to Europe for reasons connected with his health in his 21st year, he travelled in Italy and in England. In 1806 he returned to the United States where family troubles drove him to literary labour. He began with a Miscellany which he called "Salmagundi," 1807-8, in which he was assisted by Jas. K. Paulding. In the following year Irving brought out "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a humorous travesty of the old colonial life of the Dutch settlers of which Scott said that it made his "sides sore with laughing." Irving's success was now assured, and he was accepted in the United States as an established favourite. In 1815 he revisited Europe and there, during a long visit, published the "Sketch Book" (1819-20), containing among other tales the famous story of "Rip van Winkle," and essays of which the most celebrated was one on Westminster Hall. In 1822 appeared two further volumes with the title of "Bracebridge Hall," a sort of novel based on the description of an English country-house. In all these writings the influence of Joseph Addison—an author to be hereafter noticed—was strongly shown, though it has also been said that Irving's actual position is more that of a later Goldsmith. In common with both writers his tales and essays are remarkable for harmless mirth and pure English. But a visit to Spain in 1826 drew his attention to the history of that country which had as yet found small place in English literature, and was particularly likely to interest Americans. In this field, then, did Irving labour for nearly a quarter of a century, giving an excellent biography of Christopher Columbus and an account of the conquest of the Moors in Spain. On returning to America he found himself able to settle in a beautiful spot on the lower Hudson, called Sunnyside, where he long continued to work. In 1842 he went

once more to Spain being appointed representative of his native country. He returned to America about four years later, and lived at Sunnyside till his death. Irving, if it were not for his attachment to European subjects and models, might be fairly called the most distinguished of American authors. In his lighter works he gave the cue to the later New England humorists; while his studies in history must have stimulated the ambition of Ticknor, even of Prescott and Motley.

A more conventional American prose-writer was James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) who pursued the path indicated by Scott while he took his inspiration, otherwise, from his native land. Cooper was born at Burlington, N. J. After three years at Yale he entered the U. S. Navy (1808) and attained the grade of officer; but retired in 1811, and in the course of the succeeding seven or eight years passed his apprenticeship to Letters. His first success was with "The Spy" in 1821, and for nearly a quarter of a century he continued to produce novels chiefly dealing with the sea or with the backwoods. His "Last of the Mohicans" was much admired at the time but is generally considered now to give a too idealised picture of the Red Man. This was published in 1826, and the following year produced "The Pilot"; the former of these books was noted for its description of the forest scenery of North America, the latter for its admirable sea-pictures. Cooper now began publishing in prodigal profusion, but never regained the level of these works. His latter years were much disturbed by controversy and litigation in which he appeared with success as his own advocate: it is therefore presumable that the comparative deterioration of his art-work was not due to any failure of faculty, though he may have written too much and with a too distracted mind. Certain it is that of the books—twenty-five or more—of the later period, not one is likely to be preserved by posterity.

Having thus rapidly examined the books of the end of the eighteenth century or the beginning of that which followed—so far as they belong to the art of prose—we must turn to the still more important work of the poets by whom the same period was distinguished. It cannot, indeed, be truly said that America yielded any very great verse writers during these years, but on the European side of the Atlantic a very considerable movement took place, though in a direction which a few years earlier may have

seemed almost closed. The poetry of the Age of Reason was well nigh exhausted, George Crabbe (1754-1832) being the last good verse-writer of the old school. Indeed, the generation of gifted men who began to think and sing about the time of the French Revolution had to take a new departure, whether in sympathy with that upheaval or against it. Most of our young British artists were at first much attracted by what appeared to them a rising of the long enslaved masses only asking for freedom and fair play : one who afterwards came to take strong conservative views said of the first uprising (1789-91) :

" Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven."

Wordsworth.

The writer (1770-1850) of these lines was born in the ranks of the lower professional class, and educated at S. John's, Cambridge, by the friendly care of his uncle, his father having died young and without leaving a will. After graduating at the University he showed a distaste for any profession and preferred wandering about on his own meagre income. Visiting France and Germany enlarged his mind, and in 1797 he made the acquaintance of S. T. Coleridge, a writer to be mentioned presently. In the following year came forth a little collection of " Lyrical Ballads " in which the two young men co-operated : it was a dead loss to the confiding publisher, but a memorable event in the literature of our language. Wordsworth took firm ground as a reformer alike in practice and express theory, alleging that Poetry was being buried in obsolete traditions and could only be restored by a recurrence to sincere simplicity and exemplifying the doctrine in what he wrote. The movement was just, indeed essential : but like most reformers Wordsworth pushed his innovation too far. In 1798 he again visited the Continent ; and in 1800 produced a new edition of the " Lyrical Ballads," in two volumes. In 1802 he made a happy marriage and, after a short tour in Scotland, settled down in the Lake district of Westmoreland with which he was henceforth to be inseparably connected. In 1807 he produced a new volume of verse which was unfavourably received, although it almost finished the author's finest period of work. In 1813 he settled at Rydal Mount which was to be the seat of his honoured old age, and there he dedicated the

remainder of his long and quiet life to the study and pursuit of his art and to the revision of his earlier work—not always to the best effect. In 1814 appeared a long poem "The Excursion," much jeered at by Byron but destined to grow in reputation if not to have numerous readers. Wordsworth's position was now thoroughly established: living a quiet life among lovely scenes of mere and mountain he raised the works of outside "Nature" above the passions and sufferings of Man, and took for his device the conciliation of the two by subordination of his own kind. "God," he said, "speaks to Man in Nature." No more great work, however; was produced; and the later years were mainly utilized in revision of former writings. In 1843 Wordsworth became "Poet Laureate," an office of honour rather than of gain to which some mediocrities were promoted in the last century, since which the Ministry of each succeeding time has made better and more careful nominations.* Wordsworth died in 1850, and his fame has continued to grow from that day forward.

Like most good things Wordsworth's fame has been slow of growth, but the slowness was partly due to faults and partly to merits. Doubtless he was a reformer, and reformers are always questioned on their first appearance. But he enhanced this difficulty and gave advantages to his opponents by unnecessary baldness of style and exaggerated statement of theory. The fact that the diction of English verse had become insincere and conventional was no reason for repudiating all measure of expression, all dignity of manner. And it is remarkable that Wordsworth's most successful pieces were those in which he departed from his theory and dropped "the language of common life." Lest it should be thought that what is here called "success" was only the momentary favour of unconverted Philistines; let us hasten to name "Tintern Abbey," the "Ode to Duty," the "Intimations" and "Laodamia," all of which will be found to be poems which have continued to preserve the respect and love of judicious readers. One of his wisest and most cordial admirers has noted that "Wordsworth in his onslaught on the falsehood and unreality of what passed for poetic diction

*Tennyson was the last Laureate, and the post remained unfilled after his death until the beginning of 1896.

overstated and mistook. . . . He overstated the poetic possibilities of common life. . . . He mistook the fripperies of poetic diction for poetic diction itself."* Recent critics are quite unanimous in their appreciation of that portion of Wordsworth's work in which these errors are avoided : many of his short lyrics and many of the sonnets (however soberly conceived) are as rich in thought as they are chastened in expression.

Wordsworth's early fellow-labourer, S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834), possessed a more trained intellect and a more unerring taste. Born in South Devon he spent a distinguished boyhood at the Blue-Coat School, which he left to enter himself at Cambridge about the time when Wordsworth graduated there. Leaving the University without a degree and already suffering in health, Coleridge—whose father was not rich—passed some wander-years to little apparent purpose, and at last came forward as a lecturer and a Unitarian preacher in the West of England. In 1796 he married, apparently on no better prospects than could be offered by the favour of Joseph Cottle of Bristol, the publisher of the "Lyrical Ballads" already mentioned in our notice of Wordsworth. By the kindness of another friend, however, he was enabled to pass three fruitful years at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills in Somersetshire ; and by the help of the same gentleman a small annuity was about the same time provided for the poet. Up to this time Coleridge had been a reformer in art and in politics as in religion. Of the French Revolution he had hopes as high as Wordsworth. In his ode called "France" he wrote in later life :—

" When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared
And, with that oath which smote air, earth and ear,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared ! "

But in 1798 Coleridge travelled in Germany and returned a Conservative alike in politics and religion, becoming for a time a member of the staff of the *Morning Post*. Southey, his old friend and brother-in-law, one of the best of men and most industrious of authors, about this time settled at Keswick, and Coleridge (who had become an opium-eater) threw himself helplessly

*Dean Church in Ward's "English Poets," Vol. IV.

on Southey's aid. In 1804 he obtained temporary employment as Secretary to Government in the island of Malta, which had been permanently annexed by the British Ministry after the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens. No man could be less suited for the trammels and mechanical duties of office than Coleridge: he soon left Malta and, after a tour through the South of Italy, returned to England in 1806. He then went back to the Lake district and resumed his poetry, the result being that to the "Ancient Mariner"—his main share in the Lyrical Volume of 1798—he now added an equally marvellous piece, the fragment called "Christabel." He entered on a number of projects, literary and philosophic, all more or less frustrated by his habits; and in 1815 his case was grown so bad that it had to be undertaken by a worthy medical man named Gilman who lived at Highgate. Under Gilman's care and in the fine air of the place Coleridge recovered a portion of strength, and became a kind of modern Socrates, setting up, in Mr. Gilman's garden, an Académie, or oracle, to which young men resorted for instruction. His poetical work was mostly confined to the years between 1798 and 1800 and is consequently of very small amount. But if in point of bulk he cannot be compared to the sound and industrious Tennyson, he is fully equal to the later poet (whose early efforts he noticed with sympathy) in respect of style. Coleridge wrote—at his best—in a manner so faultless as to produce the effect of a direct work of Nature. His words are inevitable, and their meaning is as clear as the purest crystal, while the thoughts that they enshrine are rarer and more precious than are to be found in any later writer. Scott and Byron took the metre of many of their tales from him; what they could not borrow was the magic of his manner and the sure-footed originality of his imagination. Coleridge died in 1834 but his productive time had ended long before. A few writers, who were in the same movement, but whose works have not attained the same permanent place in men's regard, may be briefly noticed. One whose name has been already mentioned was Robert Southey (1774-1843), born at Bristol, educated at Westminster School and sent to Oxford at the age of 18 at which time he was in warm sympathy with all the revolts of the day. After two years he left the University, but, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, he accompanied him to his native Bristol, where the improvident youths made

haste to marry two sisters. Having an uncle at Lisbon, Southey sailed for that city in 1796 and spent six months in Portugal of whose language he acquired a useful knowledge. He had already written a drama "Wat Tyler" in the character—as he afterwards said—of one who was impatient of human suffering and shared the feeling—common to generous youth—that all could be cured by sweeping away Kings and Priests. These two early achievements—learning Portuguese and writing crude rebellion—were to follow him through life, one as a help to employment of a profitable kind, the other as a spur to conservative utterance by way of atonement. In 1803 he settled at Keswick in the Lake Country and there spent the rest of his laborious and honourable career working at history and contributing to the *Quarterly*, the Tory Review of the day. His best work was a little prose book, the "Life of Nelson"; the heavier baggage which he considered poetry has mostly sunk to the bottom of Time's rapid current. Southey outlived his intellect and died in 1843. Wordsworth's lines are a true tribute to a man who was good if not great:—

"His joys and griefs have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life; and pure and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death."

A far greater though less wise and less amiable man was Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) who led a life of constant wandering and contention. Some of his "Imaginary Conversations" are still praised, and a little book describing the visit of Boccaccio to Petrarch has been reprinted in a cheap form in recent years. Landor's epitaph on himself is more remarkable for neat finish than for any absolutely true estimate of his own conduct or character:—

"I strove with none—for none was worth the strife,
Nature I loved—and after Nature Art,
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

The last writer to be named in this connection is John Wilson (1785-1854) who became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University and contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* for many years. His writings in prose and verse were once very popular, but the only one that has survived is a boisterous

series of imaginary conversations called "Noctes Ambrosianae," a sort of tavern pastoral.

All these writers may be roughly grouped together in what was once called "The Lake School"; not only because most of them spent their lives more or less in the Lake District (which brought them together both actually and in the minds of men) but also because they really owned some common aims and qualities. Without entirely discarding traditional technique they all prided themselves on studying Nature; that is to say, they made their object the interpretation of the material world in the language of human emotion. Writing in this key they transposed the music of creation into the mood of Man, but with a certain condescension, as if the pitch was lowered of necessity.

The school to which all this was alien got from its opponents the name of "Cockney"; but it will be at once more respectful to their memory and more serviceable to ourselves if we use the term "Transcendental," by which it is often known to modern critics. The term signifies a *going beyond phenomena*, in search of truths supposed to lie hidden there. More or less innovators of habits and manners not at all uniform but always unconventional, they had this in common, that they regarded Nature less as an element to be enjoyed, than as a mystery to be pierced through and solved. Living often in large cities, they too often closed their eyes and hearts to the inspiration of the streets: but at least they never made the mistake of writing as if they thought the solitary contemplation of scenery was sufficient for all man's needs. This common ideal did not, however, form any very strong bond nor did it lead to much more important consequences; unless indeed it may be thought to have borne a part in the work of Keats and Shelley, passing through these to Tennyson. The precursor of the movement—such as it may have been—was Leigh Hunt, a fanciful dilettante with a pleasant pen whose work has now rather the effect of candied violets.

A writer who, after beginning with adopting the literary fashions of the 18th century, came to do some transcendental work was George Gordon Byron (1788-1824), born of a Scottish mother but descended through his father from an ancient Anglo-Norman line. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he emerged into the arena of letters in 1807 with a little volume

of youthful verse which was very severely handled by the critics. The young author had by this time succeeded to a peerage; but he was far from treating censure with aristocratic contempt. He made a fierce retort in the manner of Pope (which was not quite obsolete)* and the keen satire—called “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers”—may still claim more attention than would be due to a mere literary curiosity. In June 1809, Byron left England to visit those parts of Europe which Napoleon’s policy had not closed to British tourists, and the result was seen in the 1st and 2nd cantos of a sort of metrical guide to the Mediterranean entitled “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage” which he published on his return to England. These two cantos appeared in February 1811 and in seven weeks had run to as many editions. From that time to the wreck of his home the author led the life of an Englishman of rank who was likewise a famous artist. In 1815 he took the unhappy step of marrying an uncongenial wife, and, at the end of twelve months, she left him to return no more. Byron went to Belgium in the spring of 1816 and passed a few days at Brussels. He visited the field of Mont St. Jean, and on his return to Brussels inscribed in a lady’s Album the well-known stanzas on the campaign of the previous year. This incident throws light on his manner of composition. The stanzas begin:—

“There was a sound of revelry by night”;
but they give an incorrect account of the events; for the action of the 15th is confused with the more decisive engagement of the 18th known in English books by the name of “Waterloo”;† and they wander off into thoughts on his cousin and on himself. This indeed is Byron’s habitual manner. His verse-painting is broad and impressionist, only serving as a background for a soliloquising figure of himself in various costumes. He reminds us of one who should ascend the Brocken and then turn from the wild landscape to gaze on the spectre at his side, which is only his own shadow projected on the clouds. The stanzas on Waterloo are part of Canto III, published in 1817; and the following year the 4th appeared rounding off the poem by a most vigorous

* Besides Crabbe—already named—the works of Rogers Campbell, and Gifford kept up this tradition.

† The action fought on the field of Mont St. Jean and Plancenoit, several miles south of Waterloo.

completion. Other work of varying merit followed rapidly, the most original and objective being the last, the satiric and romantic medley called "Don Juan." The author dropped the pen (which indeed he had always somewhat contemptuously wielded) when he threw himself into the cause of the Greeks. In 1823 he left Italy to take a personal part in the war which that nation was waging for emancipation from Turkish rule, and he died in Greece, aged 36, in the spring of the ensuing year. In observing such a life one is at first struck by a certain lack of discipline extending from the writer to his work; yet we were somewhat checked by finding that he has not only continued to please many English readers but is admired on the Continent more than any other English writer excepting Shakespere. The reason is to be found in the strength and vitality of the author's mind and his capacity of keeping the minds of others on a high level of thought and aspiration. His influence has indeed been least among his own countrymen with whom he has found no followers equal to Musset in French, Heine in German, Puskin and Lermontoff in Russian, and other less famous admirers in the Literature of Italy and Spain. He was praised by Goethe who took him as a typical figure in the second part of Faust, namely as Euphorion, the winged offspring of an union between the classical and the romantic.

A contemporary by whom Byron was much and beneficially influenced was Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), a well-born, highly-educated man of solitary and unworldly habits, but inspired with unsurpassed genius. After an unhappy boyhood he was sent to Oxford whence he was expelled on account of an indiscreet pamphlet, the authorship of which he boldly avowed. From that moment he continued to display the strange combination of rebellious words and ways in every branch of life and thought with delicate intellectual habits and active benevolence. His first publication was the brilliant rhapsody "Queen Mab", followed by a hasty and imprudent marriage. The next "Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude" expressed an eager pursuit of an unrealised ideal which he proceeded to carry into practice by eloping with a young lady and leaving his wife to wander into ruin. On her untimely death Shelley married his companion who proved a devoted wife and bore him several children. In 1816 he lived for a time at Geneva in the company of Byron, and soon after

left England for good and fixed himself in Italy where he renewed his acquaintance with the poetical peer. In 1819 he brought forth a marvellous tragedy—"The Cenci"—based on the monstrous criminality of the Renaissance and most unlike the visions which usually impersonated his own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. Many lovely fantastic lyrics followed; among them "The Cloud," "The Skylark" and "Adonais," also two lyrical dramas "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas." Shelley was lost at sea in 1822, and the body, when recovered, was too decomposed for removal. It was accordingly cremated in the presence of Byron and other friends, with the exception of the heart, which was taken to Rome for sepulture. Shelley had not Byron's strength and energy, but he had a play of colour, an ethereal glow, which were altogether his own; he was fired (as his widow well says) "by genuine and unforced inspiration." But, as she justly adds, "he was never so happy as when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy." Thus Shelley, though passionately admired by artists and connoisseurs, can hardly become a darling of the multitude.

A writer, already mentioned, who was once very much read, and whose influence was shown in the work of men much greater than himself, was Leigh Hunt (1784-1859). With little true passion or dignity, he had an easy style of considerable dexterity and superficial sensitiveness. He was befriended by Shelley, at whose invitation he went to Italy in 1822; and there he joined Byron in a short-lived literary periodical, now chiefly memorable for having contained Byron's witty satire on Southey—"The Vision of Judgment." The rest of Hunt's life was a long series of struggles borne with a light heart and a persistent optimism which were supposed to be counterfeited by a character in one of Dickens' novels, named "Harold Skimpole."

A true poet influenced in youth by Hunt was John Keats (1795-1821), whose short life afforded promise of great art never brought to completion. In spite of weak health Keats had much energy and a manly heart; and his poem "Endymion," undisciplined as it was, seems to compel admiration for its highly imaginative opulence. It met, however, in *Blackwood* and in the *Quarterly* with the most contemptuous and unworthy

treatment, justly condemned by Shelley, who nevertheless freely admitted the many real errors and defects of the youth's workmanship. To the credit of Jeffrey it should be added that the *Edinburgh Review* took a far juster view, speaking of the poem as having a "truly rural and poetical air," and compared it with the pastorals of the Alexandrian Greek Theocritus, and with the old English work of the same sort by Fletcher and Jonson. The last volume of verse by Keats (1820) showed a vast improvement both in taste and judgment; containing two wholly admirable pieces "Lamia" and the magnificent fragment of "Hyperion." But the effort was final; the author left for Italy in a hopeless decline, and died at Rome in February 1821, where he was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in which the heart of Shelley was to lie next year. Keats in his better moments has a style of unerring sureness fully realising Milton's requirements of poetry, that it should be simple, sensuous, and passionate.

It only remains to mention one, the best beloved of Posterity, Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle,"* who stands apart from all the rest. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was at school with Coleridge whom he warmly loved through his life and only survived a few months. His life—but for one pathetic circumstance—was uneventful. Up to 1825 Lamb was (after completing his education) a clerk at the old India House, and in that year he retired on a handsome pension. Strange to say his activity was not increased by his freedom from official duty; his work, says Canon Ainger, "was now substantially over." He devoted himself to the care of his afflicted sister Mary, who had, for many years, suffered from occasional attacks of mental alienation now becoming more and more frequent. Living in Hertfordshire he yearned for London. In May 1833 he wrote to Wordsworth "her illnesses encroach yearly"; and at sixty he was already an old man. In July 1834 he heard of the death of Coleridge, the oracle of his youth and—after Mary—his oldest friend: before the end of the year he too sank into the grave.

Lamb, as has been observed, stood apart. This was not due to any want of sociability or of sympathy with others; he was warm in friendship and, besides Coleridge, he admired Wordsworth and Southey, but he could not share their idolatry of lakes

*Wordsworth.

and mountains and clouds. His mind was one that loved mankind and embraced both dead and living people among the objects of its love. He lived a life of friendliness and self-sacrifice towards the persons who were in contact with him, yet he was in some spiritual sort contemporary with Shakespere and the Elizabethans. In beautiful old-world English he uttered his thoughts of the present and still more of the past ; he was rather a sincere recorder of the silent mental sessions than a professed literary artist, yet his work lives and shows no symptom of decay. His verse has a mild yet manly charm ; but it is in his prose—of which the best known portion is to be found in the “ Essays of Elia ”—that his peculiar attraction is felt. Lamb’s work is a valuable *caveat* against the too aggressive championship of Nature, the position that scenery is the best, if not the only, support of the human soul. He enforces the doctrine of an earlier poet, who said that, “ where Nature forms the body of a poem, it is as absurd as a feast made up of sauces.”* And this he does, not by argument or precept, but by the fascinating persuasion of a most seductive practice.

(To be continued.)

H. G. KEENE.

England.

* Pope.

A FAMOUS VICTORIAN.

[INTERVIEW WITH MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.]

EIGHTY-ONE years ago Mr. Theodore Watt-Dunton was born at St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, and lovers of poetry, wherever the music of the English speech is heard, will turn their thoughts to his famous home—"The Pines" on the Putney Hill—and garland it with laurels of remembrance. When a representative of *EAST & WEST* first asked for an interview in order to commemorate his birthday, characteristic answer was made by the aged critic, whose sense of wonder and delight in all that happens beneath the sun and stars abides so fresh that the word "aged" can only chronologically apply. "As regards my birthday," he wrote, "I should not like to be interviewed upon any such subject. It is entirely against my principles, as it was entirely against Swinburne's, to exult over the mere passage of years. 'The petty done, the undone vast,' these words of Browning keep one ever young."

Other than natalitial themes were sought and Mr. Watts-Dunton gladly talked in the home where Swinburne and he lived together like true brothers for thirty years or more, a friendship tender and intimate as David and Jonathan's of old, as memorable in literary closeness as Beaumont and Fletcher's. "Swinburne never wrote a dozen lines without showing them to me; we were never separated, wherever he went, he would have me go along with him. When I had prolonged trouble with my eyes, he would read to me for hours together. We went through the whole of Fielding and Scott and Dickens in this way, for I had never been a reader of novels. The simple reason is, I had no time: I devoured every line of poetry I could find, and read diligently in science and philosophy and metaphysics—I have always kept abreast of scientific thought—and, save for the acknowledged classics, there was no leisure for novels." We used to begin immediately after tea, about five o'clock, and Swinburne, with that richly sonorous voice of his, would read on until dinner, and often resume after the meal was over.

"Swinburne was the only friend I could frankly and unrestrainedly criticise. I did so in *The Athenæum* and people used to wonder that we still lived together, but we understood each other so completely.

Brave, chivalrous, affectionate, generous to a degree, how shall I speak of my life-friend with whom I lived and whose noble heart I knew with deeper eyes than others could? To the world without he would sometimes pose as Byron did, perhaps for literary effect, but I cannot bear sufficient witness to the depth and sincerity of his nature."

Mr. Watts-Dunton has done more than any other man for the true interpretation of Borrow into whose strangely whimsical intellectual underworld he knew well how to penetrate with an unerring step. Their meeting in 1872 at Gordon Hake's house in Roehampton is a matter of common literary history, and their leave-taking was told in *The Athenæum* (March 17th, 1888) :

"The last time I ever saw George Borrow was shortly before he left London to live in the country. It was, I remember well, on Waterloo Bridge, where I had stopped to gaze at a sunset of singular and striking splendour, whose gorgeous clouds and ruddy mists were reeling and boiling over the West End. Borrow came up and stood leaning over the parapet, entranced by the sight, as well he might be. Like most people born in flat districts, he had a passion for sunsets. Turner could not have painted that one, I think, and certainly my pen could not describe it; for the London smoke was flushed by the sinking sun and had lost its dunness, and, reddening every moment as it rose above the roofs, steeples and towers, it went curling round the sinking sun in a rosy vapour, leaving, however, just a segment of a golden rim, which gleamed as dazzlingly as in the thinnest and clearest air—a peculiar effect which struck Borrow deeply. I never saw such a sunset before or since, not even on Waterloo Bridge; and, from its association with "the last of Borrow," I shall never forget it."

It is a pity that these reminiscences of Borrow written down by his intimate friend, together with many a piece of psychological exegesis, are not in volume form; but, like the oracles of old, they are inscribed upon leaves which the winds have scattered. "Borrow was the incarnation of eccentricity," said Mr. Watts-Dunton; "there was no telling which way his whim would lead him next, a will 'o-the-wisp that tantalized. One thing is clear to me: he loved respectability, yes, strange as it may seem, loved it more than the life of the open-air, for he was not a perfect graduate in that great university of wind and wood and flowing water. Ambition had him in thrall, as his books show. The mid-Victorian respectability which delayed the success of "Lavengro" was yet, for all his passionate denial, a secret idol which he worshipped. I knew something of Borrow's idiosyncrasies before we first met. It was difficult to entice him into free and easy conversation. I tried the pamphlet literature of the 18th Century with but little result until I bethought myself of Ambrose

Gwinett, the man who, after having been hanged and gibbeted for murdering a traveller with whom he had shared a double-bedded room at a sea-side inn, revived in the night, escaped from the gibbet-irons, went to sea as a common sailor, and afterwards met on a British man-of-war the very man he had been hanged for murdering !

"In his books Borrow is, of course, a romancer. Take the immortal words put into the mouth of Jasper : ' There's a wind on the heath.' No gypsy would ever have said that, for the simple reason that the wind is his enemy making mischief among his tents and caravans. The love of the wind is Borrow's, not Petulengro's.

"I am glad that the chariot has turned and the age is now with Borrow who was so far forgotten in his lifetime. It is always difficult to resuscitate an author unless the temper of the time changes in his favour. Swinburne and I tried to get Charles J. Wells the audience which is his due—his ' Joseph and His Brethren ' is a wondrous bit of writing—but we did not succeed ; and the comparative neglect of Mark Rutherford whom I knew, is another example. I remember, by-the-way, that when Mark Rutherford, had lunch here with Swinburne and me, I asked him if he could tell me the real literal meaning of Job's words : ' I know that my redeemer liveth,' for I knew from a constant reading of the great poem that the horizon does not stretch beyond the span of man's life-time and the declaration cannot therefore bear the wonted interpretation."

Mr. Watts-Dunton is still busy with literary work. At present he is engaged on a volume of essays of which the more important are an analysis of Shakespeare. This led him to tell of a great disappointment. " One of the essential qualifications in an editor of Shakespeare is that he should have not only knowledge, but, what I may call, the Shakespearean ear to catch the true melody. Judged by this standard, some of the editions, valuable as they were, had been disappointing. Mr. Henry Frowde approached me with regard to a new and complete edition of Shakespeare. After talking the idea over with Swinburne, who strongly urged me to take the task in hand, I consented. Four years I was at work and had a vast amount of material ready for shaping into final form, when my eyes gave way under the strain and I was ordered by the specialist to cease, upon peril of blindness. It was a sore disappointment, but the late Professor Dowden entered into the breach." Mr. Watts-Dunton has urged the charm of reading Shakespeare in the open-air, where much of the poetry has its true setting, and the edition was typographically prepared with this subject in view. Needless to add, he is interested in the revival of folk-song and folk-dance and in the increasing study of the lore the gypsies teach, a study he has done so much to foster. He is

conversant with current affairs not only in the commonwealth of letters but in the wider world, and he dislikes the omens of industrial unrest which everywhere abound. "My friend, William Morris, was right in his central principle of substituting for dinginess an environment of beauty, but perhaps he gave a glory to social disturbance and kindled it the more thereby. When we first met he was a high Tory and I a quasi-socialist. I have a feeling now that the old feudalism, with its closer and more human contact between master and men, was in every way more wholesome for the national life than the sultry industrialism in our commercial cities to-day. For the bourgeoisie of France I have admiration—I know the class well;—but I cannot say I am enamoured of the representatives of the same rank of society in Southern England. You ask me whether this industrial unrest, the challenging of old conventions, is material for poetry. It may be, only that the true theme of poetry is the beautiful. The place of prose subjects in poetry is a large question and I have discussed it at length elsewhere. As to modern science, it may also open out a mine of poetical allusion, but it is difficult to say. On the Southern sky a gulf of blackness seems to cross the Milky Way and cut the galaxy in sunder. Sailors call it the "coal-sack," a word you will find in Webster's Dictionary, I think. That cleavage in the Milky Way is capable of scientific explanation, but it is also highly poetical."

Mr. Watts-Dunton is a devoted student of Coleridge who, he thinks, was the greatest poet of the 19th Century, standing out lonely in the sheer splendour of his verse. Every reader of literature will recall the fine sonnet on Coleridge in "The Coming of Love," and it was interesting to hear from Mr. Watts-Dunton himself that, with George Meredith and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (who has just asked permission to reproduce it in an anthology) he regards it as the best of his work. "The real poetry of Coleridge is small in quantity but to express its worth one would have to bind it, as Mr. Stopford Brooke says, in a volume of pure gold. One thing I have noticed in going through the variorum edition; Coleridge never altered a line without improving it. You cannot say that of all poets, Rossetti, for example. Shakespeare and Coleridge I am constantly reading and of their music I never grow weary."

Mr. Watts-Dunton, skilled in the melodious architecture of the sonnet, still fashions this form of verse and he showed to me a sonnet on George Meredith which he had but lately written. The friends of the distinguished Victorian critic will hope that the sonnet-sequence of the years may long remain to him unbroken and undimmed.

SYDNEY WALTON.

England.

AHALYA BAI.

AHALYA Bai is an inspiring personality, and is revered, if not adored, all over India. Her name possesses such magical influence that on the mere mention of it, one's heart is filled with mingled feelings of love and devotion. From the snow-capped Himalayas to the sea-beaten Rameswara, and from the Vedic Sindhu to the sacred land of Jagannath—within these wide bounds there are very few holy places in which her work, of some kind or other, is not to be found. These works contribute towards the temporal or spiritual good of mankind. By these glorious works as well as by her personal character Ahalya Bai has so greatly endeared herself to the people that they look upon her as a superhuman being, almost a goddess, and, as a matter of fact, her fine granite statue in the solemn sanctuary of the "Vishnu Mandir" at Gaya is paid divine honours, and is actually worshipped as a deity. An account of such a remarkable lady, however brief and imperfect, cannot fail to be interesting.

Ahalya Bai was of Mrahatta origin. That part of India, which is bounded on the north by the Satpura hills, on the west by the Arabian sea, on the south by the Krishna and the Malprova rivers, and on the east by Gondwanna and Tailanga, goes by the name of Maharashtra ("the great kingdom"), and its people are called the Mahrattas. Sivaji the Great formed this confederacy and deservedly became its head. About the time when he founded this Hindu kingdom, some men of humble origin were arising from small beginnings in that mountainous region, the descendants of whom are still reigning with more or less power. Of these men Mulhar Rao Holkar, the father-in-law of the subject of this memoir, was one.

Mulhar Rao was born in a poor obscure family. His ancestors may have been originally of Kshatriya blood, but owing to their straitened circumstances they had to follow the profession of Sudras. Mulhar Rao's father, Khanduji, was a "Dhangar," or shepherd, by profession. He, for some reason or other, removed from Poona and settled at a small village called Hol, forty miles distant. He lived

by tending cattle and cultivating land. In Marhatti, the word "Kar" is used in the sense of a resident, and, accordingly, Khanduji's descendants go by the name of "Holkar."

Mulhar Rao was born in the year 1693 A.D. The boy lost his father when he was only four years of age; and his mother in consequence of quarrel with her husband's kinsmen, left Hol, and went to reside with her brother Narayanji, * who lived in a village called Talandah in Khandesh. That man had some landed property, and was in command of some horsemen under a Mahomedan chieftain, Kuddum Bandee. Young Mulhar Rao was engaged in keeping watch and ward over the sheep of the family. While serving in this humble capacity, one day, when he lay fast asleep on the pasture ground, a huge cobra was found to be shading his face with its crest or hood from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun. This strange circumstance, according to popular belief, was construed as a very good sign of future greatness. When Mulhar Rao grew older, his uncle admitted him into his cavalry corps. The young aspirant by his bravery and prowess soon rose in favour, and when in a fight, or rather skirmish, he killed a leader of Nizam-ul-Mulk, his fame as a soldier spread far and wide, and his uncle, in recognition of his merit, gave him his daughter, Gowtamâ Bai, in marriage—a kind of allowance quite common in the South, even among Brahmans, and held superior to other similar connections from a social point of view.

Having heard of his courage and heroism, the then head of the Marhatta community, Peshwa Baji Rao, appointed Mulhar Rao to a command of five hundred horse under him. The newly-appointed officer acted with remarkable vigour and earnestness and it was by his tact and prowess that one of Peshwa's Mussalman opponents was killed and Koncan freed from the ravages of the Portuguese pirates. Being highly pleased with his services, the Peshwa granted him in Jagir twelve villages on the banks of the Nerbudda in 1728, to which were added seventy more three years after. At this time war was going on between the Marhattas and the Mahomedans over Malwa. In this war Mulhar Rao highly distinguished himself, and in recognition of his services, the Peshwa made him the chief agent for conducting all Malwa affairs, and when that province was conquered, assigned him Indore territory for the support † of his troops. In this way were laid the foundations of the Holkar Raj with Indore for its capital.

* Called Bhojrajji in the Marhatta *Bahhar* (history).

† A.D. 1733.—It was, according to usage, a *Seringan* grant and revocable. But as a matter of fact, it was never revoked and proved as good as permanent.

The gigantic Mogul empire had already considerably declined, and was declining still more, while the Marhattas were rising in power and prestige. From Oude to the banks of the Indus and from the hills of Rajpootana to the mountains of Kumaon—all this region was constantly raided into by them. The Mogul soldiers had often to come into conflict with the Marhattas but generally without success. In one of these incursions Mulhar Rao took the baggage of Malika Zamina, the queen of Mahomed Shah; and his family preserved with great care, until the death of Ahalya Bai, two substantial records of this Marhatta victory over the property of a female, the one a *Rath* or too-wheeled carriage, the curtains of which were embossed with seed pearl, and the other a comb, richly ornamented with jewels, and worth over a lakh of rupees.* At last, the weak Emperor Mahomed Shah came to terms, and a treaty, both offensive and defensive, was concluded with them. Mulhar Rao having successfully aided the Moguls in defeating the Rohillas, the Emperor was highly pleased with him, and granted him the right of collecting and appropriating a good portion of the revenue of Chandore territory. But though Mulhar Rao thus became virtually independent, still he considered himself only a General of the Peshwa. So he merely satisfied himself with assuming the title of *Deshmukh*† as regards Chandore. This title is still preserved in the Holkar family.

About the time of which we are speaking, Ahmed Shah Abdali with his brave Afghans was now and again looting the Punjab. As the Marhattas were then virtually the masters of Hindustan, they had to prepare themselves against those Trans-Indus enemies. The Peshwa, again, detailed Mulhar Rao Holkar to that quarter to maintain his interests, conferring on him the title of Subadar, or Viceroy, and furnishing him with considerable reinforcements. At last in 1761, a great battle was fought at Panipat, in which although the Marhattas fought tooth and nail, they were defeated. It was a crushing defeat. Mulhar Rao had, it is said, entreated the Marhatta generalissimo, Sadasiva Rao Bhow, to delay the action for one or two days, but the latter, whose pride and vanity exceeded all bounds, instead of heeding his advice, exclaimed, "Who wants the counsel of a goatherd?" The taunt was too much for the great Subadar to bear, and no wonder that he did not exert himself in the fight with his usual zeal and earnestness. After this defeat, he returned with his troops to his country; and having worked hard for some years, ultimately rose to be the head of the

* See Sir John Malcolm's *Central India*, Vol. I, pp. 149, 150, (1823).

† This compound word means the head of a district.

Marhattas. But death is no respecter of persons, and this great architect of his fame and fortune was summoned away from this world into the next in the year 1767.

This hero of a hundred fights was certainly a remarkable man. Although inferior to Mahadajee Scindia as a statesman, Mulhar Rao was probably his superior as a warrior. For simplicity of manners and manly courage, no Marhatta leader stands higher in the estimation of his countrymen; nor were his talents limited to those of a soldier. His administration of the countries subject to his direct rule was firm and considerate, and his conduct towards the petty Rajput princes of Malwa was such that he not only gained their respect, but also their regard in the exercise of power. The principal virtue of Mulhar Rao was his generosity. He had personally no regard for money, and did not like to be stinted in his frequent largesses. To his relations, and, indeed, to all Marhattas, he was uncommonly kind. If Mahadajee was remarkable for the greatness of his head, Mulhar Rao was equally so for the goodness of his heart. The one was a plain simple soldier, the other added to soldierly qualities all the art of an astute politician.* He never forgot that he had risen high from very low beginnings; and this it was that formed the secret of his admirable generosity. His wife, Gowtama Bai, was in many respects a fitting partner to such a man. As on the one side she was an expert in domestic affairs, so on the other she was unusually brave for a female. If her husband got defeated in any engagement, she would repeatedly encourage him to fight again, and until Mulhar Rao achieved success, she would not cease to excite him with hopeful words. Ahalya Bai had inherited many of the good qualities of her parents-in-law, and it is, therefore, not surprising that when she came to power, she carried on the administration with an ability and wisdom which have made her name a household word in India. By her able management no less than by her exemplary conduct she considerably augmented the fame and fortune of her father-in-law's family.

Ahalya Bai was born in a respectable village, Patherdi in Malwa, in the year 1735 A.D. This village is now included in the district of Ahmednagar. Formerly it was the principal seat of the Marhatta Cantonment of the Peshwa in this part of the domain, and was dwelt in by several renowned Marhatta families. The family, in which Ahalya was born, was known as Sindi, probably allied to the noted family of that name which afterwards rose to royal rank. Ahalya's father, Ananda Rao Sindi, was remarkable for his piety, generosity

* See Malcolm's *Central India* pp. 155, 156.

and charity to the poor and the helpless. He lived mostly by cultivation, but in position and property he was far above an ordinary cultivator. For a long time he had had no issue, and it was apprehended that his wife was afflicted with the curse of barrenness. At last, on the advice of a strange looking Sannyasi, they went to Kohlapur, and commenced worshipping Jagadamba, the tutelary deity of the place. This they continued for a whole year, when the goddess, being pleased with their devotions and penances, promised them an offspring. Thus encouraged, they returned home with gladsome hearts.

Nearly a twelve month after, they had a child born to them. This was Ahalya. A famous astrologer on framing her horoscope had predicted that she would become a queen and be honoured everywhere for her noble qualities. Ahalya was educated at the village *patshala*, and as the teacher was a particular friend of her father, Ananda Rao, she was taken special care of, and soon learned to read and write well. When she stepped into her ninth year, Ananda Rao began to seek for a proper bridegroom for his beloved daughter. About this time the Marhatta generals, after repressing rebellion in Guzerat and Malwa, were returning to Poona. They called a halt at the Patherdi Cantonment. Mulhar Rao with his son were in the Company. One day the generals were sitting in the temple of Maruti, when the village school-master came in, and as he was a good talker, commenced chatting and chaffing with them. While they were so engaged, Ahalya who was much attached to that demagogue, turned up and by her sweet prattle, and simple girlish ways pleased them all. True it is, she was not beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term, but her complexion was so very graceful and fascinating that whoever looked at her could not but love her. Mulhar Rao, like the others, was highly pleased and expressed a wish to make her his daughter-in-law, and as her father gladly responded to the wish the proposal soon ripened into a solemn contract. Ahalya was in a few days after united in holy wedlock to Mulhar Rao's only son, Khundi Rao *alias* Khundujee. The nuptial took place at the Peshwa's capital, Poona, with great *eclat*, on which occasion most of the Rajas and Chiefs were present. The father of the bride was so overjoyed that he made a free gift of all his property to the Brahmans. Not long after her marriage, Ahalya lost both her parents and thus her husband's house became hers once and for evermore.

Ahalya, * by her great industry and good conduct, became a general favourite with Mulhar Rao and his wife Gowtama Bai,

* The story of her life which we are now going to relate in detail, is drawn principally from *Holkarachi Kaisi* (chronicles of the Holkar family) a Marhatta *Bakhar* (history).

even though both of them were the very reverse of sweet-tempered. Indeed, the Subadar, as Mulhar Rao was commonly called, was so fond of his young daughter-in-law that during his illness he would not, though almost dying of thirst, drink more water than what was given by her. Ahalya was a miracle of industry. She rose long before dawn and having busied herself more or less the whole day, would not go to bed before the first watch of the night.

From her girlhood Ahalya was religiously inclined, and stood in wholesome dread of doing wrong of any kind whatsoever. After taking "Mantra", as initiation into religion is called in Hindu Shastras, from a very pious well-read Brahman, Ambâdas Pauranike, she would worship the deity of her choice in private, lest her parents-in-law, seeing her so very young, should prevent her from practising such austere devotions. Though by birth a Sudra, she was not in any way inferior to a Brahman lady in her mode of living. That such a wife should enjoy domestic peace and comfort with her husband is verily to be expected, and in the case of Ahalya, this expectation was fulfilled to its fullest extent. But, alas ! stern Fate had decreed that this very happy state of things should not last long, and her husband, Khundirao, was killed at the siege of Kumbhere, when she was only eighteen years of age. The untimely death of this promising young man was a severe blow as much to the parents as to the wife. Ahalya, as was the fashion in those days, wanted to die a *Sati*, but on being dissuaded by her father-in-law, she desisted from her resolve. The bereaved old man, addressing her, feelingly said :—" Mother, do you mean to leave me alone and unshaded in the burning desert of life ? I am thinking of rising from the sea of sorrow, in which Khanduji has left me in my old age by looking at you. If you assist me in conducting the Raj affairs, I shall consider that my Ahalya is dead and my Khundi is alive. So regarding you as my Khundi, I intend to leave the management of the internal affairs of the Raj and the preservation of all my property in your hands, while I shall engage myself in the outside affairs of doing battles and extending territorial possessions. It now rests with you to fulfil my wish ; do what you think just and proper. Mother, from this day look upon me as your son." Saying all this, the old woe-begone Subadar, placing his head in his daughter-in-law's lap, began to weep aloud like a child. Ahalya, though sore aggrieved by her husband's death, considering her father-in-law as her worshipful tutelary deity, could not reject his entreaties, and, accordingly, made up her mind to outlive her lord.

Mulhar Rao entrusted Ahalya Bai with the charge of keeping accounts of receipts and disbursements and of maintaining dependents

and appointing and dismissing servants, and doing such other like offices. In fact, the conduct of all the internal affairs of the State was left with her; while he busied himself with waging wars, making treaties and transacting other external affairs. Ahalya Bai entered into this new sphere of life in right earnest and tried her level best to do justice to the Subadar's choice. As she was a very intelligent and considerate woman, it is not at all surprising that she proved a good housewife and manager. The Subadar on his return home was shown the accounts kept by Ahalya, and he expressed great pleasure at the manner in which she had done the work; and as a matter of fact, she had conducted the affairs with far less expenditure than Mulhar Rao himself could do, and yet nothing went amiss or was done imperfectly. Mulhar Rao was so well convinced of Ahalya's ability and intelligence that at the time of his going to the luckless Panipat War, he had left the whole management of affairs in her hands. In this way she became the chief mistress of the Raj even during Holkar's lifetime. But though possessed of power, wealth and mastery, she was absolutely free from pride and vanity. In her leisure hours she would go to Maheswara on the banks of the holy Nerbudda, and pass her days in bathing, praying, and doing pious and charitable acts.

Mulhar Rao, as we have already stated, died in A.D. 1767. On his demise his grandson, that is, Ahalya's son, Mallerao, ascended the throne. The new Raja, however, was quite unfit for State affairs, and was, besides, of a wayward and fitful turn of mind. So Ahalya had to do everything for him. While the Subadar was alive, she used to receive material help from him; but now she had to do everything herself. This is certainly trying to the capacity of one of the softer sex, but it served only to develop and strengthen the inherent qualities of Ahalya Bai, and an opportunity soon presented itself for putting to the test the real greatness and resourcefulness of this remarkable woman. Mulhar Rao, as is well known, had extended his Raj with a high hand and had thus created some enemies. These victims of oppression, who had been so long maintaining the fire of revenge in their bosoms, now that the opportune time had come, flew into open hostility against the Indore State. But these were not the only difficulties Ahalya had to contend with; the family affairs, too, were out of joint. In her eighteenth year she lost her husband; then some time after, it was followed by the demise of her father-in-law. As for her son Mallerao, he was quite unworthy of such a mother and proved a thorn in her heart. He was reckless and cruel, and did what he pleased in his whims and caprices. Ahalya had to shed constant tears for his gross

misconduct and used to lament aloud for her hard destiny in having a perfect demon born to her as a son. In addition to his other vices Mallerao had taken to drinking strong spirituous liquors, and what made that habit all the more execrable, he would in his drunken fits whip some of the foremost State officials. At one time he insulted Mulhar Rao's kinsman and favourite, Tukaji Holkar himself. He also threw obstacles in his mother's way. Ahalya Bai looked upon the Brahmins as so many gods on earth; Mallerao, on the contrary, treated them with intense hatred and worried and harassed them in every possible way, and even went to the length of devising means for torturing them to death. But happily, the earthly career of this most unworthy son was short; he died within ten months of his ascending the guddee, under the following distressing circumstances.

Once he had taken the life of a palace artist on suspicion; but, afterwards, coming to know that the man was perfectly innocent, he sorely repented of his outrageous conduct. The sharp stinging of his conscience pained him so much that he, ere long, fell seriously ill. It was said that the spirit of the murdered man haunted and worried him day and night, and, at last, brought about his untimely end. Regarding Mallerao's painful death, this is what Sir John Malcolm has recorded:—"The avowed sentiments of his wickedness and his incapacity for government had given rise to a report that this admirable woman hastened the death of her own offspring. Every evidence proves this to be false, and his death is referred by all that had been interrogated (and among them many were on the spot when it occurred) to the same cause.*

But painful as her domestic affairs were, they were only intensified by the very risky and difficult position in which her State affairs lay. After Mulhar Rao's death, Ahalya Bai had begun to pay greater attention to her devotions and religious predilections; and with a view to keep clear of the labour and worry of administration, she had intended to place the whole charge in the hands of the late Subadar's near kinsman and favourite general, Tukaji Holkar; but as if to show her inherent greatness in a most favourable light, an unlooked-for event happened which upset her plans.

Mulhar Rao was constantly engaged in the iron affairs of war, so that, as a matter of fact, he could only rarely be present in his capital. For the due conduct of Raj affairs he had appointed a Brahman named Gangadhar Yosovanta, his Prime Minister or

* The good historian adds:—"I have no doubt that she was led by horror at his cruel acts of insanity, and a despair of his recovery, to look upon his death as a fortunate event for him, herself and the country; but such a feeling is an honour, instead of a disgrace to her character." *Central India*, Vol. I, p. 156.

Dewan. This person was of a very artful nature. After Mulhar Rao's death he wanted to put aside Ahalya Bai by granting her an allowance, and by placing a boy of the family on the throne, to take the whole management into his own hands. He knew very well that if such an able and intelligent lady were at the head of affairs, his influence would be greatly reduced and he would have to play the second fiddle under her. Lest Ahalya Bai, on coming to know of his evil intent, declined to assent to his proposal, he asked the then Peshwa's uncle, Raghunan Rao, or, as he was commonly called Raghoba Dada, a very wicked man, to tack the Holkar Raj on to his own territories. The letter which Yosovanta wrote to that wily ambitious prince, ran thus :—

"The Raj here is without any heir. Everyone knows that you stood in the position of son to the Subadar.* Come at once and take possession of this Raj with all its wealth and effects. Here everyone is sunk in sorrow. Unless you come now, you will not find a better opportunity of getting hold of this Raj."

Raghoba Dada, who was the very reverse of his nephew, the then Peshwa, Srimanta Madhav Rao, (†) assenting to Yosovanta's wicked proposal, commenced to make necessary preparations for making the attempt. Sivaji Gopal and Raoji Mahadeva, Ahalya Bai's two faithful servants, on first coming to know of this conspiracy, communicated the news to Mulhar Rao's two daughters, Harku Bai and Wuda Bai, with this warning: "Beware in time, otherwise you will be reduced to the condition of beggars in the street." These two ladies lost no time in conveying the unpleasant news to Ahalya Bai. Nothing daunted, this heroic lady, calling in her principal officers and servants with great energy and firmness of resolve addressed them thus :—"The two wicked Brahmins—Gangadhar and Raghoba—are intent on doing a treacherous and ungrateful act. But let none take me for a weak incapable woman. If I stand with lance in hand, even the throne of the Peshwa would be found to be shaking to its very foundations. My father-in-law, the Subadar, now in Heaven, had fought with sword in hand and after enduring many privations and hardships acquired

* As Mulhar Rao served under Raghoba's grandfather, the far-famed Balaji Viswanath, when he was Peshwa, Raghoba used to call him uncle, and Mulhar Rao on his part endearingly regarded him as his uncle's son.

† Balaji Viswanath, the founder of the Brahman dynasty of Peshwas, died in 1720. His son Baji Rao stepped into his office, and was equally distinguished by his lofty ambition and great ability. Mulhar Rao Holkar and Ranaji Scindia were officers of Baji Rao and fought under his banners.

Baji Rao died in 1740, and was succeeded by his son Balaji Baji Rao, and the latter on his part was succeeded by his son Madhav Rao, who reigned from 1761 to 1771. Raghoba was Madhav's uncle and regent during his minority.

this Raj—not, indeed by having recourse to flattery, or by currying favour with the Powers that be. We are warriors by profession, and are prepared to serve the Peshwa in the same way as he had done—we have no wish to cut off that relation. If we had such wish, we would take service under the Moguls, or join the Feringees or adopt any other course which we might deem proper. But if they attempt to get hold of the Subadar's Raj and his hard-won wealth and property, God willing, we will never allow that to be done." After saying all this, Ahalya Bai, calling some faithful officers near her, thus spoke to them in whispers:—"This very day ask for military aid from the Marhatta chiefs, Bhonsla, Gaikwar, and Scindia. Send secret spies; and also despatch a messenger to bring in Tukaji Holkar from Udayapur. Take care that our plans of action do not leak out."

The letter sent to the Marhatta chiefs was to this effect: "The Subadar who is now in Kailas (heaven) had himself laid the foundations, and by putting bricks on bricks had built this grand edifice of the Marhatta Kingdom. Destiny is now against us. At this critical time it behoves the Peshwas to encourage those who had done them good and by keeping intact their *Jaghir* receive service at their hands. But instead of doing that, they have harboured wicked thoughts in their minds and are trying to deprive us of our wealth and property. Whatever God has destined for us must come to pass, and we should submit to it without murmur. But difficulty, similar to the one we are now in, may at any time overtake you. Bearing this in mind, you would be pleased to send troops for our aid."

The Chiefs written to for help consented to assist her in her need. The Gaikwar sent twenty thousand troops. Jonhuji Bhonsla was there with his army at Hosangabad on the banks of the Ner-budda. He sent men to inform the Indore queen that he was always ready to help her. Scindia also gave her hope. The other Mandlicks and Sirdars encouraged her by saying, "Is there any one in this country who has not been benefitted by Mulharjee Holkar? You should know that when necessity arises we will stand by your side." Ahalya Bai also took care to bring to the notice of the then reigning Peshwa, Madhav Rao,* and his good wife, Rama Bai, the conspiracy of Gangadhar and Raghoba, and they on their part gave her their moral support. In fact, the Peshwa Madhav Rao, so far from approving of the measures taken by his uncle Raghoba,

* This Peshwa was a prince of great talents and energy, and by his constraining power had kept the chiefs of the Marhatta Confederacy in subordination. So long as he lived, no one amongst them, not even Madhaji Sindia himself, could hope for personal aggrandisement at the expense of the commonwealth. But he died at an early age in 1771.

gave him distinctly to understand that what he was doing, was at his own risk and peril. The reply which Madhav Rao sent to Ahalya's letter was quite worthy of him. It ran as follows :—
 “ You may without fear or hesitation punish those who entertained evil thoughts in their minds regarding your Raj and property. I have not the least objection to it. As proof of my full and absolute approval of your taking charge of the Raj, I shall be pleased to see two trusty servants of yours stationed at my Durbar. ”

Tukaji Holkar, who had been sent for from Udayapur, arrived at Indore on the sixth day ; and Ahalya Bai at once appointing him generalissimo of the whole army, sent him with a large detachment of soldiers to wait and watch the coming of Raghoba, at a place outside, but not far from, the capital. As for the troops sent by Scindia and Gaikwar, they were duly supplied with provisions and were ordered to be in readiness to oppose Raghoba. The queen herself got ready to take the field in person. She appeared on her favourite elephant, armed with bow and arrows. This acted as a charm, and the Indore army declared themselves ready to fight for her to the very last.

Raghoba taking Yosovanta with him came with five thousand strong for the attack of Indore, and pitched his camp on the banks of the Sipra, not far from the world-renowned Ujjain. By this time Ahalya had sent him a letter which was couched in these words :—
 “ You are a hero, I am a woman ; you will not gain renown by obtaining a victory over me ; but if you are defeated, all the more is your dishonour. Then what would you gain by this fight ? ”

On hearing of the arrival of Raghoba in battle array, Tukaji Holkar, taking the dust of Ahalya's feet on his head, as was his wont on such occasions, started to oppose the invader, and by forced marches arrived at daybreak on the other side of the Sipra, at a mountain-pass near Ujjain. Raghoba's soldiers, were preparing to cross the river, whereupon Tukaji sent word to him, with the boldness characteristic of him, “ Just as you cross the Sipra I shall visit you with sword in hand ; so advance after due deliberation. ” This warning note was not sounded in vain. Raghoba being alarmed, desisted from his attempt, and with a view to bring the matter to an amicable settlement went over in a *palkee*, accompanied by only ten or twelve Sirdars to Tukaji's tent. The latter on coming out duly made obeisance to Raghoba as became his high position. Then both of them expressed sorrow for Mallerao's death. On the same day Raghoba, leaving his army and officers at Ujjain, with a handful of followers proceeded to Maheswara on the banks of the Nerbudda for an interview with Ahalya Bai. The latter had in the meantime

kept well furnished a house near her own palace for Raghoba's reception. Here this first nobleman of the land took up his quarters and stayed in it for nearly a month. During this time he had had occasions to converse with the Indore queen regarding State affairs, and he found to his great surprise that Ahalya Bai, though a woman, was far superior to him in ability, intelligence and political wisdom. Then making due presents to Tukaji, he returned to his army quarters.

The matter which had threatened to assume an appalling aspect, being thus settled without difficulty, Ahalya Bai entrusted Tukaji Holkar with the chief command of the military department, while she kept in her own hands the conduct of internal affairs, and, what to her was far more important, the doing of pious and charitable acts. She gained the heart of Raghoba by her purity and politeness; and as regards the ungrateful minister, Gangadhar Yosovanta, remembering that he was an old servant of the Subadar, she not only pardoned him, but also reinstated him in his former post. She sent Tukaji to Poona, where the Peshwa gladly received him, and in approval of his appointment by Ahalya Bai, not only granted him the usual *sanad* but also presented him with a *Khelat* or dress of honour. An agent on behalf of the Indore queen was stationed at the Court of the Peshwa. To this office Ahalya Bai had nominated one Naro Ganesh, and her nomination was duly sanctioned and confirmed by the Peshwa.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY,

Bengal.

THE ROOT OF HONOUR.

WHAT is the Root of Honour? Its outcome appears to vary in different periods and places. Most races have held the warrior in considerable regard—to this, indeed, antique China would seem almost the only exception. Yet the pacific ruler, the prudent legislator, the impassioned poet, the inspired prophet, even the quiet philosopher have generally received a certain meed—if not during their own lifetime, then very soon afterwards. There must have been, surely, some common root for this widely diversified reverence. What is it?

Ruskin points out that at the Root of Honour there was always some reason to believe that each individual honoured, had lived, laboured and suffered in the interests of others rather than in his own. The warrior is believed to have risked his life in the defence of his native land, or for its aggrandisement. Yet as the ages pass on, his is recognised as the most dubious claim to "honour"—thoughtful humanity beginning to recognise that where he gained, somebody had to lose; and that while his life was freely given to men of his own race and time, it had not been given for all mankind, for ever. But however social conditions may change, the peaceful ruler and the prudent legislator remain as guides and examples, and it is subconsciously felt that poet, prophet and philosopher have learned in suffering what they thought in song, forecast, or meditation: that they have separated themselves from all their own lower interests—have sometimes surrendered these—and have given their years to promote the best interests of their fellow-creatures for all time.

In short, human reverence has been given to those who were believed (sometimes erroneously) to have sacrificed something for the good of their fellows. Even the perverted homage of the boy to the outlaw or the highway-man has a certain

foundation of this sort, because they seem to the lad to have ranged themselves against infinitely stronger forces—sometimes even to have “robbed the rich” only “to give to the poor.” We elders know that this is mainly a delusion—that these men have been generally mere scoundrels, and that widening knowledge will reveal this to the boy, so that he will remove his worship from false idols to true ideals.

But there is no self-revelation so complete as the unconscious revelation by what we reverence and why we reverence it. We choose our idols as we desire to be ourselves.

This makes the worst feature of the western world to-day. As it longs for money, it worships the man who has it. Its hero is he who produces nothing and consumes the most!

When the average Westerner uses the phrase “higher standards of living,” one finds that he does not mean higher ideals of Life, greater self-denial, self-control, purity and refinement in thought, word and deed. He means only bigger weekly bills for provender and play!—things for which one requires, not more wisdom, but more cash!

This is the point at which the East will do well to search into its own ideals, and to hold firmly to its own highest. In time, then, it may influence the West to return to those views of Life which have been held by the greatest Teachers alike in East and West. Indeed, it must never be forgotten that Christianity is an Eastern religion and that it has lost its purity and simplicity precisely as it travelled Westward.

In its mammon-worship, the West is not scrupulous how money is made. In short, it knows well enough that very much money is not made in righteous ways. The greatest inventor scarcely becomes a multi-millionaire unless he is also a speculator. Artists and authors and highly skilled craftsmen die poor. If even a business man dies very wealthy, it is commonly remarked, “Ah, most of that could not have been made in his business—but by speculation or investments,” and be sure that highly profitable “investments” generally have a strongly “speculative” element in them. And speculation means gambling, and gambling means that somebody loses—too often somebody who did not join in the game! Or the money may have been made in the manufacture of alcohol, with all the madness, murder and misery which follow behind it. Or the fortune may have been built up by

land-grabbing or the helpless exploitation of helpless folk at home or abroad; or by the reckless destruction of sweated labour. No matter! there the money is. And if there be some lurking consciousness that apology is needed for its adoration, we hear the Chadband-like remark—

“But see how much good may be done by it!”

People seem to forget that if money had not been drawn to one hand, or seized by it, the wealth—of which money is only the representative—would have been in many hands. There is not a truer saying than the poet's—that “the gift without the giver is bare.” The multi-millionaires, and even their much more innocent heirs, cannot “give themselves” with every pound, of their unwieldy gear. They can but cast bulks of it—which they cannot miss!—for the conjectural good of people whom they do not know, do not understand, do not care for, or whom it reaches only after it has been well filtered through the machinery of committees, secretaries, treasurers, even contractors! Is a million bestowed by a multi-millionaire of the same value as a million given by a million of men and women, who can accompany their gifts with sympathy and knowledge and personal service? If anybody thinks the values are equal, then he decides that human hearts, and heads, and hands count for nothing—that “gold is the only thing.”

To assert that it does not signify how money is made, so long as it can be hoped or supposed “to do good in the end,” is flat contradiction of the ancient ethic, countersigned by ages of experience—that “we must not do evil that good may come.” It is a blunt assertion that “the end justifies the means”—the plea of those who assassinate on “political” grounds, of vivisectioners, of “militant” suffragettes, possibly even of prisoners, who may justify their sly removal of elderly people, whom they regard as useless or parsimonious, on the score that by their removal their money, through younger and more liberal hands, will “pass the more briskly into circulation!” If we could get to the depths of any criminal nature, perhaps we should find that every crime is but the “means” to an “end” which is justifiable and good to the criminal eyes!

Few even among the Westerns have yet ventured to build monuments to men, avowedly because they were rich men. They disguise the truth by describing them as “great employers of

labour" or "eminent philanthropists" or people of "much public spirit." But if these pretexts were honest, they would also erect monuments to small "employers," and the leading "philanthropist" to be honoured would be the widow who gave "more than them all" because she gave all she had, though it was but two mites. They would erect monuments to other business men, who had not made fortunes—had actually lost them! And since memorials are erected to the nameless soldiers who perish in a disastrous war, so there might even be some to those slain by commerce—the unhappy bankrupts!

This is not done. So it would seem to be fully recognised that self-sacrifice is not in the line of money-making—but indeed rather the skilful sacrifice of other people.

It must never be forgotten that Christianity distinctly made self-sacrifice, labour, humility and poverty its ideals of human life. It has not changed. It is but wounded in the house of its false friends.

For the Western races have not yet openly repudiated the leadership of One who said:—

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other: or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*"

Yet in Western Temples, it is the rich man who sits in the best seats. It is the rich man's carelessly flung superfluity of hundreds or thousands, which stand recorded as "munificent benefactions," while the "widow's mites" are briefly slumped together as "amounts under £1." It is the rich man who gets the unctuous funeral sermon, rather than the faithful church member of fifty or sixty years' standing. Finally, we have lately seen a rich man whose life and energies had been devoted to nothing more productive than amassing millions for himself by dealing in stocks and shares and "trusts" and all the mysteries of "high finance," receive a "memorial service" in Westminster Abbey, that venerable House of God which has been accounted something of a national Valhalla!

Will the Churches of the West plead that this special tenderness for the rich man is due to their consciousness of the vastness of his temptations,—their knowledge of "how hard it is for him to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?" But if so, there are others also exposed to vast temptations, poisoned by a baleful heredity

which we and our forefathers have created. Do the same churches hold a "memorial service" for each poor wretch who walks—weighted at least as much by our sins as by his own crimes—from the condemned cell to the gallows? The Churches might do well to hold "a day of humiliation" whenever a capital sentence is carried out. For there goes one of the failures of the social state of which they are an integral part.

A few weeks ago, some working men in London—plain rough folk—well knowing what they did, quietly took their lives in their hands and went down into a poisonous sewer in the forlorn hope of rescuing fellow-workers who were trapped there. They offered their lives freely and their offering was accepted, for they did not come up alive.

Was there any memorial service in Abbey or Cathedral for them?

Small wonder that in the West, working folk do not throng the Houses of a Religion whose present-day worship is that of Mammon!

Then the ecclesiastics rush together and bewail the decay of "religion," and cry out that "Christianity" is being submerged!

No fear for true Christianity! It has not yet come into its own. The organised ecclesiasticisms, in their unblushing worship of gold, are at least as far from the original and true ideals of Christianity, as some of the worst "rites" of the Shastras are from the highest conceptions of Hinduism, and Indians will see the force of that comparison!

It is left to each generation of men to carry on the message which God has given to each race, and to re-apply it to the needs and temptations of to-day. What is not carried forward is sure to slip backwards. The further each race advances on its own line, the sooner will all the lines converge to the great centre of spiritual life.

• Christianity tells us what "religion" really is—it is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," *i.e.*, in these days to stand on the side of all the disinherited and helpless among God's creatures—and, "to keep oneself unspotted from the world," *i.e.*, from the chicanery of politics and from those complicated paths of "finance" which end in goals of sterile luxury, and to betake oneself to necessary and productive labours and the sweet joys of simple living.

The ideal man of true Christianity is he who produces most and consumes least. It knows nothing of "dominant races," for it preaches Service, and not dominion. It changes Caste into Brotherhood. It reveals God dwelling with man, and living in man. And to whomsoever these ideals commend themselves, he is a Christian, though he never heard the name of Christianity.

Scotland.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE QUESTION OF DOWRY IN INDIA.

SOCIAL reformers have entered upon a noble mission to reduce the enormous expenses incurred by Hindus on occasions of domestic and religious ceremonies. Why our educated countrymen are not lending them substantial support is unaccountable. The general poverty of India urgently demands it, religious scruples do not prevent it and the improvement in our condition, educational, commercial and industrial, greatly necessitates it. This practice of extravagance is due to the apathy and indifference of the people to their best interests, their vanity of display, their inordinate desire of popular applause and their ignorance of the principles of economic science. The parents or the guardians of a bridegroom are influenced by selfish considerations in demanding, from those of the bride, payment of heavy fees on his account, especially when he is a suitable match, without thinking for a moment that the gain is an imaginary one, as similar fees will be demanded from them when they have occasion to dispose of their own girls in marriage. They should subordinate the interest of self to that of the public. This pernicious tendency of demanding what is known as *Vara Sulka* or bridegroom price, which a learned Chief Justice of the High Court in the Native State of Travancore once judicially described in language, not perhaps over-refined, but language which is extremely true, as "breeding bull price." Perhaps there is a certain amount of brutal frankness about it, but the description given by the learned Judge is essentially true. In his remarkable speech on "Married Boys" at the Sri Mullam Popular Assembly, Travancore, Mr. Sesha Iyer pointed out a novel method of putting a stop to demands of heavy sums on behalf of bridegrooms. "If I wanted the Government," he said, "to confine admission into Secondary Schools to married pupils, the subject might be more acceptable to my community at any rate. Perhaps you would ask how is it that I dared to make that statement. I say it is because this marriage problem, which is such a thorn now, would then be very easily solved. Instead of the parents of the girls going in search of bridegrooms with heavy bags of money to purchase them, the parents of boys would be going in for brides and no *Vara*

Sulka would be demanded, but it is perhaps likely that *Kanya Sulka* would be demanded." But it is a matter of grave doubt whether any liberal Government would allow such a step to be taken, because by attempting to remove one social evil, another of a graver character would be countenanced. Child marriage is objectionable on moral grounds and in Hindu society on Shastric grounds as well. The Consent Act has provided a partial remedy against the injurious consequences of early marriage. The religious plea put forward for such marriage is proved to be absurd by a passage in the *Smriti* quoted in Raghunandan's "*Jyotishtattwa*" which means this:—

"If a man of 20 years of age approaches a woman of the full age of 16 years when she has been purified by a certain event, in the expectation of offspring, good offspring is born; below those ages the offspring is bad." Further, it rests upon the authority of *Susruta* and European Medical Science that children born of immature parents do not attain to a high standard of excellence. Both Hindu Medical Science and Hindu religious authority unite in fixing sixteen years as the proper age for a woman to enter upon the duties of maternity; and in this they are supported by the Medical Science of Europe. If the State is unable to fix the minimum marriageable age, it cannot be denied that the indirect and educative influence of the Consent Act will co-operate with the forces in our society in slowly pushing forward the present age of marriage. In respectable families girls were seldom given in marriage before they had attained the age of 12 years even before the passing of the Act which has now furnished an additional motive, if not to enlarge, at least to adhere to, that period of a girl's life as the minimum marriageable age. It is hoped that the paramount considerations of good health and proper physical development will weigh with all classes of society in India to maintain a yet higher limit of marriageable age.

Adult marriage will not only secure the vitality of the married parties, but will tend to remove the evil we are considering, *viz.*, imposition of a heavy fee for securing a bridegroom. If such parties are not minors or at least attain maturity of understanding at the time of marriage, they will not be willing slaves to a custom which has the effect of pauperising in most cases the family of the bride and at the same time does not enrich that of the bridegroom or the bridegroom himself. The dowry is seldom spent in making a permanent suitable provision for the bridegroom or the bride, nor in improving the general condition of the family to which the former belongs, but is often squandered in toimfooleries and tamashas on the marriage occasion or to satisfy the personal greed and caprice of the bridegroom's parent or guardian. But if the bridegroom has got time enough to obtain liberal

education, he can suggest reasonable proposals in connection with the matter of dowry consistent with justice and humanity and may be in a position to enforce them by refusing to marry unless they are acted upon. Again, although no system of regular courtship is prevalent in Hindu society, as far as the existing practice in respectable families is concerned, the parties to the proposed marriage are allowed sufficient opportunities to know each other and examine and study each other's character and disposition. And when the marriage takes place as the result of such examination and study, it may be presumed that the married couple began to like each other before that event. In such a case both of them would have a powerful motive in seeking their own interest and that of their families. As the exaction of an exorbitant dowry spells great hardship upon, if not ruin of, the bride's family, it will be obviated by their joint inclination and exertion. It is also noteworthy that the guardians of Hindu families as constituted at present, are, most of them, liberally educated and high-minded enough to protest against and cease to be parties to such inhuman or unconscionable bargains or demands.

The March number of the *Bharati* publishes an article in which the writer upholds the practice of demanding dowry on the occasion of a son's marriage. He enumerates the blessings that this practice will bring in the long run to the cause of social reform and substantiates his points with an array of facts and arguments which it is not difficult to meet and refute. According to the writer this practice (1) has improved the standards of married life, (2) has helped to raise the marriageable age, (3) has been doing away with the barriers of intercourse between the different divisions of the same caste, (4) may in course of time help in abolishing the system of caste, (5) may teach others from the example of those who are too poor to get their daughters married to think twice before entering into matrimony, (6) has nearly swept away the baneful custom of *Kulinism* and (7) has led to curtailment of expenses on other heads. As to the first point, one fails to see how the practice has improved the standards of married life. Such standards in order to be improved must satisfy certain conditions such as (a) a strong sense and faithful discharge of duties mutually existing between the married parties, (b) existence of love and friendship between such parties and their respective families, (c) possession of a certain amount of culture and good breeding by them. The fact that the husband's father or other guardian has managed to levy a heavy tax from that of his wife on the occasion of his marriage, is not calculated to fulfil the above requisites. On the contrary, it will stand in the way of fulfilling them. A feeling of bitterness engendered in the mind of the

wife and her family by the inhuman and ignoble conduct of her husband's father will go a great way in preventing the flow of genuine affection between the wife and the husband, and feelings of cordial amity and agreeable and harmonious relations between their respective families. As to the writer's second point, that the practice has helped to raise the marriageable age of our girls, all that need be said is that there is a great difference between a girl's father being compelled by dire necessity—his inability to pay the dowry demanded—to postpone her marriage and his determination to postpone it by reason of his conviction of the injurious consequences of early marriage. The same remark is applicable to the other points raised by the writer in favour of the baneful practice. If such practice tends to facilitate inter-caste marriages, to abolish the caste-system to some extent, and to encourage celibacy, such results may be regarded in the light of virtues of necessity. They flow abnormally rather than normally in the natural and ordinary course of social reform. Nor is it easy to understand how *Kulinism* has been nearly swept away by this practice as urged by the writer. No doubt it was because the bride's father had no choice left but to select a bridegroom from some privileged class or Kulins, that the practice originated. But Kulins as a class do not insist upon the payment of heavy dowry in all cases. Most of them are, or more correctly were, a poor lot (for Kulins in their original status can hardly be said to exist now), the male members of whom can be induced to marry on condition of allowing them to live in the family of their wives. If *Kulinism* has become nearly extinct, it has not been by the operation of the practice of demanding dowry but by the levelling tendency of English education resulting in merit and not in caste or pedigree being generally regarded as a mark of honourable distinction. In the same way the curtailment of other than marriage expenses is to be attributed not to the existence of the practice in question but to the growth of the idea of economy produced by the study of English literature on political economy and emulation of the practice of our forefathers of plain living and high thinking.

The practice of demanding dowry on the occasion of a marriage violates the essential principles of morality and economy inasmuch as its payment is enforced by taking undue advantage of the helpless condition of the bride's guardian and it is wasted and squandered in pompous shows and frivolous sports and amusements and not in making a permanent and useful provision for the benefit of either the husband or the wife. With such provision they would be better enabled to carry on their domestic affairs efficiently and use

fully. As the domestic life of the Hindus is generally pure, simple and economical, it is a sufficient guarantee against their making any wrong or injurious use of any accessions to their fortunes. Even Englishmen entertain a favourable view of such life. "The domestic life of the Hindus," says Sir Henry Cotton, "is, indeed, in itself, not more immoral than that of a European home. Far from it; there is so much misconception on this point that it is desirable to state what the facts actually are. The affection of Hindus for the various members of the family group is a praiseworthy and distinctive feature of national character evinced not in sentiment only, but in practical manifestations of enduring charity; the devotion of a parent to a child and of children to parents, is most touching. The normal social relations of a Hindu family knitted together by ties of affection, rigid in chastity and controlled by the public opinion of neighbouring elders and caste, command our admiration and in many respects afford an example we should do well to follow."

The wants of the poor Indian, notably the Bengali, are few and his desires are limited; and he remains contented if such wants are supplied and such desires satisfied. A few plots of land to raise crops upon, a few cattle and poultry and a humble shed to live in, generally constitute his worldly possessions. The practice in question tends to diminish such possessions of one of the two families between whom an alliance by marriage is formed. The females are also injuriously affected by such practice. But for the inevitable necessity of paying expensive dowries, the father of a girl will gladly make a suitable present to her of jewelleries on the occasion of her marriage. The principal property of our women consists of their ornaments of which they are very fond. Owing to the poverty of the masses, these trinkets are not worth much. But some of them, by means of gifts from their relatives and by rigid economy, manage to possess jewelleries, usually carried on their persons, of a value much above their condition. These constitute their *stridhan* or peculium to which they have absolute right and which they never allow to be used for meeting the ordinary expenses of the family except in extreme cases. Besides the pleasure of personal use, the principal motive which actuates a woman in securing this jewellery in spite of privation, is to make some provision for her heirs charged with the cost of performing her *svadh* ceremony, omission of which is considered the greatest calamity to a Hindu. In order to raise money for temporary purposes, she sometimes pawns some of her ornaments to a neighbouring rich lady and the fairness of their dealing is proved by the fact of their very rarely having occasion to have recourse to the courts for the purpose of settling their accounts and obtaining redress. It

is indeed a matter of regret that her present enjoyment and future prospects are greatly blighted by the practice in question by removing the principal source from which her supply of ornaments is drawn, for as a general rule she expects very little of them from the relatives of her husband. As has already been remarked, the practice of demanding dowries on the occasion of a Hindu marriage is mainly objectionable on moral grounds. For fear of incurring the displeasure of his neighbours and of being subjected to adverse public criticism, the father of a girl is obliged to dispose of her in marriage before a certain age. If the father of a boy, seeing the predicament in which the girl's father stands, takes undue advantage of it and unblushingly and mercilessly extorts from him an enormous sum in the shape of dowries for agreeing to marry his son with his daughter, his dealing is hardly consistent with the principles of morality and fairness. And as society is the aggregate of individuals, it can be easily imagined what will be its wretched moral condition if such individuals or the majority of them be parties to such unconscionable and unrighteous dealing. Such a society will have little claim to be called civilised. And what is our idea of civilisation? The evolution of a highly destined society must be moral; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aim.

Civilisation depends on morality. Everything good in marriage leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as well as in great things. Judged by such authoritative exposition of morality and civilisation, the element of the former will be found wanting in the conduct of the man who, entering into an unconscionable bargain of receiving dowries on the occasion of a marriage, is so blinded by his inordinate desire and ambition as not to perceive the inequity of his conduct. And the society composed of such selfish and heartless creatures has not the right to the claim of civilisation. In spite of his godless acquisition of property, such a creature cannot enjoy true happiness. Our conscience or the moral dictator within us incessantly and effectively reproaches us when we are guilty of such dealing.

From what has been observed, it is not to be supposed that wealth is to be despised. All that is meant is that it ought not to be got by unfair or unjustifiable means. Wealth is a real and substantial thing which ministers to our pleasures, increases our comfort, multiplies our resources and not infrequently alleviates our pains. Wealth, like pleasure, is means to an end. When that end is lost sight of and wealth is sought for its own sake, when foul means are resorted to for its acquisition, when pride or abuse of wealth leads to irreligion and vice, it proves to be a curse rather than a blessing. A truly happy life is the result of two facts; the development of material prosperity

and the progress of humanity. These two elements are closely united, the one with the other. The inward is reformed by the outward as the outward by the inward. Civilisation is the perfecting of civil life, the development of society properly so called, of the relations of men among themselves. Civilisation is the result of two facts : the development of social and individual activity, the progress of society and the progress of humanity. Every intelligent and right-thinking man will easily perceive that this two-fold progress is prevented or obstructed by the pernicious practice of demanding exorbitant dowries on the occasion of Hindu marriages.

KAILAS CHUNDRA KANJILAL.

Calcutta.

MISTRAL : THE PROVENÇAL POET.

THE death of Mistral has found a sympathetic echo even in the remotest regions. I have perused with true satisfaction the touching tributes paid to the memory of the Chanter of *Mireille* in foreign papers, even in the *Times of India*, accompanied by a portrait of the noble man who, in his green old age, had preserved his fine mien and the dignified gait of the young Provençal founder of the *Félibrige*. Accordingly, I bethought myself that it might be interesting to the readers of *EAST & WEST* to learn something about that charming man, so much so that it recalls to my mind a remembrance which makes me confident that if the venerated founder of the magazine were still among us, he would welcome it with pleasure. This remembrance takes me back to an already distant time, to one of Mr. Malabari's sojourn among us. The French Académie had lately awarded to Mistral the Née prize, I believe. One fine afternoon in September in the sombre library of the Institute, my father and Mr. Malabari met M. Boissier, its perpetual secretary. "Dear colleague," said my father, "let me introduce to you Mr. Malabari, a distinguished Guzarati poet." "Ah!" exclaimed M. Boissier, "Darresteter had already mentioned his name to me. Sir," added he, turning towards Mr. Malabari with extended hand, "I have every reason to think, if I am well informed, that you are worthy to receive a prize among us; but, alas! Guzarati is not mentioned in our programmes." And they began to talk together in a pleasant manner. My father then explained to M. Boissier the place of Guzarati as a vernacular, spoken, written, taught, quite different to the Provençal, reduced to the state of simple brogue. We shall soon return to this difference, for it is worth noting. For the present let us study the poet.

Mistral died at Maillane in Provence, where his whole life was spent. He was born there on the day of the Nativity, September the 8th, 1830. If you wish to have a description of Maillane, let us read together his book of *Mémoires* which he has justly entitled *Mes Origines*: "As far back as I can remember, I have before my eyes toward the south a line of mountains of which the

summits, the slopes, the cliffs and dales were growing bluer and more blue from morn till vespers, in high waves more or less light and dark. It is the chain of the Alpilles, encircled by olive trees like a clump of Grecian rocks." Everything recalls the Past, and what Past! At the foot of this bulwark, Marius, the Saviour of Rome, awaited the Barbarians, and his trophies are still in existence at St. Rémy. All around are grouped admirable vestiges of that Roman civilization which flourished during so many centuries in the region; on the steep rocks were built the fortified abodes of the powerful princes of Baux; Courts of Love, those assizes of poetry and elegance, were held in the neighbouring castles; the Kings of Arles rest under the flag-stones of the Abbey of Montmajour. The whole country is peopled with legends. It is there that the future poet of Provence lived and grew up, and there his genius was formed. His talent received its first consecration one evening in the year 1859, (he was then 29) and Lamartine gave it him. His introducer was a common friend: "A child of my country," said he, "is here with me at this moment. During the eight days since he has taken his residence under my humble roof, he has intoxicated me with native poetry, but to such a degree that I have been stumbling like a drunkard. He leaves tomorrow night to his olive-tree fields at Maillane, near Avignon. Before leaving, he wishes to see you." The following day, the mutual friend brought the young man clad with sober elegance. Lamartine tells us that he was as much at ease in his talent as in his clothes. Perfect congruity, that instinct of propriety in all conditions which lends to shepherds as well as to kings the same dignity and the same grace of manners, governed his whole person. After dinner they talked for a long time; Lamartine took great pleasure in listening to his messmate telling his life. After finishing his studies at Aix and at Avignon he had returned to live with his mother in the ancestral home, having no taste for any particular career, his heart riveted for ever to his Provence. "He felt he was a poet without knowing what poetry was, his lips uttered harmonious sounds without knowing if it were a brogue. His mother's language was the most delicious to his ear, for it was that with which he had been blessed, rocked, loved, caressed. . . ." And before the end of the summer, on the poet's birthday, *Mireille* *Mireio* appeared. The *Félibrige* had already five years' existence. In 1845 a group of Provençals had founded the famous society in the Castle of Font-Ségugne. Their aim was to once more bring to life the old *Langue d'Oc* together with poets devoted to the same cause. In "*Les Provençales*" he thus explains it: "We found the Provençal language on the banks—sordidly clad—tending her sheep; the heat had bronzed her skin. The poor creature (*La Pauvre*) only had her

long hair to cover her shoulders—and it came to pass that young men, wandering thereabouts, and seeing how beautiful she was, felt moved. Let them therefore be welcome, for they have clothed her like a lady."

And when *Mireille* appeared, Lamartine greeted the work as that of a poet who out of an idiom, creates a language, as Plutarch created Italian; a poet who out of a vulgar idiom makes a classical language full of image and harmony enrapturing the imagination and the ear. Let us say here a word about the "Pauvre" with the long hair, her complexion burnt by the sun—the Provençal language. It must be remembered that France was then divided into two important languages, that of the North the *Langue d'Oïl* or French, that of the south of the river Loire, *Langue d'Oc* or Provençal. * The *Langue d'Oïl* was itself divided in the XIth Century, in four principal dialects; the Norman, the Picard, the Burgundian and the French dialect, which was in fact but that used in the Ile de France. Now, how came it to pass that the four dialects were reduced to one and how is it that the French one which was that spoken only in the Ile de France took the lead of the others, and at last imposed itself completely? This is explained by the fact of the successive annexations of the other provinces to the Royal domain. The high classes joined the language of their lord, the lower kept their dialect; but the latter lost its rank as literary language and became an humble "Patois," an idiom spoken only and never written. During the XIVth Century the dialects of the Provinces fell to that state of "*patois*" and that of the Ile de France became the language of the kingdom; the *Langue d'Oïl* was dead, the French language was born to history. The *Langue d'Oc* was doomed to die also. The sanguinary rivalry between the Northern and Southern Frenchmen which ended in the war of the Albigeois and the defeat of the South, inflicted the death-blow to the *Langue d'Oc* and the Limousin, Provençal, Languedocian and Gascon *patois*, which still subsist in our southern provinces among the peasantry, are but the remains of that *Langue d'Oc* which in the days of the troubadours shone with so much brilliancy. The troubadours are in some measure the ancestors of the Félibres. Towards the end of the XIIIth Century, the Provençal poetry sang its last ballad with Guirant-Riquier, but did not die for all that; to the class of barons was substituted that of the high middle class, and private clubs were founded, also poetical competitions and floral games, where gold and silver flowers rewarded the faithful

* These terms of *Langue d'Oïl* and *Langue d'Oc* are derived from the fact that *oui* in the North was *oïl* and *oc* in the South. •

poets. Nevertheless, inspiration became more and more limited; poetical manifestations were rare; during the XVIth Century one may still notice a few sonnets written in delicate rhymes, also Christmas Carols sweetened with the perfume of the country. Jasmin, the poet hair-dresser, who in the XIXth Century raised popular enthusiasm, and other emulators, endeavoured to put a stop to the decline of the Provençal.

Three poets were soon to contribute to a marvellous era. *Mireille* was its most dazzling manifestation; but Mistral had had forerunners and especially a master, Roumanille. Born of a humble family of gardeners, Roumanille had entered the University and had met Mistral in Avignon at the pension Dupuy. As for Aubanel, he belonged to a family of printers of Avignon. All three, smitten with poetry, became friends and formed with a few others the famous club of the *Félibriges*. Why this name? No one can say for certain. The word *Félibre* seems to come from an old rhymed legend which Mistral asked an old woman of Maillane to recite to him. It apparently meant *Master*. As there were seven *Félibres*, seven apostles, or seven masters in the art of poetry and as the day on which the *Félibrige* was founded was the feast of *Sainte Estelle*, that saint was taken as patroness; besides, the name *Estelle* signifying in Provençal, *star*, the symbolic star with seven branches was taken as the emblem of the association.

The success went beyond the wildest expectations of the friends; the popular soul was conquered, it recognized itself in that language, so alert and so fresh. When *Mireille* appeared, Provence was ready to welcome it. Enthusiasm was unanimous. "France," said Villemain, "is rich enough to possess two literatures." *Mireille* was dedicated to Lamartine. "I consecrate *Mirgille* to you," wrote Mistral; "'tis my heart and my soul, 'tis the blossom of my years. 'Tis a bunch of grapes of Crau offered to you with all its leaves by a peasant."

Lamartine was at the time undergoing a crisis; he took the volume, attended to urgent business, and when night came, opened it. "And that night I never slept one minute," exclaimed he. His admiration was absolutely sincere. In the analysis accompanied by selections which he has made for his readers, he evokes Homer, Longus, Virgil, and makes them all bow before the poet of Maillane, except Homer, in whom he finds the same grandeur and the same simplicity with, moreover, Christian inspiration. At his decline the old poet ventures to give fatherly advice to the young beginner. "It is not possible to accomplish two masterpieces during one life, you have made one. Do not remain among us; you would miss the masterpiece of your life, happiness in simplicity! To live on little!

Can it be little to have what is necessary—peace, poetry and love ?”

Mireille is a kind of familiar domestic epic-poem in twelve cantoes which he has framed in picturesque descriptions, ingenuous paintings of rustic life and pious legends, showering upon it the splendour of the Provençal sky. The subject is most simple. It is the everlasting story of two young hearts opening to love, without giving a thought to the difference of conditions. *Mireille*, a rich farmer's daughter of the plains of Crau, falls in love with Vincent, the son of an ambulant basket-maker, but hindered by her parents dies forgiving. The beauty of the Provençal women is proverbial. In their austere costume, the white kerchief chastely crossed over their bosom, a simple black bow in their hair, they present themselves with a grave and smiling mien which attracts the traveller. Mistral depicts *Mireille* in her fifteenth year, bringing to the basket-maker and his son a dish of beans seasoned with the oil of olive-trees. Fresh, ingenuous, her face, with flower-like cheeks, had two dimples, and her gaze was dew-like which dissipated all pain The rays of the stars were less soft and less pure ; dark, curly tresses shone on her head. The young man was dazzled by so much charm and youth—but what could there be in common between him and that rich girl of Crau, he who lived on the banks of the Rhône, between the poplars and the willow-trees in a cottage gnawed by the constant incursions of the river and who went from farm to farm mending broken baskets.

Canto XII which relates the death of *Mireille* is sublime ! The very simple romance commenced under the shade of the *Mas* (*farm*) of Micocoules ends with the fatal pilgrimage of the Holy Maries.

Truly a great poet had been born. The subject took possession of the imagination of painters and musicians ; Gounod, in 1864, gave his *Mireille*, admirably interpreted by the great artist Mme. Moilan-Carvalho ; and later on, Cot exhibited a *Mireille Sortant de l'Eglise*, which has become classical. Numerous works followed *Mireille*. *Calendrau* appeared eight years after ; then came a collection of poems, songs, romances, *sirventes* (*Les Iles d'or—Lis Isclo d'or*) published in 1874. The celebrated *Coupe* is to be found there (1867).

“ *La Comtesse* ” was published in 1866 ; it is a proud and doleful composition. In 1884, Mistral dedicated *Nerto*, a Provençal tale, to the Queen of Roumania. It is the climax of the Pope's reign at Avignon. During the year of his 80th birthday he made a present of it to His Holiness Pius X, from whom he received congratulations by the hands of Cardinal Merry del Val who added : “ Your immortal work of the regeneration of Provençal, the renovation of a language

venerable among all, particularly of the rich religious tradition whose soul is in your soul, your attachment to the traditions and faith of your forefathers, all places you in the first rank of the great authors who do the utmost credit to human and Christian Literature."

The influence of Mistral spread beyond the limits of his province; the radiancy of his work, in spite of the peculiarity of the dialect in which it was written has been resplendent. One may even venture to say there is a Mistralian teaching, a Mistralian doctrine; he has been the poet of tradition and the apostle of decentralisation. And here it is necessary not to mix centralisation with separation. Mistral has been accused of having separatist tendencies; he never had them and the influence of his poem "*La Comtesse*" has been wrongly considered as an appeal to a revolt of Provence against France. "Those verses were in reality but an inflamed protest against the outrageous centralisation which encircles the provinces of France so far as to do away with all liberty, to stifle them, to deprive them of their language, which has taken away their own life, and it was also a protest against the hateful habit which already incited the province to mimic Paris in every thing. In the same manner in 1861, in his poem to the Catalan poets, had he proclaimed his entire love of France."

"The Provençaux, unanimous flame, we belong to the great France, frankly and loyally; for 'tis well to be a number, it is better to be called the children of France."

So has he, on every occasion, claimed as his own the grand formula of his compatriot and friend, the pupil-poet Gras: "I love my village more than your village; I love my Provence more than your province; I love France more than all."

If Mistral is still accused of separatist sympathies, it needs only to go back to a letter which he wrote in 1907 to Paul Bourget in which he declines his candidature to the *Académie Française*. "I never had any other ambition than that of saving my Provençal tongue and of glorifying my race, all for the sake of poetry."

His private opinion is to be found in "*Les bon Provençaux*" (1878). "Everyone endeavours to mimic Paris—and everyone becomes a slave to fashion. We, the good Provençaux, Knights of the Holy Grail, let us become *Félibres* and we shall remain free." In the musings we read:

"Do you think it does not become an obsession for us—constantly to hear it repeated—that, above, every one is a prophet and that here below, we are all ill-born! To here in all schools—regents, rectors, the whole company which we are obliged to pay out of our pockets—reproach us as a fault or stigma—the idiom which links

us to our fathers, to our soil?" Therefore with what just pride does he make the appeal *Aux Poètes Catalans* (1861): "From the Alps to the Pyrenees, and, hand in hand, Poets, let us revive the old romance tongue! 'Tis the family insignia. 'Tis the sacrament which links the sons to the fathers—man to his soil! 'Tis the thread which binds the nest to the bough!"

"Intrepid guardians of our genteel language, let us keep it crystal and pure and clear as silver; for, there, doth a whole nation quench its thirst; for if, face against the ground, a nation fall again, if it retains its language, it holds the key which delivers it from its chains."

These last two verses are of perfect beauty and truth. A nation is conquered only when it forgets or despises its national language.

The life of Mistral was spent entirely in the South. He had the strength of mind to fix himself there notwithstanding the attractions of Paris and its intellectual and polished society which flattered most of his tastes; for it is wrongly that Lamartine has persistently presented him to us as a peasant. Mistral was a refined literary man, a rich and independent gentleman and perhaps he had, at times, moments when his solitude weighed on him. We refer our readers to the very subtle and sympathetic analysis which the regretted Gaston Paris has made of Mistral and of his work. The man there appears to us in perfect proportions.*

Death took him smiling, full of strength and glory. The great Nobel prize had crowned his laborious career. The *Académie Française* had wished him among its ranks. The great obstacle had been the, no doubt, extraordinary condition which Mistral had put to his election, that of making his speech in Provençal. He never would give in and yet Barès had suggested a compromise—so it was whispered—that Mistral would write his reception-speech in Provençal and that, on the day of his reception, he would read a translation of it in French written by himself; for every one is aware that he wrote our language with as much elegance and precision as his natal tongue.

Nevertheless, he had a great opinion of the *Institut* and had been flattered by the tokens of esteem and approbation he had received at its hands. Immediately after his glorious *debut*s he had obtained *for *Mireille* an honourable prize; some time before his death he had received another of 10,000 francs for his *Tresor du Félibrige*, an immortal gem of the Provençal language. So that the *Académie* did not hesitate to send to his widow its respectful condolences and the homage of its deep admiration for the great man who had disappeared.

The funeral took place at Maillane. The whole Provence was present. In a collection of verses which he published some two years

*See *Penseurs et Poètes*—Calman Lévy, 1896.

ago, *Les Olivados*, Mistral, putting himself the final touch to his work in a short poem "*Mon tombeau*," imagined that, later on, people seeing in the Maillane Cemetery the mausoleum which he had had built for himself and questioning peasants about it, would receive this answer :

" It was a man who had been made King of Provence."

He had composed for this tomb—a copy of the delicious Renaissance édicule Queen Jeanne's pavillion, which is still standing in Provence not far from the castle of the Princes of Baux—this epitaph suggested by the Psalmist's prayer : " Not unto us, Lord not unto us, but unto Thy Name and unto our Provence, give Thy glory." And in conclusion let us quote this remark of an excellent critic : " If Provence now possesses a new literature, if a whole great nation has once more felt conscious of its genius and once more taken hold of its personality, has been proud enough to preserve its language, has endeavoured to redress its customs, thanks may be given to Mistral who has lived only for the glory of his soil. It is also to him that renewed honour must be given for that magnificent movement of tradition which is seizing all the provinces and may some day give them again their ancient splendour."

D. MENANT.

Paris.

A WORD TO THE HINDUS.

YOU have heard, I dare say, many a speech from the lips of great men—great in the sense that they possess palatial mansions, drive in gorgeous equipages, roll in money and wield great influence, or great in the sense that they are intellectual prodigies—but this is the word of a man in a humble sphere of life, who is not a visionary or a revolutionary. He is a student of sober history, a close observer of stern facts and is, nevertheless, a Hindu of Hindus in the sense that he behaves like a true Hindu ; you need not inquire into his religious beliefs. I am afraid tinsel is, for the time being, supreme, and it is only experience that brings home appreciation of the truths told in simple, homely style, although they are felt in the beginning as unpalatable or unsavoury. What I am going to say, let me assure you, is not actuated by any personal motive, but solely for your benefit in which my benefit also lies. If by this advice some of your false notions are removed, the task will amply repay itself.

Before I proceed further, let me assure you, without encouraging false pride of ancestry or swelling your heads with the glory of the past, that you are the inheritors of a glorious civilization to which you have so steadfastly adhered. You ought to know that nothing is stationary in nature, nor is anything permanent in it ; everything moves either forward or backward.

Now, survey your past for a moment. An inquiry into the question as to whether your ancestors came from the Poles or you developed on indigenous civilization in India itself, is only interesting for purposes of historical research. The latest phase of your civilization is a division of population (including what are called “ aborigines ”) into castes, every one of which has its corresponding advantages and disabilities and is reckoned superior or inferior according as one sentimentally views it or contemplates

dignity. By some mysterious self-consolation caste was accepted as a practical solution of many a problem. All attempts at its annihilation have hitherto failed.

It is a moot question whether the caste system was the root cause of the fall of the Hindu nation ; perhaps it was one of the causes out of many. It is too well known that the causes of the fall of a nation are multitudinous, but every nation has its periods of infancy, adolescence, senescence, senility and ultimate decay, although their periods have been varying in different nations. Some even think that no nation really dies ; it is only transformed. Remember that careful husbanding of vitality always conduces to longevity. Many of your reformers of the past strenuously endeavoured to maintain your vitality by introduction of new ideas and elimination of pernicious ones. There is *something* which has enabled you to survive many a revolution which threatened your disintegration. What is that "something" ? A little introspection will suggest the answer. Your civilization or your religion neither of them has been regarded a fashion of the day ; they are deeply rooted, they change, but deliberate steps taken are never again retraced.

The history of ancient India is very hazy, as yet, in many points. As we are advancing in historical research, several dark corners of it are being illumined, thanks to the labours of selfless scholars and archæologists. Ere long we shall see a tolerably complete history of ancient India ; the spade has proved the greatest helper in the furnishing of material for it. If I am right, your civilization was not at high water-mark at the time of Moslem invasion. During the Moslem domination there was a partial interragnum, no further development, improvement or restoration of early Hindu civilization. The Moslem rule, in course of time, gave way to a highly civilized Christian Government which now rules over Hindus and the descendants of Moslem invaders and those of their converts. In the population of India they form a considerable portion by no means negligible in any respect. Hindus cannot convert them to Hinduism nor can they possibly ignore them. They are fellow-subjects sharing like fate for weal or woe and to whom India is as dear as it is to you. Besides, you have amidst you Jews, Parsis and Christians (Indian and Western) who have made India their home. Ere long the Christian community will be a third important

community in India. India is not, strictly speaking, a country, it is more a continent than what we generally understand by the word country. In size it is equal to Europe minus Russia, its population is between one-fifth and one-sixth of the entire globe.

It was your good fortune that your second rulers opened up the treasures of Western knowledge to you, leaving you perfect liberty to restore your own and improve thereon. I have not the least doubt you appreciated your second rulers and freely and cheerfully imbibed Western knowledge and *pari passu* endeavoured to restore your own. Your fellow-countrymen, the Mohammadans, either through prejudice or apathy, did not avail themselves of the opportunity quite to the same extent. Consequently, for some time, they lagged behind till Sir Ahmad Khan aroused them from their slumber.

It seems that some queer ideas either spontaneously generated themselves, or somebody put them in your heads. You began to make premature and unreasonable demands on your rulers who expected something different from you and in these demands you pretended that the less advanced Mohammadan community was with you which, however, was not the case. Your political propaganda, pushed with importunity, yielded very poor results, because you had miscalculated and misjudged the situation. In fullness of time some of your reasonable demands would have been ungrudgingly acceded to; but you did not choose to wait. The result was a discomfiture. Your camp was split and an ignoble fiasco was enacted at Surat. The sensible among you adhered to constitutional methods, the hot-headed seceded and took to ways calculated to disturb the harmonious and smooth working of administration. What was the result? Progress was set back and the rulers naturally became over-vigilant. Laws were passed which would not have been in the statute book at all if the behaviour of the hot-headed had not called for them. Political crimes have produced disastrous results for the Hindu community with no corresponding gain of any sort or kind.

I am sure that the vast majority among you are sane. They are sorry for what is happening, but it appears that in some quarters absolutely erroneous notions prevail. It is those wrong notions which require eradication,

Which will you choose of the following alternatives ?

- (a) remain Hindûs with the characteristics which the word connotes, or
- (b) relapse into fanatical barbarism which means Savagery.

I have said you are the inheritors of a glorious civilization. After centuries you evolved a high state of civilized life, your watch-words have been *Morality, Economy, Industry*.

Look back ! Ponder over the progress your ancestors had made in science and art, the freedom of conscience which your laws inculcated, a model code of civil laws, a highly developed theology which your *Rishis* produced, the duties of citizenship which your law-givers taught you. Your sacred books teach you that *Shanti* (peace) in every department is the goal and the ideal you have to look up to. You have had a humane education for over two thousand years which made you regard life, human and sub-human, as sacred. Your moral code is of the highest conceivable type, your Buddha's teachings not only made you humane but humanized many countries of Asia.

Is a bomb-thrower, a murderer, a dacoit, a seditionist, really a Hindu ? Is he the follower of his ancestors or of his sacred books ?

In my humble opinion, a relapse into fanaticism or barbarism means the utter undoing of Hindu civilization, which took centuries to rear up, and the subversion of Hindu religion which it has taken ages to construct. A Hindu can be a good soldier whose *raison d'être* is maintenance of peace, he can be a good agriculturist, an artizan, a scholar and everything else, but if he behaves like a fanatic callous to life, a disturber of peace, he cannot be called a *Hindu* in any sense. A community that can only thrive in peace, which has, as a matter of fact, thrived in peace hitherto, cannot do itself any good if turbulence becomes its watch-word. On the contrary, once there is disturbance of peace in India, gainers, if any, will certainly not be that mass of humanity composed of heterogenous elements which passes under the designation of Hindu. Most Hindus are not perhaps quite alive to the horrors of a revolution. Drive the English from the land (which I do not believe you can by supremest efforts). You may depend upon it that you will again be ruled in the North of India by frontier tribes or their leaders, and in the south you will fall

a prey to some maritime power which will not stand comparison with your present rulers in any respect. Will that be a desirable state of things ?

There is yet time to mend so as to profit by the golden opportunities which Providence has placed in your way.

If there are any disabilities which you complain of, they will, it is hoped, be removed in course of time, if you only behave judiciously.

Do not forget that :—

1. You live under the protection of a Government which has all the merits of all known forms of Government, ancient or modern, and none of their demerits.

2. You have full scope for improving the administration on all lines. You have fair voice in Executive and Legislative Councils and Municipal Corporations.

3. You enjoy freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, rites and ceremonies.

4. You have full opportunities to revive your ancient literature and institutions without let or hinderance.

5. You have full scope for education of all descriptions in India and abroad.

6. You have an efficient machinery for administration of justice.

7. All the resources of the country are being developed day by day for the benefit of all concerned.

8. Opportunities for foreign travel are open to you.

9. You have a free press but which, possibly owing to perversion of its privileges, may not hereafter be allowed to retain absolute freedom. In this respect, too, there is time to mend before it is too late. The vernacular press undoubtedly requires to be placed in better hands.

A PUNJABEE.

TO THE KOKIL.

I.

Where art thou roaming, Kokil, far and far ?
O come into my little garden here,
Where every flower is moving like a star
That twinkles through the veil of midnight drear ;
Thy song is wasted on the hollow skies
Which echo not, nor catch a dropping note
Of thy sweet melting heart,
And thus on dreary plains it faints and dies :
Ku-oo ! and there my eyes so fondly gloat !
Come down, O Kokil, tell me where thou art !

II,

When cold winds sharply swept the shivering land
And drooping sheep returned home early eve ;
While yellow leaves rolled at some unseen wand
And gloomy clouds did mango-blossoms reave ;
While birds lay closing fast within the nest
Their trembling plumes ; I sat alone and sad,
For thou wert far away ;
My spirit sank and shuddered like the rest :
Ku-oo ! and up I jumped so gay and mad !
Come, soon, O magic Bird, why thus delay ?

III.

O mystic herald of the joyous Spring !
Thy voice is like a trumpet to the heavens
That now unfold the living blue and ring
With thy shrill note that all the earth enlivens :
The birds now skip from bough to bough and twitter

The clouds depart like screens upon the stage,
 And leave their altered home :
 The drooping leaves now move, awake and glitter :
 As all, without thee, felt it was an age
 Since thou hadst left for other skies to roam.

IV.

And whither didst thou roam for all this while
 And find a land of love and pure delight,
 Where thou couldst so enjoy the verdurous smile
 Of happy vales and leafy gardens bright,
 Where softly spoke the opening buds at morn
 And starry blossoms hung on moonlight-boughs
 That swinging poured the dew
 On golden earth, where hoary Capricorn
 Did never show his snowy thorny brows,
 Or Beauty ever those sad wrinkles knew ?

V.

Now when thy ever-rising raptures fill
 The waiting world with thine own visions sweet,
 And in thine echoes calling hill to hill,
 Some message new, unheard, we gaily greet,
 O Bird or Angel ! Say where thou hast been,
 Thy fresher skies, thy soft love-scented air,
 Thy mountain-heaps of flowers,
 Thy greener woods and pleasure-shades between,
 Thy sunny dome of light and azure rare
 And thy sweet music-haunted magic bowers !

VI.

What dreams are thine, I know not, happy Bird !
 Come down to me, that I may half conceive
 Thy mellow dreams and songs unseen, unheard
 On earth, where heavily our bosoms heave :
 We know not how to laugh a rosy flood,
 Or play to pallid cheeks our joy-string'd lyre,
 To break in dimples deep :
 Our smiles are bitter and our tears are blood :
 We sow our precious flowers in flaming fire
 And in our burning heaven we sit and weep !

VII.

What if the fool despise thy figure dark ;
He knows not what a honey-flooded voice
And heart thou hast, but only flings his mark
At thee in his own darkened heart ! Réjoice,
That thou art dark without but bright within !
Thou art not like the friends of mirth who wend
To hum like flies and cling,
But when our hearts do shake with sorrow's din,
And when our need is sorest, O true Friend,
Thou comest, welcome Prophet of the Spring !

VIII.

Come down, O Kokil ! speak to me Ku-oo !
And make my garden thine own Springful skies,
That I may sing with thee thy love to woo :
O let me look into thy joy-lit eyes !
That man should here a moment's pleasure get,
Which moves and wakes his sorrow-laden heart,
Is worth his life of pain !
Where have thy echoes fallen ? Speak thou yet !
Ku-oo, Ku-oo, Oo-oo,—and off thou art !
Where is the Kokil now ? I sing in vain !

ARDESHIR F. Khabardar.

Madras.

SOME ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN OUR VILLAGES.

INDIA has been aptly described as a nest of village communities. The village is the growth of centuries. It is the product of the peculiar political condition of India fostered by the traditional social habits and customs of the Indian people. With their punchayets, their watchmen, artisans and the other equipments of a self-sufficing political machinery, these beehives of republicanism are coeval with the emergence of the Indian people into the light of history. They have survived the corrosive influences of time, and the repeated invasions of foreign foes. The political experience of the Indian nation is what was gained in steering these villages through the storms of anarchy and confusion that blew over their devoted heads. It was no small schooling in self-government, fair-mindedness, fair-play and the administration of unpolluted justice that our forefathers received in sitting as judges in the rural judiciary—the punchayet. True to traditions, both the essential and non-essential requirements of the race continued to be produced in villages by the patient and contented peasant and the intelligent handicraftsmen.

Where the habits of the people are so inveterately rural, we need not hesitate to say that it is neither a mark of good statesmanship, nor proof of foresight to cast these social and political instincts of the race to the winds, and force upon the nation institutions utterly alien to it. For any system of administration to take deep root in the land and flourish, it cannot afford to lose sight of these vested assets lying locked up in our villages.

No great industries have sprung up in towns in place of the gradually disappearing rural handicrafts, and our towns are but the homes of the intellectual class—the lawyer, the doctor, the schoolmaster, etc.,—who, however serviceable to society in other respects, do not contribute even a bit to the production of the wealth of the nation. And especially in a country where 80 per cent. of the population are directly or indirectly dependent upon agriculture and where any industries worth the name exist in villages, the pulse of national prosperity and national finance can be felt only there where the

food-producer and industrial supplier live. An analysis of the rural conditions alone is enough to lead us to a right realisation of the economic degradation and the economic possibilities of the Indian nation.

In grouping the facts under the time-honoured classification of land, labour and capital, we shall begin with

LAND.

This has come to be the least productive of investments. It is undeniable that arable lands have leaped up enormously in price (at least in the southern districts of the Madras Presidency) out of all proportion to their yield—and this within an incredibly short time. An acre of land which 6 years back exchanged hands at Rs. 400 (this was then considered a lucky bargain for the seller) now fetches about Rs. 2,500. That this rise in price is not due to any increase in the productivity of land owing to improvements in irrigation is evident. For this upward movement is noticeable also in lands that enjoyed good facilities for water-supply and underwent no improvement in this direction. The causes for this phenomenal rise are to be sought more in the lack of industrial concerns into which capital might flow and also in the lack of boldness and confidence to trust money to speculation which industries in their nascent stages necessarily involve.

Steeped in the agricultural literature of the West, huge innovations productive of fabulous out-turns are recommended by many to the toil-worn and perpetually needy agriculturist. The introduction of the English plough as a perfect instrument for turning up the sods, the use of scientific manures as ideal fertilisers, automatic instruments for sowing to ensure regular interspaces between seeds, and machinery for reaping are some of the lines on which illimitable possibilities for improvement have been pointed out. But our enthusiasm for innovations should not blind us to facts. I fear, the conditions under which the land is held, the limited resources of the land-holder and climatic and other local circumstances seriously circumscribe the scope for these suggestions to be carried into effect.

To take the plough for example, country ploughs can be had for a rupee and hence distinctly command the patronage of the peasant public in preference to the English patterns, which, however superior in respect of the quantity and quality of work turned out, involve an initial outlay of six or seven rupees which the villager is either unwilling or unable to make. Even supposing this initial difficulty can be overcome, a more formidable one crops up to render any innovation in this direction utterly valueless.

Can the bony, stunted breed of our cattle be yoked to these massive ploughs? Will they not die of the strain in a few days? The

introduction of the English plough is thus impossible without being preceded by an improvement of the cattle of the country, and not a little can be done in this direction by the improvement in the forest-administration as was evidenced by the investigations of the Forest-Committee in the Madras Presidency that closed its sittings recently. Then there is no branch of cultivation a scientific and close attention to which can be so calculated to increase the productivity of the soil and which is so woefully neglected in India as

MANURING.

Land is not the fabulous *Ashayyapatra*—an inexhaustible store-house. Each harvest means so much of its productive powers drained and leaves it the poorer for that, unless adequately recouped.

An empirical and routine system of manuring followed for centuries together has robbed it of its vitality. The only manure used is cattle-dung and the way in which it is preserved considerably diminishes its fertilising value. The dunghill at the back of every Indian rural habitation—a miscellaneous heap of ashes and other scrapings of the oven and of the sweepings of the house the major portion of which is earth uncovered, moistened by the rain, reeking with putrefaction under the influence of all the five elements and vitiating the atmosphere—is only too common, though revolting, a spectacle not to be noticed even by a casual visitor to our villages. A respectable portion of even this home-produced manure is used up as fuel by the ignorant housewife, and the rigorous afforestation of land, and the consequent dearth of fuel, not a little threatens to choke up even this limited supply of manure. When we read of the elaborate arrangements organised in Japan to utilise urine also for this purpose, we are struck with horror at the indifference with which our agriculturists allow such a useful fertiliser to run to waste. But we are glad to notice that under inspiration of some of the vernacular journals and some publications bearing on agriculture, there are half-hearted attempts made in a few villages to turn this to account. The surface of the cattle-shed is covered with closely-chopped straw or with some loose soil which is scraped off and added on to the dunghill, after being allowed to remain long enough to be completely soaked in urine. This will also incidentally secure better sanitation in cattle-sheds which, at present, are the most abominable seats of nauseating stinks.

Green manuring, though practised in a few parts, is yet new to very many of the agriculturists. Rotation of crops is another favourite recommendation of our agricultural writers and its importance does not seem to have been realised at all by our peasants.

Having had a glimpse into the state of the land, we meet with no more flattering conditions when we proceed to examine

LABOUR.

It is a notorious fact that most of the Indian agriculturists are perpetually on the brink of starvation. A thin gruel of rice (usually of some coarser grain) in the morning, to be followed by another after their return from work in the evening form the only scanty food of these hard-worked sons of the soil. Their insanitary and low-roofed homesteads are the most sumptuous of invitations to diseases and whenever any epidemic breaks out in the village, this class yields the largest toll of victims. The fact of our peasantry's irretrievable indebtedness to the village money-lender, from which neither a plentiful harvest nor the clemency of the lender relieves him, is only a too well-known feature of our economic distress. There are no organisations to receive their small savings in seasons of plenty and to help them with trifling loans to enable them to tide over seasons of scarcity without resort to the money-lender—the village vampire.

Skilled labour is in no better condition. It is becoming rarer and rarer under the stress of foreign competition. Cheap screws and other materials from Birmingham have converted the smith's forge into an idler's chavadi or rendezvous. It needs no saying that the cheap products of the looms of Manchester have reduced to starvation wages, if not driven out of the field completely, the indigenous weaver. There are no industries worth the name yet surviving in our villages and these, from being the seats of thriving industries, have sunk to the position of an extensive market for foreign goods. Probably the only man who has, till now, held his ground against this process of elimination is the potter. The brittleness of his ware and the disproportionate cost of transportation implied in large bulk and little weight, operate strongly in his favour. But the alarmingly increasing popularity of the foreign enamelled wares strongly suggests that his doom also is but a question of time. So much for the labouring classes. We find nothing pleasant to record about

CAPITAL.

Where the out-turn from the land is at the lowest ebb and where industries have died, or are slowly dying, much capital cannot be expected to exist. The little of it that there is, is what was saved, rather than what was gained, through a rigid system of economy by the village Mirasdar from the surplus produce of his land. It lies closely locked up in his hands and there being no lucrative industrial investments hard by, what more sagacious disposal of it can he make than lending it out in small dribblets at usurious rates to his needy neighbours? What is left after meeting this limited demand, he invests in the purchase of lands. At first it may seem unaccount-

able that, in a country where people are accustomed to high rates of interest, there should be a rush for lands which, under the present condition, with the best efforts of man and the full favours of Nature, yield but something below 5 per cent. per annum. The reasons for this seem to be the limited scope for money-dealing that the village market affords, a slowly gathering opinion that the profession of the money-lender is dishonouring to any man of fellow-feeling and honesty and also to the insecurity of these loans which defies all calculations owing to the perpetually doubtful solvency of the borrower. Thus we find from an analysis of the conditions of land, labour and capital that they call for urgent

REMEDIAL MEASURES.

The indispensable preliminary to all schemes for rural improvement is to open the eyes of the agriculturist to a full sense of his condition and to the chances for improvement which are open to him if he would only bestir himself. Cheap journals and pamphlets setting forth these economic problems ought to be placed within the reach of every poor man. This strongly presupposes an ability on the part of the labourer to read and write—the birthright of every citizen of the modern Western states. For without this even the most charitable intentions of the Government are defeated. Sanitary measures often fail of success and the best attempts of the Government are therefore abused and frustrated.

Very many times has it been my painful experience to observe many outrageous irregularities in connection with the Government agricultural loans for land improvements. Very often we have noticed an agriculturist availing himself of these loans on the ostensible object of digging wells in his land while he was really borrowing for his daughter's marriage expenses. Even when he borrows for honest purposes, he has to dispose of a third of the loan in the shape of bribes. Owing to his supreme ignorance, he considers the loan in the light of a favour from the local subordinate Revenue Officials, rather than of a right which the munificence of the Government has entitled him.

There are hardly any institutions in the country to induce small savings and to issue loans payable in small instalments over long periods. A very ancient and universal system of periodically pooling small sums and balloting the pool—the chit system—is the only indigenous device for stimulating the accumulation of capital. This ought to be developed on modern lines.

But the main relief for this economic strain is to be sought in the establishment of banks on co-operative principle—like the Raiffeisen and other similar banks of Europe which have been attended with phenomenal success. This will not only supplant the régime of

the money-lender, but the training involved in their management will inspire habits of prudence, thrift, foresight and mutual help.

All these reforms will be utterly valueless unless they are accompanied by the establishment of huge industrial concerns which will not only provide food and employment to the many starving, but also develop the business capacity and the administrative tact of the nation. For the conditions of modern industry based on the rigorous laws of supply and demand, conflict and competition, are not congenial to the growth of a weak and puny breed. It should be never forgotten that industry is the hand-maid of agriculture. It will not only be a plentiful resource in times of famine, but will also, in times of plenty, alleviate the condition of the agricultural labourers by weaning away a lot of them for its own purpose.

A land repeatedly robbed of its vitality by a routine and empirical system of cultivation followed for centuries together, a benighted though extremely thrifty peasantry—uncared for and unattended to by their masters, housed in insanitary quarters, ever lingering on the brink of starvation and bankruptcy, having neither facilities nor inducements to save, with but little or no capital, shy and retiring by nature, shrinking from all speculative investments, a dependence on agriculture of a population out of all proportion to its resources, a paucity, if not a total absence, of industrial establishments—these are some of the economic problems to be grappled with in our villages, and it is on their right solution that the building-up of the New India depends.

N. S. SUBBIA.

Madras.

A KLEPTOMANIAC.

(Concluded from our last number.)

CHAPTER V.

AMONG the Coriton connexions there happened to be an elderly lady who was rich and unmarried. She may have had an early disappointment which she had taken to heart. Fortunately for her numerous friends, she had not taken it to temper, for there never existed a creature of more lavish good nature than Miss Melford. She kept a luxurious flat in London but most of her time was spent on the Continent. She travelled *en prince*, couriér and all according, and was generally accompanied by some more or less impecunious female friend whom she made hospitably welcome to all the creature comforts with which she surrounded herself. She paid their expenses like a queen and only drew the line at loans. She gave no reason—only she *wouldn't*. It was the only fault in a very perfect character, Mrs. Bussell thought.

Mrs. Bussell was a society woman, who dressed, gambled, speculated and spent money generally in a way that made her only too glad to make economies by sponging for a couple of months after the season on the wealthy Miss Melford. It ~~was~~ not therefore with any gratification that she heard in answer to an offer of her company, that her intended hostess was already provided with a spoilt child, for that was the character her exuberant generosity insisted on imposing upon her guest of the moment. Cecil Coriton did not fill out the lines of the part at all adequately in the old lady's opinion. She paid her own hotel bills. As to couriér, suite of rooms at first-class hotel, *voiture* always at her disposal and the rest, there was no help for it. Cecil had to submit to be spoilt. She had been fallen in love with at her first introduction to this elderly good fairy who called Laurence cousin and who insisted on taking charge of her and the baby the very moment she heard of the impending separation of the young pair. Miss Melford was going to Switzerland. She rather liked a crowd, she said, and she had already engaged the most charming quarters at Interlachen. She wanted to shew the two lakes to

Cecil herself and she talked about the Jungfrau as if the virgin peak were a maid-servant retained by the "administration" as though for her individual convenience. Cecil was in despair at losing her husband, but she was not wholly proof against the fascinations of the prospect spread before her. It was something to talk over mountaineering tweeds and Jaegers with him before his departure and know that he would be able to picture her with an Alpen-stock and surrounded by the special group of guides without whom Miss Melford declared she would never be permitted to stir a yard from a made road. She exaggerated her adventurous inclinations in order to give herself the pleasure of having promises of caution extorted from her, and said good-bye with a firm resolve never to set foot within a mile of a glacier and to send a photograph of herself fully equipped with ice axe and *rucksack* at least once a week to her husband in the desert.

Now it came to pass that in some inexplicable way (probably through a lady's maid) Mrs. Bussell had early information of the terms on which Cecil Coriton was about to share Miss Melford's hospitality. She herself was in difficulties that made it very desirable that she should not be in England for—well, she hardly liked to say *how* long, and she really had not the money to pay more than her railway fare to—anywhere. She felt quite sure that with a little judicious and ineffectual reticence as to her destitute condition, the old lady (who, after all, was economising in spite of herself on Cecil's hotel bills) would *insist* upon making her "free of her mouth" at any rate, and of course her rooms would always be open to her as an old friend. That was something, and there was no telling if one of her speculative investments might not turn up trumps during her absence from London. So Cecil, who had heard nothing about her, was a little puzzled on the second day after their arrival at Interlachen to be introduced by Miss Melford to Mrs. Bussell, an old friend of hers, of whom she hoped they should see a great deal during their stay. They did. After the first two or three days Mrs. Bussell was quite as much a member of their little *ménage* as Cecil herself. And Cecil liked it. The new intimate was delightful as furniture; she had the art of giving a hotel-room the look of old occupation which makes just the difference between squatting and inhabiting. She was nice and cosy and chatty, and knew any number of pleasant people. Miss Melford knew a good many herself and between the two Cecil found herself in the middle of a little vortex of gay society. There were picnics and expeditions and little dances, all of which Mrs. Bussell enjoyed quite as much as Cecil did, although she had been doing nothing but that sort of thing for the last half dozen years—so she said. She might as well have made it a round dozen at once and still have been within the truth. She was

thirty-five though she did not look her age within ten years, thanks to *very* slight, careful and constant repair of her delicate little face. She was often taken for a Frenchwoman and there was a certain piquancy about her small features and her large dark eyes and slight lissom figure which would have passed muster on a boulevard. She dressed admirably and probably was "in" with a dressmaker in the first flight, for no ordinary allowance could have stood the numerous changes of costume with which she excited the envy even of the brilliant birds of Transatlantic Paradises who flock to Interlachen in the season. Had she *any* allowance? She had a husband of whom she never spoke without a sigh and who was generally supposed to be in the Brazils.

Altogether, the two were the most popular group in Interlachen and there was quite a thrill of sympathy in their little world when the story went round that Miss Melford had been robbed!

CHAPTER VI.

Nobody could better afford to be robbed, to be sure, and the feeling, if analysed, would probably have been found to mean no more than that it was a shame to plunder a person who made such a heartily hospitable use of what she had. Miss Melford was not given to the ostentatious display of jewelry. But she had, and occasionally, wore, an ornament or two of serious value. Her bedroom opened into the sitting-room which she occupied practically in common with her two guests. There was no other exit but by a door she usually kept bolted, only opening it when she summoned her maid. On this particular occasion, she had put upon her dressing-table, just a few minutes before the gong sounded for dressing, a very precious star, four sizable diamonds and a very large one in the centre. She had not unbolted the service door when she was called away by Mrs. Bussell for some trivial reason and went into her room. When she returned to her own, the star was gone and the service door still bolted. But the window was not. It was some 20 feet from the ground and the day before had been cleaned from the outside by a man upon a ladder. The ladder had been removed as soon as the work was done but it was still close by, upright against the wall of the house under a little shelter. It seemed impossible, but it must have been taken out, put up, used and replaced during the half dozen minutes Miss Melford had been out of her bedroom. That was the only possible explanation. Some one of the three occupants had been in the sitting-room the whole time.

Instant enquiry was made. In vain. There was nothing for it but to dine with what appetite they might, and hope that the next day would throw light upon a very unpleasant occurrence.

Miss Melford took her loss with philosophy. She joined the others at breakfast as gaily as ever.

"Let this be a warning to you, my dears," she said. "Always wear paste."

"I'm safe enough," said Mrs. Bussell. "I might wear all Golconda. Nobody would believe in it. Poverty is as good as any number of policemen. Cecil now—"

"Cecil is as simple as a Quaker," said Miss Melford. "Why didn't I follow your example, my dear? But this is really a queer business. I don't half believe in that ladder. Why didn't somebody see it?"

"The King was in his parlour," quoted Cecil. "'All the servizio* was busy. All the guests were getting ready for dinner—'"

"When out hopped a little bird"—No, Cecil, I don't see any opening for a *gazza ladra* † said Miss Melford. "I wish there was. I do hate suspecting people."

"I remember years ago in London a case just like this, window, ladder and all," said Mrs. Bussell. "But there it turned out after all that the thief was inside, a girl staying in the house. It was all hushed up somehow. She was so young—so pretty, I believe, that the magistrate really wouldn't send her for trial. Magistrates are only men, after all. American people, they were. I wonder what became of the girl. I don't think she was American. Jones, her name was. Very clever creature!"

"She swam under and disappeared among the 'indistinguishable throng' of Jones's," said Miss Melford.—"Oh, I beg your pardon, Cecil. I forgot that your name was—but there are very good Jones. Powys-Jones, you were, weren't you?"

"Jones pure and simple" said Cecil laughing. "Good gracious! There's that baby crying!"

And up she jumped and disappeared.

"Poor Cecil!" said Miss Melford. "But it isn't a *distinguished* name. And they are such charming people, her uncle and aunt. I don't think she quite liked what I said. I didn't hear the baby. Did you?"

Mrs. Bussell laughed and went on with her breakfast. She hadn't heard Cecil's baby give tongue any more than Miss Melford, and Cecil was by no means thin-skinned generally, either!

They were only going to stay a week more at Interlachen. Then Miss Melford had taken rooms at a hotel in the hills. Interlachen

* A nursery rhyme.—"Servizio"—all the domestics.

† "Gazza ladra"—thievish jackdaw. "La Gazza Ladra" is the name of a celebrated Opera.

is on the level of the lakes. No discovery whatever was made as regarded the missing ornament. Mrs. Bussell's news from London seemed to give her anxiety. She dropped vague hints of money troubles and was mysteriously plaintive in moments of semi-expansive confidence to Cecil. With Miss Melford she was as gay as ever and the little journey was accomplished under the most delightful circumstances possible.

I am not going to describe the Alps. To borrow Shakespeare's expression, they "beggar *all* description," and descriptions are mostly poor enough without being absolutely pauperized by such a subject. Miss Melford was determined that Cecil should see a glacier, though she was bound by promise not to set foot on one. So as the weather was perfectly heavenly, they made up a tiny little party to a "point" quite near, she said. There was Mrs. Bussell and Cecil. Miss Melford had seen glaciers before. And for men, there was an elderly clergyman and an Oxonian in rather poor health, neither of them in the least disposed to adventure, and of course a stalwart guide. A couple of hours' climb to a broad mountain edge with the glacier right below them. And then lunch, and afterwards the men might climb on with the guide for another half hour and absolutely get their feet on the snow and have another view, while the two ladies stopped and read novels. And they would all be back as easily as possible to tea at 5 o'clock.

CHAPTER VII.

It all went as smoothly as possible, and I wish I had space to repeat their conversation at lunch and how Cecil was chaffed about her conscientious abstinence from glaciers and retorted by asking the clergyman if *he* had ever abstained from anything from motives of conscience, which "put him to his rememberings." But he extricated himself triumphantly by saying he had abstained from reading M. Ernest Renan's celebrated book! You see all the party were *old* friends—of Interlachen. And then the two men had their pipes and Mrs. Bussell a cigarette and the two mountain climbers started with the guide for their half hour ascent of a formidable peak! They were to be back in an hour at the outside. And the porter went off back with the luncheon basket. And so Cecil and Mrs. Bussell were left to their novels. Of course Miss Melford had provided them with thick shawls to sit on and I dare say Cecil may have thought that it was a pity no photographers was there to snap them with the lovely background of snowy peaks and sun-steeped precipices, in front of which their flowery shelf of mountain grass projected itself like a stage. They followed the men with their eyes as long as they were in sight and then Cecil composed herself to read—or sleep under cover of a book. But Mrs. Bussell was conversationally disposed.

"Cecil!"—She stopped for a moment. "Why were you ever called that? Is it a family name? It doesn't suit you a bit."

"They've docked it. Short for Cecilia. Because I haven't a note of music in my whole composition."

She concealed a yawn and lazily turned a page of her book.

"Why don't you insist upon being called by your other name? You have another name, haven't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so (sleepily). But I haven't been called by it for ever so long. Years and years—before I married."

"Katherine—I like Katherine ever so much better for you than that stupid Cecil."

"How did you know my other name was that?" asked Cecil, still seemingly half asleep.

"Saw it in a book of yours," said Mrs. Bussell, easily.

Cecil knew this to be a lie. The few Tanchnityes she had were all recent purchases. There came into her face for a single second the look that Mrs. Powys Jones had seen and respected—the look of a desperate creature in a corner. Mrs. Bussell was only thinking of her own needs. She did not take warning.

"Cecil! My last news from London was horrible. I am ruined."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," said Cecil, with smiling incredulity. "I have heard you say so before, you know. Ruin seems to agree with you. With all your friends—"

"I tell you I am serious. People in deadly straits do—strange things. I am on the very verge of making—a fortune. And I shall go to utter smash with it all but in my very hands. I *must* keep my account with Geldberger open. Seven hundred pounds would do it."

She turned herself as she lay and rested her weight on her two hands, looking Cecil straight in the face.

"You must lend it to me."

Cecil understood. Both women were in earnest now. Their voices hardly rose above a whisper.

"I have not got it."

"You can get it from your husband. Or you can raise it on your own note of hand. I will show you how. I *must have it*, or—"

"I will do nothing of the sort.—What do you mean?"

Mrs. Bussell spoke in a rapid, matter of fact tone. There was no need to bluster. She held cards that must win.

"If you refuse, I will write to your husband. And I will tell Miss Melford the moment I see her where to look for—Katherine Jones.—You had better do as I tell you."

"I will *not*. Do your worst. But, if you do, sooner or later I will *murder* you."

Mrs. Bussell laughed. She got up from the ground and stood in front of Cecil who was still seated, looking down upon her with cool certainty, undisguised contempt in her tone.

"I will take my chance of your doing that—of course, I shall tell my solicitor of your kind intention by to-night's post. Come, don't be a fool. I'll take your note of hand for six hundred. I can get four hundred upon that. And you won't have to pay for years. Not at all, in all likelihood, for in a fortnight I shall have landed a big *coup* and I'll pay you back—and you shall give me—that thing you stole of Miss Melford's. I can get £300 for it."

"I tell you I will *not*."

"I shall get the money out of your husband for holding my tongue."

Cecil had gone as white as new parchment. She kept pulling in an automatic way at the thick shawl she had been lying on. It lay now over her knees as she sat erect. She spoke very low, as if to herself.

"Poor Laurence! It would break his heart."

"I can't help that." (brutally.) "I tell you I *must* have the money."

Cecil had drawn a safety-pin from her belt. She pinned the shawl tightly and securely round her waist.

"I don't wonder you're cold—it's your last chance. You should think of your baby."

"I do," said Cecil quite quietly and inoffensively. She was pulling on her long gloves now. There was no wind and the very hill side seemed asleep. "It's for Laurence and him."

She rose slowly.

"Going to get the start down?"—sneeringly. "What's the good? Your name will damn you."

No.—I am going to kill you."

As she spoke she made a step forward and grasped the other's two wrists, holding her at arm's length as she urged her backwards. Mrs. Bussell saw she was lost. Her gasp of sudden horror emptied her lungs. She could not get breath even to scream. Her furious kicks were thrown away on the thick shawl that swathed Cecil from waist to foot. One fierce thrust in which weight and muscle and motion were gathered together and expended in a single mighty effort, and the thing was—done.

Cecil listened. The edge sloped away for half a dozen yards. Then there was a sheer fall.

Of how many feet? She counted. "One—two—three. "That was enough.—Thud!

"You won't tell anyone much after *that*, you blackmailing devil," she said, through clenched teeth. There had been no real struggle. No trace was left. She looked round, took off her gloves quietly, unpinned her improvised apron and then entered with deliberate energy upon her new part, running and screaming in the direction the men of the party had taken. By-and-bye they met, "Oh, I don't know. I can't tell," she said in answer to their horrified questions. "She talked to me of some dreadful difficulty she was in. About money, I think. And then she went quite close to the edge—and laughed—"I don't get giddy" she said. And I—thought she was—joking. And I didn't like it and I said 'Don't,' and shut my eyes. And I heard—a sort of rustle. And then—Oh, *must* she be dead? Is there *no* hope? Oh, do go round! Get to the bottom quick. I can get back alone. Oh!"

And she collapsed in passionate hysterics.

By the time the body was brought to the hotel, Cecil was calm enough.

"Poor thing!" she said to Miss Melford. "She had some terrible money difficulty, she told me. Shares or stocks, or something. You know her people?"

"I don't know their address," said Miss Melford. "You and I must open her writing case and find out who to write to. They have brought me her keys. Quite dead, she was. Poor thing!"

They opened the writing case. The first thing they saw confirmed Cecil's words. It was a letter from a stockbroker demanding an immediate settlement. Miss Melford took it to the window to read. Cecil sought further in the case. All at once.—

"Come here", she said with solemn meaning.

Miss Melford came. There, among letters and loose papers, lay her missing star!

"Cecil, we must say nothing of this," she said. Cecil quite agreed.

D. C. PEDDER.

England.

THE MONTH.

Last month we had the pleasure of recording the movement to pray for an extension of H. E. Lord Hardinge's office as Viceroy of India. This month we have **Death of Lady Hardinge.** the sad and painful duty of recording Lady Hardinge's unexpected and untimely death. Among the factors which often add poignancy to one's sorrow are its suddenness and its contrast to some happiness of the moment when a calamity befalls. Both these elements were present to add keenness to the grief felt by the people at this sad occurrence. When Her Excellency left India in March last, it was not known to the public that her health was such as to cause any anxiety. When Reuter telegraphed that an operation had been successfully performed, few thought that the operation could be of a serious nature. The awful news that quickly followed took the public by the most painful surprise. Telegrams of sorrow and sympathy sent to the Viceroy from every part of India, by individuals, associations, and public meetings, have filled columns after columns of newspapers—not so much because the gentle lady was the wife of a great official, but because what she did and suffered in India could not fail to appeal to every heart. The Women's Medical Service and the College and Nursing Institution at Delhi, not to speak of minor movements, will ever stand as monuments to the warm and vigilant interest which she took in the women of India. Perhaps it may be said that movements of this kind are inevitable in a progressive country, and other distinguished ladies have also worked in the cause of the women of India. But in recent years few wives of high officials have passed through more anxious moments and more terrible experiences than fell to Lady Hardinge's lot when the anarchists threw a bomb at her popular and almost idolised husband. Whether the Indian climate had any effect upon her or not, there is a tinge of martyrdom in her brief

Indian life. The suggestion that a permanent memorial ought to be erected to her memory is not likely to fall on barren ground. Just as the State entry at Delhi was marred by the outrage on the Viceroy, the movement to pray for an extension of his office will perhaps receive a temporary set-back from the domestic misfortune that has befallen him. An alternation of sunshine and shadow is just what adds glory to the sunshine.

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It was said sometime ago, when Mr. Asquith's Irish Bill and Mr. Lloyd George's schemes of social reform and of a more equitable distribution of taxation had arrested the imagination of the public, that Mr. Balfour's party was lacking in ideas. The late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was a man of ideas, and great ideas too. But his ideas did not appeal to the democracy. Indeed, his party suffered and fell into disfavour with the lovers of cheap bread, just because one of his great ideas might perhaps have bound the colonies closer to the mother-country, but would have added to the cost of living. Manufacturers would probably have been benefited, but as they were fairly well off and the trade of the country was showing no signs of decline, notwithstanding the competition of Germany, the disturbance of the natural course of trade was felt by the majority of his countrymen to be an unnecessary and doubtful experiment. The benefit to India was even more uncertain than the advantage to Manchester and Birmingham. In the circumstances the tariff reforms proposed by the great imperialist cost his party its popularity. Mr. Bonar Law is also a tariff reformer, and the position which he now holds in his party has been attributed to his zealous advocacy of that reform. Mr. Austen Chamberlain will necessarily remain loyal to his father's memory. Nevertheless, with the death of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the chances of the Conservatives placing tariff reform in the forefront of their programme are probably materially reduced. Besides strengthening the bonds between the colonies and the mother-country, Mr. Chamberlain was primarily responsible for the expansion of the Empire in South Africa by the conquest of the Boer colonies at a very heavy cost. The Liberals have pacified these new members of the Empire by granting self-government to the South African Union. Yet whether they are a source of strength to the Empire seems rather open to doubt.

When an Empire is scattered all over the world, doubts concerning the essential utility of this or that part are apt to occur. Some "little Englanders" doubt the utility of India to Great Britain and comfort themselves with the reflection that if this country did not form part of the British Empire, it would be absorbed in some other Empire, say the Russian or the German. So would the Boer colonies, as was at one time apprehended. Science is the most useful friend of imperialism, as distance is its most dangerous enemy. Alarming reports have recently been published about the growing popularity of the United States newspapers and literature in Canada. New York being nearer than London, how could that be helped?

Mr. Gurudat Singh and his party have been defeated in the law courts. It has been judicially decided that the Government of Canada had the authority of the British Parliament to exclude Indians or other Asiatics, and for that matter Englishmen as well, from the colony. Did the Sikhs incur so much expense, estimated at thousands of pounds sterling, merely to obtain the opinion of a law court? Mr. Singh must have expected that the bold step he had taken and the clamour of hundreds knocking for admission would soften the hearts of the colonials or frighten them, and compel the Indian and Imperial Governments to interfere. But all these hopes were frustrated; the Canadians remained firm and obdurate and would listen to no outside representations. The immigration officials carried out the law rigourously, and most of the immigrants were rejected. It appears that the cost of the return voyage was at first denied to them, as the Government was determined to make an example of them. How could the Sikhs try to get the law changed, unless they brought about a crisis? Worse methods are adopted in England by men and women alike at the present day to compel more sympathetic attention to their grievances at the hands of the public. If the Canadians cannot be persuaded to change their mind, Indian opinion will demand retaliation as the last resource. When the Government saw that the only alternative to paying the passage money was to deport the immigrants by force, the fares were paid, provisions were supplied, and the ship sailed back with the rejected cargo of human beings.

Many Englishmen admit frankly that they can find no excuse for the exclusion of Indians from any part of the British Empire. Others, however, try to find reasons why the colonies may be justified in keeping out Asiatics. High-caste Hindus are reminded that they do not allow low castes to reside in their neighbourhood, if they can manage to appropriate the locality for themselves. This argument may justify the white inhabitants of the colonies in assigning particular locations to coloured people who do not live like themselves, but not in keeping Indians out from any part of the Empire altogether. As a matter of fact, the days when any caste could appropriate to itself any street or hamlet in India are gone, and the Colonial Governments do not profess to punish Hindus for their social customs. The Asiatics are excluded for economic reasons. They live frugally and keep down the wages if they are labourers, and they keep down the prices if they are artisans or traders. The white inhabitants or those whose interests are affected demand economic protection. Assuming that they are entitled thereto, it is not difficult to think of methods whereby prices and wages may be kept up. Such methods were tried in the past in England, and though economists may ridicule them in the twentieth century, they would be better than racial exclusion within the Empire. A few imperialists have advanced the theory that each nation within the Empire ought to make the best of the particular part of God's earth which it has already occupied without seeking to enter another. Arguments of this kind are one-sided and very dangerous in India, where capitalists from the West are allowed to develop the country, even in the Native States, where the right of the Governments to place restrictions on the introduction of foreign capital is perhaps theoretically recognised. It is true enough that Indians do not take capital with them to the colonies, but if labour may be excluded from a country, capital too may be excluded for similar reasons. It may be true that, just as every family may close its doors to strangers, every club may restrict its membership to a particular class of people, and every caste in India refuses to admit outsiders within its pale, a nation which has occupied a country is entitled to keep out foreigners; and if Germans or Russians had excluded Indians from their colonies, no grievance would have been urged against them, for the obvious reason that neither Germans nor

Russians claim the right of settling down in India while denying a similar right to Indians to settle down in their lands. We have no doubt that the British Colonies realise the force of all these considerations and are quite prepared for retaliation by India, from which they have apparently little to fear.

Recent events in several parts of the world have invested **Passive Resistance.** resistance to the law with the dignity of 'martyrdom. Ulstermen have, by their threats, compelled the King and His Majesty's ministers to resort to methods of securing peace which the House of Commons, the most powerful body in the Empire, could not dictate. Though suffragettes have not yet frightened the nation, unable as they are to use rifles, they may nevertheless succeed, by waging war with pictures and buildings, in compelling a more sympathetic consideration of their grievance. It is the success with which passive resistance in South Africa is believed to have been rewarded that seems to have encouraged Mr. Gurudat Singh's party to resist the law in Canada by every means in their power. If the spirit of resistance should actuate even small sections of people in India, the infection might spread and lead to disastrous consequences. Anti-vaccinationists have for a long time carried on a campaign against vaccination by the distribution of books and leaflets. The efficacy of vaccination must be decided by medical experts, and as the general belief among the public appears to be that inoculation does afford a much larger measure of protection in the case of small-pox than against plague, the anti-vaccination literature has generally fallen flat upon the country. A new idea has been started in Sind, namely, that of resisting compulsory vaccination on religious grounds. In the City of Bombay, the closing of wells which breed malaria-carrying mosquitoes is resisted on similar grounds. As yet few have been sent to jail for objecting to the enforcement of sanitary regulations. Yet nothing can be more injurious to the public good than that impatience with the law should drive people to passive resistance or to the exploitation of religion for sentimental purposes. It is not contended that a uniform policy followed in regard to inoculation against small-pox as well as plague will prove disastrous, and

that the option allowed in the one case cannot be allowed in the other. It is not known to what extent the people will avail themselves of optional vaccination; they have more faith in this prophylactic than in Haffkine's serum. Few will deny that an epidemic of passive resistance will do as much harm as any other epidemic.

While primary education is pushed forward in every province, the Government has not shown itself inimical to the spread of university education. That suspicion seems to have arisen at a time when, disappointed by the results of higher education, some administrators, who were labouring under a chronic shortage of funds, wished they could spend more on the education of the masses. Now funds are available for all branches of education, though more funds would be very welcome. It is now doubted by some whether the grants made by the Government of India to the universities are spent in the most useful manner. A large country like India ought to have more universities. At least one university is needed in every province, and the Central Provinces will have one at no distant date. A committee has been appointed to draw up a scheme and work out the necessary estimates. It will necessarily be a teaching university, like all other universities which are to be established or recognised by Government. When the Aligarh and the Benares universities come into existence, the United Provinces will be the most crowded seat of enlightenment. The Government at first objected to the proposed private universities calling themselves Hindu and Mohammedan respectively, but it appears that the Secretary of State has now waived that objection. Other conditions laid down by Government are still under discussion. It is difficult to see why the denominational universities should insist upon the Viceroy being their Chancellor; perhaps they want to claim a superiority over the existing provincial universities and rise to the dignity of being "imperial." The Secretary of State appears to have decided finally not to cast an additional burden on the Viceregal shoulders, and the Aligarh and the Benares universities must be content to have the head of the province for their Chan-

cellor, and he will have ample powers of control and direction. The Hindu university will not be allowed to close its doors to the professors of other religions, and while Hindu students may be compelled to receive religious instruction, others will be allowed to follow their own conscience. The terms offered seem to be eminently reasonable, and though many other details have yet to be settled, the two communities may, in their own way, relieve the Government of a part of the burden of higher education.

The successes of the Constitutionalists and the unfriendliness of the United States have at last driven President **The Disturbed** Huerta to resign. The mediators between the **Quarters.** two republics laid down his exit from the stage as the first condition of peace. It has been said that revolutions are as common in Mexico as general elections are in England. General Huerta has resigned more readily than Mr. Asquith. There may be other adventurers in Mexico who will try conclusions with Carbajal and Carranza if they can. For the present the prospects of peace are said to be assured. In south-eastern Europe unrest is as chronic as ever. The new ruler of Albania has found no peace, and he is unable to quell the rebellion against his authority without assistance from outside. His immediate neighbours are exhausted, besides being interested. Will Rumania help? is the question that has been asked, but no ready response seems to have been given. Why should any one help without some adequate return for the trouble? What return may be expected from Albania? Meanwhile, the murder of the heir-apparent of Austria and his wife by Servian patriots has strained the relations between that State and one of the parties to the late Balkan war. It is instructive to notice that students were concerned in the assassination. Young men are impressionable; they readily catch an idea and can seek martyrdom without the oppressive thoughts of consequences to wife and children. It requires grown up patriots to lead armies; students are good enough to throw bombs and fire revolvers. In the interest of youth at least, how desirable it would be to revert to the days of bows and arrows! The assassination has led to serious results, and at the time of writing Serbia and Austria-Hungary are on the brink of war.

A remarkable episode in the history of Mr. Asquith's Irish Home-Rule Bill was the conference of the The King and Mr. Asquith, representatives of the several parties summoned by His Majesty the King. From time to time the Prime Minister had avowed his intention of trying to effect a compromise by consultation, but he does not appear to have carried out that intention before introducing the Amending Bill in the House of Lords. Whether the idea of summoning the conference was His Majesty's own, or Mr. Asquith's, nothing could be nobler and more commendable than His Majesty's gracious endeavour to bring about peace on the one hand, and on the other Mr. Asquith's ready assumption of the full responsibility for His Majesty's speech, which was subjected to much ill-natured criticism by some extraordinarily sensitive democrats. Though the summoning of the conference was admittedly a departure from the ordinary constitutional practice, it violated no principle of the constitution. If the noble attempt to obviate the impending and probable civil strife had borne some fruit, it would have served as a conspicuous precedent for the sovereign to step in as a peace-maker on future occasions. In India we have always taken it for granted that to reverse an announcement made by the sovereign or to frustrate a hope expressed by him would be next door to treason. It may be premature to appraise the moral and constitutional effect of the painful episode, but the practical failure of the conference is to be profoundly regretted.

THE custom of issuing Memorial Volumes in honour of well-known scholars on the occasion of some great events in their life, like the Jubilees of their Doctorates, or their reaching ripe old age, which has lately come into fashion, is a custom to be welcomed. It is very properly "the most fitting manner" of celebrating such events. Dr. Kaufmann Kohler, the President of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati (Ohio), is a worthy recipient of such an honour.*

**Studies in Jewish Literature*. Issued in honour of Prof. Kaufmann Kohler, Ph. D., on the occasion of his 70th Birthday. (George Reimer, Publisher, Berlin).

We congratulate the worthy Doctor, not only for the good old age that he has come to, but for the splendid part he has played on the stage of this world during that long life, as shown in the three excellent Papers at the commencement of the volume giving a Biographical sketch of his life and his work as a Reformer and Theologian. It was the teaching of a learned preceptor that had electrified Dr. Kohler in his younger days, and it appears from his work as a teacher, preacher and writer, that he transferred the current usefully to others and electrified them in a way so as to win their admiration. The electric charge that he received was in the line of "harmonizing modern culture with ancient thought." That kind of teaching, though it appeared to him fanciful, at last fascinated him. His teaching, on the other hand, was altogether on new lines and he was an ardent Reformer. He based his studies on the modern "scientific method of theological, historical and psychological investigations" applied to Hebrew literature.

The history of the Jews has been held to be similar to that of the Parsis in some respect. Both had a glorious part. Both had their wanderings. The wanderings of the Parsi have been fortunately confined to India, while those of the Jews have been in a number of countries. The woes of the Parsis have, one may say, ended, especially now when they have a settled government, that of Britain, to live in. The woes of the Jews have not, in spite of their several Rothschilds, altogether ended. We now and then hear of their persecutions, for example, in Russia. What is most wanted for them is their capability to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the times and the conditions of place and circumstances under different states and governments. It is to the reforming work of Professors, like Dr. Kohler and his associates, that one has to look to for this desired result. The History of the Jews is, to some extent, connected with the History of the ancient Persians, the ancestors of the modern Parsis, and we in Bombay would have liked to add in this memorial volume a paper or two on this interesting subject. The ancient Jews were influenced by the ancient Zoroastrians at Babylon where they lived in captivity. The miseries of their captivity were not without some relieving advantages. Latterly, when released by Cyrus and favoured by the succeeding monarchs of the Achemenian line of Persian Kings, they rebuilt their temple

at Jerusalem, if not with Persian riches, at least with Persian aid and influence. On their return to Jerusalem, they carried with them some of the religious notions of the Persians. The Jews, on the other hand, exerted a certain amount of influence on the Persians. Their women, like Queen Esther of the Bible and Queen Sisin-dokht of the Pahlavi *Shatroihâ-i-Irân*, had some influence in guiding the destinies of Persians. But laying aside that question, we find that, as pointed out by the late Prof. James Darmesteter who had good Jewish blood in him, Jewish influence was to some extent seen in religious matters. For example, take the case of the Parsi prayer announced to the learned world by Darmesteter as the Judeo-Persian prayer. We wish that there were some among the modern Jewish scholars who, like the late Dr. Kohut, would write on Parsi subjects from a Jewish point of view and on Jewish subjects from a Parsi point of view.

J. J. M.

It gives us pleasure to feel that we have amongst us in the city of Bombay an ardent champion of the Humanities, a spokesman whose utterances, even if all do not agree with him, are entitled to be heard with respect. There has hardly ever been a cause in the history of the world worth fighting for, which has been won without the intense enthusiasm of those who have had it at heart; and if enthusiasm alone were the *sine quâ non* of success, we can surely say that the Rev. Father Ailinger has succeeded indeed.* It may seem a bit superfluous in the midst of this century to speak about the extreme importance of the classics, or to say even a word about the benefits derived from being brought up in the quiet atmosphere of Greek and Latin culture. Yet in spite of all this, people are heard to say that Latin and Greek are "useless," that they are "dead" languages, "hard" languages, and that few will care to study them, for art is long and time is fleeting. There can be no better instance of narrow-mindedness than this, since it is not from their "utility" that any advantage is hoped to be

**The Case for Latin in Bombay*, by A. Ailinger, S. J., Professor of Latin, St. Xavier's College, Bombay. Times Press, 1914.

derived, but from the general effect which such studies produce upon the mind. And who is there amongst the critics of these so-called "dead" and "hard" languages who can deny that of all the advantages of a classical education, there is none of higher importance than the liberalising effect which it produces upon the mind? As De Quincey has put it so well, "the sentiments which distinguish a gentleman receive no aid from any other attainments in science. But it is certain that familiarity with the classics and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, do eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day." It is these "thoughts and aspirations," thoughts that lift the soul of man into loftier regions, that form the reward of early toil in Latin and in Greek. It may not be a pleasant task to learn how to decline Latin nouns or to conjugate irregular verbs or to wade through the other intricacies of grammar and construction, but the innumerable compensations which await the Latin scholar far outweigh any disadvantages which the preliminaries of his study may entail. It is a pleasure to be able to read and enjoy the ancient authors, the more so as a study of their works lends strongly to the cultivation of a fine literary style. Even in the present century historians may still with advantage borrow descriptive power from Tacitus, or perspicuity from Livy, or simplicity from Cæsar. Orators have many a lesson to learn from the thunders of Cicero, and poets are doubtless indebted for many a beautiful thought to that great man whom Tennyson describes as

"The light among the vanished ages,

Star that gildest yet this phantom shore."

Father Ailinger has done a service by putting before us the case for Latin once again. He has gathered together the opinions of some eminent Judges and learned Professors in support of his view. That list contains many well-known names, but may we be allowed to add one word of comment? The opinions of these learned men no doubt count for much, but do not the humbler opinions of past students of this University, who have studied Latin with care and devotion and are all the better for it, also count for something? It might have strengthened his "case," if Father Ailinger had with him the views of such students of whom there are many in Bombay, for

after all it is to the student-world that his appeal is really addressed. Nevertheless, we wish him all success in his cause, a cause that will be hard won and hardly won. The issue of this movement will hang in the balance for a long time yet, but it is really desirable that the parents and guardians of our schoolboys should now be taught to believe that it is futile to appreciate the value of a second language from a purely mercenary or utilitarian point of view.

B. J. W.

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